



CHARLOTTE SOPHIE, COUNTESS BENTINCK
HER LIFE AND TIMES, 1715-1800

Volume II



From the collection of the Earl of Pembroke

*Lady Hawkins Whitshed Sophia Henrietta Bentinck
and her eldest son James*

Charlotte Sophie Countess Bentinck

Her Life and Times, 1715-1800.

:: :: *By her descendant* :: ::

Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond



*With 72 Illustrations including
Photogravure Frontispieces*

Volume II

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NOTE

ON THE FRONTISPIECE TO VOLUME II

“I have painted almost the whole family, and the girls would let their mother sit to nobody else. . . . It is a Lady W——¹: you have heard me speak of her before. She is a person of great sense and spirit, and combines very opposite qualities from a sort of natural strength of character. She has shown the greatest feeling and firmness united: no one can have more tenderness in her domestic connections, and yet she has borne the loss of some of them with exemplary fortitude. . . . She has no affectation; and therefore yields to unavoidable circumstances as they arise. . . . She has very delightful, genteel, easy manners.” There is a good deal more in the same strain, and that there was a strong tie of friendship between the *petite chatte* and the painter is proved by the inscriptions in various books which he presented to her, amongst others his own copy of Reynolds’ *Varieties on Art*, which I possess, and by the fact that he gave her a fine portrait of himself painted by himself. This is now in the possession of Countess Henry Aldenburg Bentinck, of 53, Green Street, Park Lane.

(Northcote’s *Conversations*, by Stephen Gwynn, p. 314.)

¹ Lady Hawkins-Whitshed, the *petite chatte*.

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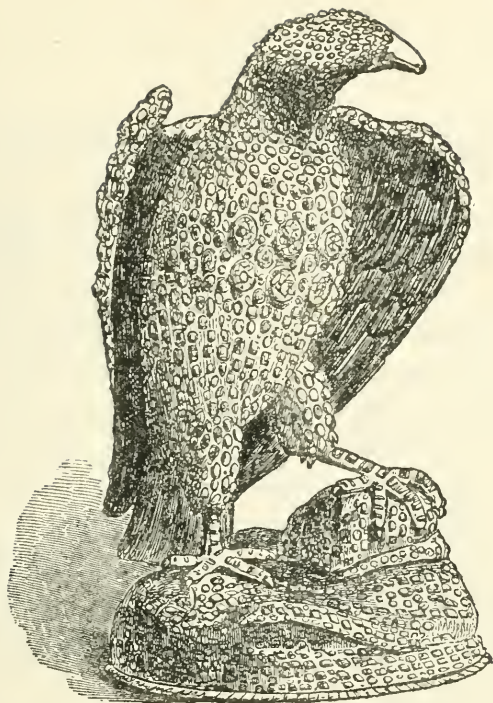
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The Knipphausen Hawk (see p. 261, Vol. II) in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire

It bears a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation :—

George William, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Lord of Knipphausen and of Nienortia and of the territory of Vredewoldia, dedicated this Eagle bespangled with jewels in perpetual memory, and ordained that the famous goblet which glitters with ruby wings should remain for ever as an heirloom of the ancient race of Ortia (which now bears the name of Nienortia) in the hands of the noble lords of the citadel of Nienortia and the land of Vredewoldia to whom this vessel was dedicated in the year 1697.

In memoriam

The Standard-bearer of Great Jupiter,¹
 Shining with gold and precious jewels, I
 To Ortia's children by Knipphausen's count²
 Was given in eternal memory.

¹ An eagle.

² Comes.

THE HAWK OF KNIPHAUSEN

THOUGH referred to in the inscription as an eagle, this cup has always been known as "The Hawk of Kniphausen," and in *The Illustrated London News* of July 26th, 1851, it is stated that it was made "to commemorate the reconciliation of two noble Dutch families which had been long at variance."

The family of Kniphausen is descended from a Friesland chief, and was raised to the rank of Count in 1694 and to that of Duke quite recently. The present head of the family is Fürst Edzard von Kniphausen-Lützburg.

The Aldenburg family acquired the little state of Kniphausen in 1623 from Philipp Wilhelm, who, however, kept the name. (See *Kniphausen Aldenburg Bentinck*, by G. W. Zimmerli, Heine, Wilhelmshaven, 1905.)

The Hawk was not originally thus an Aldenburg possession, but I think that, as it undoubtedly changed hands, it was probably bought by Charlotte Sophie as an interesting relic on account of its name. If that were so, she could of course give it freely away, as Bechstein in *The Dunkelgraf* states that she did. The Kniphausen family was related to her, and she refers to members of it in her letters.

CHARLOTTE SOPHIE COUNTESS BENTINCK *Her Life and Times 1715-1800*

CHAPTER XXVIII

The 29th October, 1793.

I AM more dead than alive, *ma chère petite chatte*, on account of the death of the Queen, and the frightful circumstances accompanying it. I returned to town on Thursday and on Friday I received this thunderbolt, as well as the news of the defeat of the left wing of the Prince of Coburg, and the raising of the Siege of Mauberge. All these are the sad results of the failure at Dunkirk.

I am prostrate through it. I spend my nights in the hands of the executioners. The thought of the daughter of Marie Thérèse on an infamous tumbril, beside an executioner, her hands tied at her back—no! this picture is too terrible, I dare not contemplate it.

I cannot write, I cannot think of anything else. But across my sorrow comes now and then the

thought of my dear children, of the "Arrogant," of my poor Sophie.

It is a consolation to have sent you this one word, it is impossible for you to expect anything intelligible from me at this moment. I hold my pen with difficulty.

Your poor aunt is very ill and will not, I fear, live much longer.

Embrace those of my dear children who are with you. Poor Tierheim is overcome by the catastrophe of the Queen, and very unhappy about you. Her friend is just now with Wormser's army and the Duke of Brunswick. *Adieu, chère et aimable petite femme.* God keep your husband. Do not forget your old grandmother who loves you tenderly.

The 8th November, 1793.

Oh, *ma chère enfant*, so you are at Chatham, amidst the sad preparations for that which threatens you! However, I feel that it is a consolation for you to know all the ins and outs of that wretched "Arrogant" which, perhaps, judging from the tone of the King's last manifesto which the papers have given us, may remain in port, the ardent desire he expresses for peace will possibly be felt and imitated in France. As a citizen of the world and an enemy of those monsters I could not be glad were this so, but as a tender mother I should rejoice. Always hope, *mon aimable petite chatte*. This gives happy moments stolen from pain. The death of the Queen has overwhelmed me. I can hardly move, but heaven has sent us a

prince of the Empire, for whom, for my sins, I must give a large dinner party.

I embrace you all under the nose of the "Arrogant."

The 12th November, 1793.

I have great need of your help to-day, *mon aimable petite chatte*. It is necessary to let that poor proud Duchess de la Trémoille know various things of importance to her, by means of your very kind uncle. Here is what I want you to convey to her. I copy it from letters from two persons, equally trustworthy, and on whose accuracy one can count.

"All the attempts that have been made to permit the Duchesses of La Vallière and of Chatillon to remain together have been useless. The latter is at the Caserne, rue de Sevres, with her three companions in misfortune, who are a Countess de Beausset, an English girl, and the sister of a small barrister. They are preparing the Abbaye-au-Bois that they may be transferred there, which makes one fear that they are to be detained without mercy till peace is made, if no other misfortune happens between this and then."

Another piece of news quite as certain to be true and much more consoling is that, at last, we have details concerning the army of La Vendée, about which opinions so greatly differ. A family has just arrived here from there. They are known to be truthful and have seen things themselves and taken part in them as advisers and actors in the affairs of the district, and they absolutely endorse what we

were told. They were saved by a miracle from the hands of the Royalists and here is what we have heard.

This army, formerly known as the army of La Vendée, is spread over a very wide portion of the country. It numbers altogether 120,000 men, better disciplined than the National troops. They are well paid, well fed, well behaved, and their discipline is firm and severe. They are divided into three different corps, and the most perfect harmony reigns between their chiefs. These commanders are two or three captains, brave men but not really their leaders. It is a Prince de la Trémoille and a Count d'Autichamp who work everything and who are supported through channels no one knows of and by means of which they obtain resources that they use with a dexterity and resource which inspire confidence.

Each corp numbers 40,000 men, and each advances or retires according to the course of events, with activity and precision. They are in possession over a large stretch of country of the lands and estates of families who are absent or who have emigrated, and are looking after them with all the care their owners could desire. The fields are perfectly cultivated, the buildings kept in good order, the profits put aside and reserved with the most scrupulous honesty for the owners, if it is impossible to find out where they are and remit the amounts. History cannot perhaps furnish a similar example of such an arrangement nor of a nobler enterprise in a time of

trouble, confusion and almost complete upheaval. The taking of the island of Noirmoutier has been an event of the greatest importance, and those who told me of it were there at the time, the wife of the commandant having found a refuge with them. Her husband (being an honest man) had to fight in spite of himself for the regicides, but being obliged to submit to the greater strength and number of the royalists he saved himself by flight and disappeared, certain if taken to be put to death either by the regicides, or by the royalists whom he had been obliged to treat as enemies.

Thanks to the position of this island¹ it is hoped that many advantages will result from its possession, as at last it gives a port within direct communication of England. It was after this fortunate capture that my informants found means to leave the place and rejoin their friends and relations here, from whom, owing to their rich establishment in France, they had been separated for eighteen years. These people are so well known, so much esteemed and so worthy of confidence that one could not gain information from a more trustworthy source, and as many of their friends remain on the island they hope to know all that goes on in a place so important to the good cause.

This is what I want you, *mon aimable petite chatte*, to bring to the ear of the Duchess de la Trémoille by means of your kind and good relation, adding that

¹ In the Atlantic ocean, forming a portion of the Department of La Vendée, and possessing a good harbour.

Baron de Blome left his estate in Holstein on November 7th for Copenhagen, deeply concerned about the situation of those in Paris on whose account he is so keenly interested, and especially the Duchess de la Trémoille whose terrible anxiety for her family he so well understands.

Your royal declaration which was intended to convert and pacify the French seems to me (saving the respect I owe your politicians) a very poor sort of booby-trap, which I doubt the French people, however credulous they may be, are likely to be caught in. But perhaps this declaration is less intended to make the regicides love peace, than to persuade the English themselves to tolerate war. The whole thing is just like the fable of him who took refuge from rain by hiding in the water. I assure you, *ma chère* Sophie, that since the catastrophe of the Queen and the siege of Dunkirk I have renounced all hope of a good and speedy ending to the state of things, unless God works a miracle in our favour. I see so little harmony, so little continuity, so little sincere desire to work together towards a common end. There is so much jealousy, egoism, mercantile interests, smallnesses in plan and action, in fact such complete chaos, pitted against a united people, who stop short at nothing but move on with a determination nothing can alter ! I cannot believe that half a dozen vacillating powers, who neither love each other, nor understand each other, who are defiant and envious of each other, who lack many of the means for carrying on the contest and are embarrassed by many domestic diffi-

culties, will end by resisting the torrent of enthusiasm which seems to me about to swallow them up. *Adieu* Germany, *Adieu* England, *Adieu* Europe! That is what overwhelms me.

Adieu.

The 29th November, 1793.

Aimable petite chatte, so it is to America that they are sending our dear ones! I am petrified by the news. . . . The opinion of all wise people who understand this affair is that the quickest and the only certain method to end this dreadful war is to starve the French, that is to say, Paris. It is the provisions that enter through Hamburg, under the Danish flag, that destroy what the allies accomplish at the cost of so much blood and treasure. This is what it is to the interest of all to stop.

If your government knows this fact it should not lose an instant in notifying very seriously those of Vienna and Berlin, but especially Vienna, which is absolutely ill informed, abused, bewildered, by what passes in the north, and which so long as it believes in the news they send it from there will remain completely blinded to what is for the good of the cause. They must send people there—or one at least—who *knows the position* and above all who *cannot be corrupted*, for the legion of Jacobins whom we have here ruin and lead all astray. If they do not send at once, *all is lost*, for we have immense stores of grain accumulated here which have been passed in under the Danish flag, and so long as those madmen have bread they will hold on. If Hawkings can let slip a word of this

to the Minister, and if something comes of it he will have done a better deed than if he had won a battle.

I have said my say and my conscience is clear.

The 3rd December, 1793.

Do you know, *ma chère petite chatte*, that we are so troubled about Toulon and La Vendée that every one prays that Lord Jervis' fleet and Mr. Grey's troops may go to one of these places instead of to the islands. They say that one should not run two hares at the same time, that the great thing is to beat the horde in Europe and that the isles would then submit of themselves. They also say that 12,000 men are far too many, and their transport to America far too costly and difficult, and that most certainly it is only announced to deceive the French. It must be as God wills. At least they would remain in Europe within touch of you.

We are very anxious about the Prussians. Everything is in danger in view of the enormous numbers of those monsters. What a frightful nation, *ma chère Sophie*, forswearing all religion! One does not know whether to pity them as destitute of all good sense and fit only for a madhouse, or to abhor them as the vilest dregs of humanity.

I now have the two little medals of the King and Queen of France that your sister Milnes has promised to send to the Chevalier Banks for me. Please tell me the safest way to send them, for it is easier just now to despatch things to China than to England.

I embrace my dear children.

The 17th December, 1793.

I am suffering greatly from my head to-day and the post puzzles us all very much. When I have written two lines I have to shut my eyes for a few minutes in order to be able to see. This accursed Denmark undoes all that the allies accomplish. Imagine their despicable behaviour. They have taken 18,000 guns from the Royal Arsenal and sold them to that miserable Grouvelle, the Minister of France to the Danish Court, whom they disavow openly and favour secretly. He has as much money as he needs to corrupt Copenhagen, where it blows hot or cold just as he wishes. And you allow it! This Court brought to reason and unable to continue lending its flag to smugglers, the town of Stade properly controlled by Hanover, the neutrality of Denmark absolutely insisted on by the allies and by you, working in harmony with them, would advance matters far better and bring the war to an end much quicker than three or four great victories. Give me news of your brother and husband and keep some friendship for a poor old mother who loves you with all her heart.

January 3rd, 1794.

Nearly every one, even the wisest, you will notice, *ma chère fille*, allows himself to be caught by wishing for *the thing itself* and never for the *proper means of obtaining it*. That is the great weakness of the masculine intellect. Perhaps it is partly for that reason that they have not in reality that superiority

which they claim over us women, in judgment and strength of mind. Look at the behaviour of all the powers since the French revolution. If I wished to write the bitterest satire that has ever been penned I would limit myself to writing the history of Europe from the time when the throne of the Bourbons, beginning to be shaken, should have made clear *to every government without exception* the greatness of their danger. Yet see what they did, how they slept on, amused themselves, and to what terrific strength they allowed that infernal and dangerous power to attain before they at last decided to fight it, having themselves allowed it by that time to grow almost invincible !

But it is not on account of this error, enormous though it was, that I desire to reproach them. What is done is done, and not even God Himself could make it as if it had never been ! But now, as all see, as all admit, now that the conflagration is absolutely all round us, why is it that they are so blind to the only remedies left, that they go to work on no fixed plan, without any general idea of the obstacles likely to be met with which, with reflexion and firmness, they could overcome ? One sees, first of all, that the French have the advantage in numbers, and that the loss of 1000 men to them is less than of 100 to us. One sees that, having been allowed time to train the populace, they have made *real soldiers* of them (who were but individuals of the lowest class, disciplined and taught to use arms). One sees that they possess a very large number of

fortresses, of which, if we can take one or two in a year, we are but too happy. One sees that by means of robbery, violence and concession they have appropriated more treasure, and consequently more resources, than all the allied forces could bring together. Finally, one knows that in dealing with people who are destitute of all principle, and put themselves above all laws, it is almost impossible to come to fair terms, when one is oneself (thank God) restrained by a certain morality and sense of duty.

What then is left to the allied powers to enable them to overcome these monsters? If they are wild beasts let loose so that they may devour every one, well, it is by famine that one subdues even tigers! Let us try famine then, but at once and promptly.

To starve the whole of a kingdom like France would be impossible. But that is not the question. It is *Paris* that must be starved, and this can be done. It is even easy (if little private interests, and mercantile matters that should not have a moment's consideration now that the whole of Christianity is *in extremis* do not interfere) from the moment that simple common sense is allowed a voice in council.

Where does Paris obtain corn? From the provinces that surround her and from the ports of Dunkirk, Havre and Cherburg.

Your fortunate capture of Toulon closes to a great extent the entrance of supplies from the south, our armies guard the east, the Algerians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese and your captures hold securely the west, where if the Americans or those proud Genoese

managed to bring supplies it would not help Paris at all. It is thus by stopping everything that could enter from the north for the regicides, that in less than three weeks you would have absolutely stifled the monster without one drop of blood being shed, instead of continually cutting off these hydra heads which grow again while your losses do not repair themselves. Who is giving these dangerous materials for rendering useless all your efforts? It is Denmark, Sweden, Hamburg and Lübeck, but especially Denmark. It is only at Copenhagen that Paris can be subdued. The merest common sense should forbid this insolent neutrality, which is destructive to all Europe, and whose sole object is to enrich seven or eight wealthy speculative merchants. You and the other great powers should not flatter so disgustingly that little Court (become assertive by reason of the feebleness of those who should show some pride). What do you actually want of her? She tells you she absolutely must have peace in order to exist. The answer is quite simple. "Renounce an ignoble trade, and collusion with the enemies of the human race, or else come and fight us. England, Spain and Holland declare to you that they will seize every one of your ships without a single exception. If you don't like it, come and attack us!" and instantly take everything Danish you can lay your hands upon and confiscate it. You will see that they will bend to you at once, and if they hold good, in two months (if you do not vacillate any longer, as you always do, until they have started again and furnished them with

fresh resources) you will see, I repeat, in a few weeks, that terrible sewer of abominations, that Paris worse than hell itself, will have of itself delivered you of those monsters you are fighting, the Robespierres, the Dantons, etc. etc. You will see with amazement the whole of France at your feet and at those of your allies, praying you to give them a government which is acceptable to you as well as to them. Is it possible, *ma chère Sophie*, that respect for the King of Denmark (who is only a shadow) and for a Minister who plays a rôle *à la Necker* would make you give up the fruit of so much toil, and money and precious blood? Why not repeat to Mr. Pitt these truths, so palpable that an old woman like myself, and a child of 13, cannot fail to observe them?

Does one make such huge efforts as yours, undertake such proud and noble enterprises, in order only to lose them instead of making your power felt against a king such as he, who because he laughed at the great Catherine and her fleet believes he can laugh at the whole world? If I lived in London, old Sibyl though I am, I would accomplish the impossible itself to bring all this reasoning before Mr. Pitt through some one who could deliver it with eloquence and was better able than I to carry out a task of such importance. Can one more insult public opinion and the rights of others than sit calmly by when the Danes take 18,000 guns from the Royal Arsenal and sell them to a private subject of the King named Selby, while telling him that Count Bernstorff confessed admitting that he had promised not to re-sell

them to any nation then at war? Nevertheless these arms are sent in a double and false direction with the knowledge and under the passports of Denmark, apparently to America but really to France. An English vessel took them. The Danish captain deceived it by means of a false certificate from his government declaring them to be intended for America. They set this smuggler at liberty and he sailed straight for Havre, laughing at you in his sleeve, and our commercial papers have gravely announced his safe arrival there! Selby is not punished, the Ministers who were witnesses of it hold their tongues. And that is called *Neutrality*, the carrying of arms to one of the combatants! Oh, *ma chère fille*, one loses all patience when one sees the inconsequent and cowardly behaviour of those whom one would most wish to respect!

Let us speak of other things, for all this makes my blood boil. And it is for a cause so badly defended, and with such negligence that your husband and Guillaume, all that is dearest to us on earth, must expose themselves!

What have you done about Ruffo? He must miss you dreadfully in London.

I have just heard a report of a successful attack by Lord Moira at Grandville. God grant it may be true, but I doubt it. Is it the case that Lord Barington is going to relieve Lord Howe? What does it all mean, his constantly sailing in and out of Torbay and then running after the French, who simply laugh at him, instead of remaining and sup-

porting the attack of Lord Moira ? He is sworn at in every direction, and they say that all these absurd manœuvres are just to please the opposition. Is this true ? I embrace you all. Tell me where, alas, they are sending your poor husband.

Adieu, mon enfant.

The 6th January, 1793.

Good God, my dear friends, what have you done ? What calamities ! What catastrophes ! What explanation have you given and shall you give to Europe, to your age, to posterity, to justify your measures and defend yourself against the reproaches that all your allies and the whole world will make you ?

So costly a war, and one commenced so tardily (which should have been made two or three years earlier if you wished to emerge from it with success, advantage and glory), this war which you could avoid no longer, since it was they who declared it, were you obliged to ruin it all so pitilessly yourself ? How, in the world's annals, will you wash away the stains of so many mistakes ? This is what they openly say of you and I repeat but the mere echoes, and nearly every nation speaks the same language.

1. Why did you force the Prince of Coburg to alter the best and safest plan of campaign this summer, when he had a great advantage, to satisfy your selfish caprice concerning the Siege of Dunkirk ? For that was the first false step, the beginning of all the others.

2. If having given way to you and undertaken that wretched Siege which spoilt everything, at least, having obtained your wish in spite of sea and storm, *your fleet should have been there* and your incompetence should not have caused the failure of that luckless enterprise and brought disaster on the arms which till then had been triumphant, snatching from them the fruits of so many victories !
3. Toulon ceded to you and your possession of it threatened, would it not have been wiser had you at once sent Sir John Jervis with 12,000 men there, instead of running two hares at once, in Europe and in America, and taking neither ?
4. Wishing to hold so important a place, why did you send the hottest head in England, that O'Hara, who, though brave, is neither sensible nor prudent nor well informed, and does not understand the A B C of an officer's duties, which is that the *commander of a town is responsible for that town, and should never leave it except dead or by capitulation*, instead of which he, like an imbecile, let himself be taken and played the adventurer instead of the governor, thus losing everything. And that Lord Howe (who is only skilful in wars approved of by the opposition), what lunacy has caused your great fleet to be entrusted to him ? You let him, all the summer, laugh at you under your very nose, with his eternal sailings in and out

(so much so that they call him Lord Torbay), and then, instead of supporting Lord Moira he runs after the French, misses his object, and catches nothing more than a rat !

5. Finally, how will you justify yourself to posterity, which judges justly, for never having stopped the war by declaring, you, and Spain and Holland and Portugal (and not Russia and us Germans, whom they only laugh at), to Denmark that she must cease her commerce of corn and arms with France, or you will confiscate every vessel of hers without exception. Answer me, *chère petite chatte*, or rather *le chaton*, if he can, for every one is calling England to account before the tribunal of the rights of men.

I have had to write this as I promised several friends that I would get a reply from some sensible, well-informed person in a position to say something definite and well considered on the reasons for the censure awarded to England.

I confess I should find it difficult to think of any excuse for all the ill-considered tactics they accuse you of. But one must listen to all sides before one judges. I am grieved for Mr. Pitt, and I do not see what he can say to Parliament when he meets it. You know, *ma chère petite chatte*, that I am an admirer of this Minister, whom I believe to be very useful, very necessary to his country, were it only that he might stand in the way of such a *mauvais sujet* as Mr. Fox. The latter is, in my eyes the

Marat of England, and if a Charlotte Corday had appeared amongst your English women Mr. Fox would have been the victim of her attack.

I embrace you tenderly.

The 16th January, 1794.

I imagine you, *ma chère petite chatte*, in the happiest and most delightful position, for the newspapers tell us that the great fleet has returned to your shores without loss or damage. I share your joy.

We are very much troubled about Holland. The frost that begins to make itself felt alarms me greatly. It renders the inundations useless and even harmful. The French are unceasing in their efforts to overcome the few feeble barriers still opposed to them. I tremble on the arrival of each mail lest I shall hear that they are in Guelders and that Doorwerth is in their power. Our whole position is frightful! Every one is discouraged. At Vienna they are stupefied and in despair! They tell me that "Mr. Eden preferred to be Minister Plenipotentiary with us than Ambassador to Spain. He is closely allied with Mr. Tuguth; we shall see if between them they will find means to save us."

On the other hand, the King of Prussia seems suddenly to recollect that he has a part to play, and duties and even a throne to defend, before he thinks of problematical conquests.

You cannot imagine the transports of joy which followed the departure of the Duke of York for

England. They nearly sung the *Te Deum*, as after a victory! He is most unpopular on account of the fearful excesses of his troops.¹ As I am convinced (by an experience of sixty years) that discipline is incompatible with the principles of your government and your national character, I am also convinced that no matter what general you give them, the vice of your *land forces* will always make them as much the scourge of your friends as of your enemies, and that had the Duke of York been Alexander or Cæsar himself he could not have controlled them. This and revolution, *ma chère Sophie*, in spite of the despair it has caused us, has thrown light on many facts and disabused our minds of many errors. Providence has especially opened our eyes to the pet opinion of nearly every one (which with you is a passion). This is the idolatry of *liberty*! Could one have believed it, *ma chère petite chatte*, and can one doubt any longer, that this same liberty so lauded, so passionately desired, is the most dangerous, the most onerous condition of life for human society? You wise English! You have made a sort of divinity of it for so long, contemplate now with an open mind this brilliant and seductive object (with which you have infatuated us and which will be our undoing), which has already deceived and over-

¹ Writing to the registrar Fagel, in London, Van der Spiegel remarks, "The prince is enraged at what he had witnessed, which surpassed the bounds of imagination; that the English were accustomed to answer to the complaints of the inhabitants, that they would be sure to be plundered by the Carmagnoles, and it was better they should forestall them."

thrown the French, and which will doubtless destroy Europe. See how deceptive are appearances !

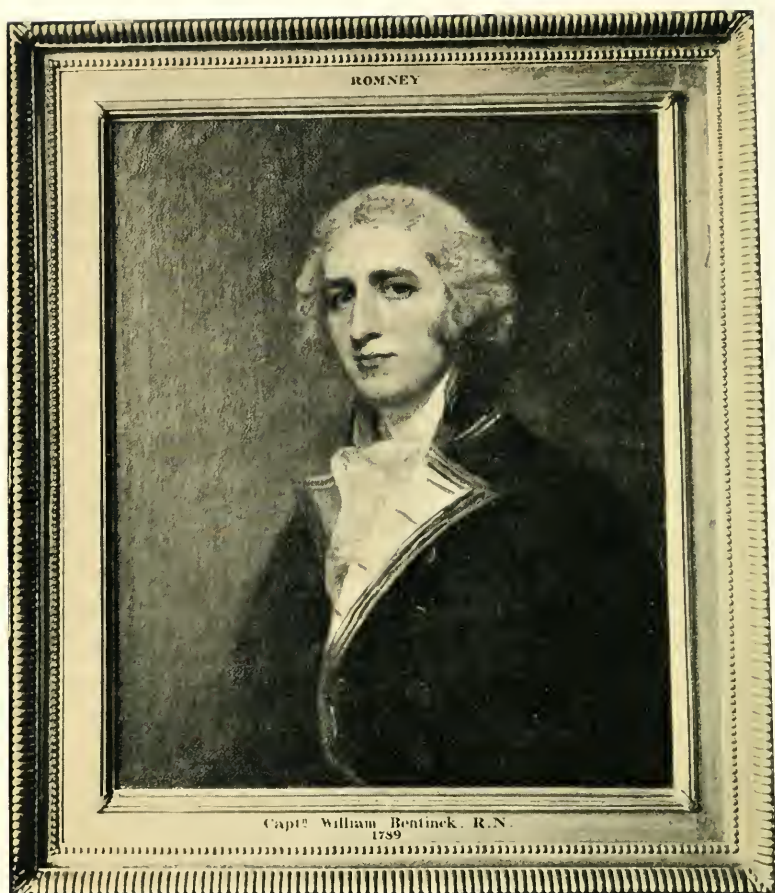
No ! *ma chère Sophie*, the Finger of God shows us how our proud errors have led us astray, and how true are the lines of Voltaire where he says :

“ *Tes destins sont d'un homme, et tes vœux sont d'un Dieu !* ”

All has come about through the love of a real good (if it were applicable), but which is morally (and perhaps physically) impossible for mortals like ourselves to enjoy without being annihilated. That, *ma chère Sophie*, is perhaps the true meaning of the apple and the serpent. It is the forgetfulness of our limitations which has led our imagination astray. I am convinced that liberty is a knife, a sharp razor, admirable, useful, but forbidden to children, to whom it is frightfully dangerous ! And what are we all but big children ?

I see, I hear from here, Hawkings, Guillaume, nearly all you English people indignant, condemning your blasphemous old grandmother to go and finish her dotage and her life in a lunatic asylum ! But put this letter aside for the present, and in twenty or thirty years from now (when I shall long have reposed on the bosom of our common mother) re-read it, and think of me.

But this is far too long a letter for a *jolie petite chatte* who has recovered her *beau chaton*. I embrace both of you heartily.



CAPTAIN, AFTERWARDS VICE-ADMIRAL, WILLIAM BENTINCK. 1789

From a portrait by Romney, in the possession of Mr. Henry Aldenburg Bentinck

The 28th January, 1794.

Ma chère petite chatte,—I wrote a week ago to-day to Henriette that I was ill and obliged to stay in bed nearly all the time, since the first of this month. Friday I tried to remain on my sofa for dinner, as though not much better I began to find my breathing easier. The post from England arrived bringing me a good deal of news, but nothing from any of you, and I learnt that “A large convoy from Ireland was taken by six French vessels and brought to Brest.”

I do not doubt for a moment that this convoy which was intercepted on leaving Ireland was, and could not be other than that of *mon cher* Guillaume. He is therefore wounded, or dead, or a prisoner, or perhaps he is responsible for this catastrophe!

No! you can have no idea of the horrible state I am in! First, I felt nothing at all; I seized a sheet of paper and a pen and wrote to the Doctor, who unfortunately was dining with the Swedish Minister. God only knows what I said to him when sending the news and begging him for the love of God to find out from the English Minister who was also dining there what truth there was in this terrible rumour. From my letter he thought I must have gone off my head! Weakened as I was by three weeks of suffering (and by those horrible cantharides plasters) he took fright and came to me with all speed.

They fetched the absent-minded Dr. Reimarus, who tore himself away from his political imaginings,

when he perceived that the attack was such that he could not see how to control it. At last it occurred to him to try the Palsy drops, which succeeded in restoring a circulation always feeble in old veins like mine. I could not possibly manage to write even twenty-four hours later. I still suffered from a most troublesome trembling.

I write with difficulty, *chère petite chatte*, and hardly know what I say. I do not expect to be able to leave my room for three or four weeks.

Weisbrod is at your feet.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE *Dunkelgraf* opens on March 19th of this year. It has interested me greatly to follow the way that book coincides from this date with so many facts in the history of the family, besides referring to other matters that Charlotte Sophie would no doubt have been scrupulously careful to conceal. After nearly a century and a half, however, everything merges into history.

The 25th March, 1794.

I know that you are in London, *ma chère enfant*, and in your husband's absence I prefer to think of you there than in the country, as you are so much better placed for receiving news of those two dear and precious sailors. I must admit that I am glad of that which before I regretted, namely the incomprehensible inactivity of Lord Howe. I used to curse him softly to myself until his fleet contained those two precious objects of our anxiety! I am now well pleased with him for remaining in the Channel, and he does nothing there but make one doubt his only exploit for months past.

Thus does the human heart reconcile its judgment

to its interests ! I cannot really esteem and admire this inaction, which has scandalized us for so long. No ! I always consider it equally reprehensible, but as the blame and reproach do not recoil on our dear captains, I enjoy the repose that I owe to it ! If Hawkings could hear me talk like this, he would tear me to pieces ! Save me therefore from his claws ! This is a confession from one woman to another, a piece of grandmotherly cowardice for which my *chère petite chatte* will not blame me in her heart of hearts, and which I only whisper into her ear.

We are just now overwhelmed with emigrants, many of whom intend settling here. Few of them are popular. Their national egoism repulses, and one forgets too easily the indulgence due to their great misfortunes.

Count d'Ecars, an elegant courtier and gourmet dressed in the uniform of a Prussian General, is one of the emigrants here at present. An author, a brilliant man, who was almost *Contrôleur General* for twenty-four hours at the moment of the revolution, and before that *Intendant de province*, Monsieur Senac de Meilhan,¹ is another, and there are also the Marquis de Cone and a relation of his, a lady, on her return, who I hope to see as soon as my doctor lets me loose. But these are all quite eclipsed by a little old President, whom the Philosopher discovered on

¹ Senac de Meilhan was author of the novel, the *Emigré*. He was the friend of Choiseul and of the Marquise de Crequi, Necker's enemy. He wrote a work on the government and condition of France prior to the revolution, which placed him in the front rank of writers of the end of the eighteenth century.

the ramparts, and whom we both adore. His is a sorrow which I deeply respect, and he is entirely without any of those French affectations and impertinences. He is witty, wise and full of the best kind of philosophy, that is to say the philosophy of resignation. Though deprived at seventy years of age of a very considerable fortune, and therefore unable to leave anything to his only son, whom he dearly loves, except the example of his strength of character, he retains a gentle gaiety under the weight of his misfortunes, while the young man seems overwhelmed by the privations of a father in whom he is completely wrapped up. You would be just as much attached to this father and son as we are, *ma chère petite chatte*. The poor little father is just like an old monkey. But in spite of that he pleases, and one likes him after listening to him for a few minutes.

The latest horror attempted by the Jacobins at Naples has fixed every one's attention on them. The whole dreadful affair is exactly to their taste. Goram's insolent but luminous book has certainly fanned the flames. It shocks one, which is a pity, for it contains much that is full of common sense and interest, and I can strongly recommend it to Milnes who will find a great deal to amuse him in it, as he knows Naples so well and also Rome.

Embrace the two little ones.

The 28th March, 1794.

That dear Hawkings wrote me a few lines, *aimable petite chatte*, in a letter from my beloved Guillaume.

I cannot express to you how much pleasure those few lines gave me, but I do not know in the least where he is so that I might reply to him.

That precious Guillaume has had a trying time with those accursed *sans-culottes* and his bad vessel. May God spare him to us amidst so many dangers ! Alas that this year will bring us so many more, threatening those who are dearest to us on earth !

The papers say that you have already captured twenty vessels. That taken by Guillaume has given me inexpressible pleasure. May God grant that it is declared his prize. Tell me if the captains who make prizes of that sort get some advantage from them, and what reward they are given in England. I only understand the Dutch and Danish customs, which differ from each other and probably differ still more from yours.

If you have time love your old grandmother a little.

The 20th May, 1794.

Ma pauvre petite chatte,—I am tied to my sofa, my leg stretched out on cushions and frightfully inflamed.

Poor Tauvenay has had the terrible trial of seeing four of his cousins named L'Omence die on the scaffold with that virtuous Princess Elizabeth, as well as another of the same name (married to the Viscount de Canisz) who perished with them. He is greatly affected. Good God, why is it permitted to such demons to massacre little by little all the respectable people ! If one must be killed, would it not be better to try and defend oneself and stab them, rather than let them thus devastate their country, and the

innocent people who are displeasing to them. But it seems as if the nation was absolutely subdued, and that no one but these cannibals has any courage !

Poor Tierheim has once more nearly suffered. They saved her things at Nivelles when the towns of Flanders were threatened, but I was rather uneasy. I pray God that when you have got all you want in islands and plantations you will not leave us to fight these savages alone. Your detestable orators shriek out impertinences, and no one but myself is annoyed by them. You are accustomed to these insults, but we others, who love liberty and freedom just as much as you, do not give it this licence of exploding against everything done by the government. But you have seen all this since your infancy, so it does not shock you as it does us.

Since yesterday I have begun to move about a little, and to-morrow I go to Embsbuttél, where everything recalls my dear children to me.

Amidst all this sadness we have had a little recreation which sometimes helped to make us forget our troubles for a moment, and would have given us great pleasure during happier times. A man who has played one of the great *rôles* in the history of this century, a man very well known to you in London, where you gave him a refuge, and who has many friends in England to whom he is deeply attached, in a word Monsieur de Calonne, passed through Hamburg on his way to Russia. He only remained here four or five days and was incognito, not wishing to make any acquaintances. A combination of chances

made us acquainted. I do not know why he wanted to come and see me, but it was his wish, though only on condition that no strangers were present. I asked none but the little Countess and the Philosopher. I suspect it was Tauvenay who put this idea into his head which, however, gave me great pleasure, for I was very curious about him and so were they. Our curiosity was rewarded. He is the most amiable man imaginable. He attached himself so closely to us that he came every day, and stayed to dinner two or three times with us four, and there is not one, not even our Stoic, who does not say he could listen to him for ten hours at a time. You can imagine how we questioned him, and his way of answering enchanted us by the candour he showed. I think he never forgets that he was a Minister, and he always presents things in the manner most advantageous to himself.

Finally he went away, leaving us with a real liking for him. He has so many enemies who wish to harm him, that we are sure of some knocks to punish us for making much of him, but that will not counter-balance the pleasure which his unexpected appearance gave us.

Every one is in the country. I had hoped for a long visit from a friend of at least thirty-six years' standing. The Milneses met him when passing through Paris. He is Danish Minister to France, Baron de Blome, but is Danish only in name, and respected in all countries. His sister-in-law died and left him guardian of her sons, just at the moment

à son... 2 on ne peut pas encore ce qu'on
 dira à son égard, les juges de l'état...
 L'acte de ceisq étant abandonné, les hommes
 comme ! quel sort ! et quel état... celui des
 Boi de pronom ! il y a bien peu de chance
 d'ajourner l'un des deux. Je ne puis et dirai
 pas d'avantage. M. de la Roche est un homme
 de bien et des autres... quelque
 attention, en ne voulant pas renoncer à ce nom... en
 d'ingér. Mais au nom de Dieu... non de ces
 hommes, à celui qui fera tout... à la fois...
 l'un... attention... ma...
 l'autre... l'autre...

l'un... l'autre... l'autre... l'autre...
 l'un... l'autre... l'autre... l'autre...
 l'un... l'autre... l'autre... l'autre...

when I expected him. He is now very ill himself, and God only knows when I shall see him. Thus does destiny delight in overturning all those plans which might have given us pleasure. Patience!

A certain merchant from here, and his pretty wife, Monsieur and Madame Ellermann, brother-in-law of the senator Monsieur Kirchoff, who were very civil to Mr. and Mrs. Milnes during their stay here, were so unfortunate while coming from Cadiz on an English packet as to be seized by the French, and carried to Brest, where all they possessed was taken from them except the clothes they had on, neither money nor anything else being left them. They were allowed to escape on a vessel from Hamburg which was at Brest, and are now in London, where pretty Madame Ellermann expects her confinement shortly. If the Milneses were with you I would beg them to look up the Ellermanns, for it would be easy to trace them, the seizure of the packet from Lisbon to London having made a sensation. I shall try to find out before the next post where they are stopping in London.

I embrace your little ones. Could I see them on your knees it would make me live ten years longer.

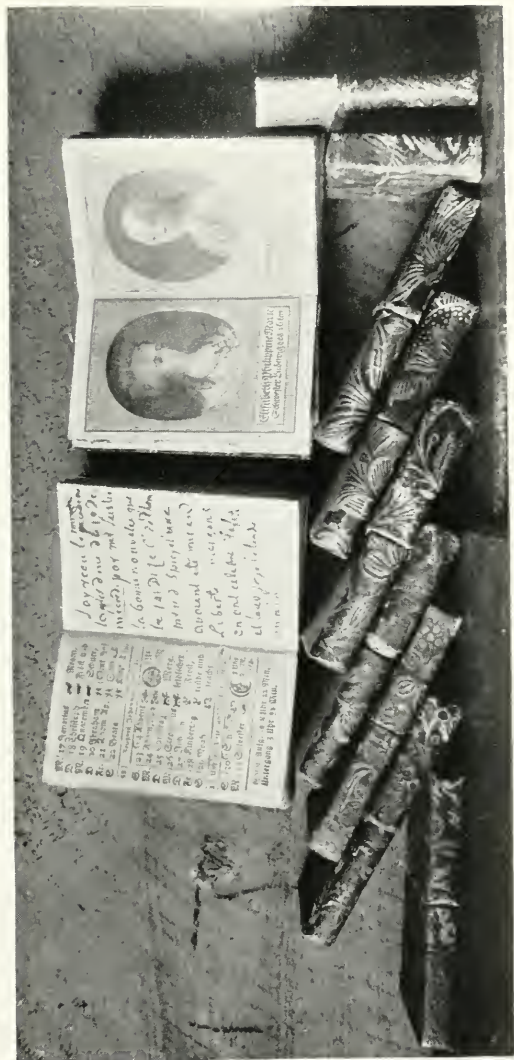
Adieu, aimable petite chatte.

Calonne succeeded Necker in 1784 as Minister of Finance. "Bold, inconsiderate, and enterprising, this statesman was in every respect the reverse of the cautious Genevese. Gifted with extraordinary powers of application, brilliant in

conversation, fertile in resources. . . . His system was to encourage industry by expenditure, to stifle discontent by prodigality; the parsimony of Necker had ruined him with the courtiers, the extravagance of Calonne brought him into obloquy with the nation. . . . To all the requests of the Queen he answered, 'If what your Majesty asks is possible, the thing is done; if it is impossible, it will be done.' In 1792 Monsieur Calonne and the Marquis Lemon drew up the Duke of Brunswick's famous declaration, which had so unfortunate an effect in exciting the patriotism and healing the divisions of the French people." This is one view of him. Another will be found in the following letter from Dampmartin dated June 27th, 1795, which contains a warm appreciation:—

"It could not gratify and flatter me more than it does to see that the opinion Your Excellency has formed of Monsieur de Calonne confirms my own. He is the greatest and best man which France has produced during this terrible crisis. His brilliant imagination, his impetuosity, his great taste for finance have been the sole reasons for some rash acts. His dismissal may be considered amongst the causes of the horrible revolution. History will speak of his entire devotion to the princes—may it not have to add that he was paid by ingratitude."

Several letters to Charlotte Sophie from Calonne are preserved at Indio.



COUNTESS BENTINCK'S LITTLE DIARIES

These began in 1795 only; she used two for each year

In the possession of Mr. H. Aldenburg Bentinck

CHAPTER XXX

LORD HOWE'S great victory of the First of June took place this year. "Cher Guillaume" was in command of the "Phæton," a frigate (38 guns), and took part in the engagement. On the 2nd, Lord Howe directed him to carry Sir Roger Curtis home on his ship with the joyful account. Captain Bentinck landed Sir Roger at Plymouth on the 9th. I have in my possession a copy of the *Narrative of the Proceedings of His Majesty's Fleet under Earl Howe from the second of May to the second of June, 1794*, published by Mr. de Poggi and written (anonymously) by Captain Bentinck. His private letter, however, is far more interesting, and I was so fortunate as to come on a copy of this in the library at Welbeck Abbey. It now appears for the first time, and will be found in the Appendix, page 284. I think it must be the same account as that referred to by Charlotte Sophie in the following letter.

The 24th June, 1794.

Mes chers enfants,—I have not strength to write to you both. I am in bed, ill from pure joy which my

miserable existence accustomed only to sorrow has been unable to support. I have had the excellent account of *cher* Guillaume translated into German and published in one of our best gazettes, and I have sent thirty copies in French to the four quarters of the earth. It is so frightfully hot that this has quite done for me. I enclose the German paper for Guillaume, in which he figures so excellently. As I do not know where he is I count on you. I tremble lest they should send him to join the royalists in Brittany. For God's sake, give me news of Hawkings. May he take that fleet of merchant ships and send you an account of it in English. Mr. Wittemberg here would translate it and I would let our papers have it. I can write no more.

The 8th July, 1794.

I am not so strong as I flattered myself I should be, and am incapable therefore of expressing to you as warmly as I should wish the pleasure the pretty present you sent me by Monsieur Ruffo has given me. I was unfortunately still too ill to see him, in spite of my intense desire to speak to some one who had so recently been with those dearest to me in the world! The Philosopher gave this pleasure to Gogo, and recounted many details to me, which have redoubled my impatience to talk to that gallant man who, Mr. Weisbrod says, is so tenderly attached to you. He says, in his Gascon constructed on an Italian foundation, that there is not in the whole world so adorable a family as yours, that one heart

does not suffice to love all these angelic beings ! Our Doctor, who is usually most credulous and a real stoic, believes all he says, however, and does not for an instant doubt the sincerity of that good Ruffo. Think, therefore, what delight his conversation will give me. I had arranged to see him yesterday after dinner, my fever and cough being better, and he had accepted and promised to come. I waited for him under the elm tree the whole evening. He never turned up. There must have been some misunderstanding,¹ which deprived me of several hours that I had counted on spending very pleasantly, for he would have certainly transported me into my dear children's company. To-day I can receive no one. The post, my fever, everything prevents me. But if he is still here to-morrow I will try to see him. He is going to Mecklenburg, eight or ten leagues from here, to spend a week with his friend Monsieur Paschen. After that he returns to spend three or four weeks here. If God is good enough to give me back a little health, I shall enjoy with all my heart the conversation of a man who has a thousand details to give me of those who interest me so keenly.

To-day we are in deadly fear for Flanders. The die has been cast. If the Prince of Coburg reunited to the Duke of York, to Clairfait, to Kinsky, and to Beaulieu has been beaten, all is lost. We pray that your Lord Moira with twelve thousand English arrived in time, that Brussels is saved, and that Heaven will come to the help of Christendom in the

¹ The letter from Ruffo explaining it is at Indio

extremity of her misfortunes. They are so indignant with the King of Prussia that I do not believe they detest Robespierre half as much ! Our German proverb is very true, which says that a perfidious friend is worse than a mortal foe. Your Court treats this prince so nobly and generously and he is so unworthy to call himself German, that it is inconceivable that the troops you have bought at so high a price should dare to refuse to obey your orders, and by what right is it intended to deprive you of the power of disposing of your own property ? That crowned renegade is only busy with robbery, with conquests, with vile plans of gain on all sides, and finally, after all his promises, has become detested by his country ! Meanwhile, this refusal of General Mollendorff to go to the help of Flanders and Brabant, overwhelmed by the number of the enemy, has terribly alarmed us. The French have made their greatest effort. It is their numbers alone, their thirty-six thousand men, that makes them victorious. Your cousin Rhoon told me the other day that the Prince of Orange beat a hundred and fifty thousand of them. But the hydra grows again every moment, and in the end its numbers carry all before it ; in spite of courage and skill your disastrous siege of Dunkirk, so unwisely entered upon and then failed in, was the first of many misfortunes. To have neglected, especially at the opening of *three consecutive campaigns*, to take Lille and Landeau (the keys of France and Germany) was, according to our experts, the second irreparable mistake.

The death of my illustrious friend and protector Prince Kaunitz is threatened, who never failed me and showered on me kindnesses that would have satisfied a mother or a sister, and now Rhoon puts me to bitter trials taking from me all hope of doing anything for that *cher grand garçon* and the adorable family of which he is the worthy head! *Ma chère petite chatte*, I am opening my whole heart to you. Keep this letter till Guillaume and your husband and that dear Mrs. Milnes and the excellent Henriette have read it. I have no secrets from them! *Then burn it, and forget it for ever!* Do not cherish resentment towards any one, but love me always and look on me as a mother who loved you tenderly.

My old and esteemed friend Monsieur de Blome is doing me the pleasure of staying at my house in town. He is not very strong, the noise of a hotel upsets him, he is alone with his valet and he is the gentlest, most discreet, most delightfully cultivated man whom I know. It is a real recreation to me to see him. When I am able for it, he comes after dinner, chats for an hour or two, and then returns to town. One is always both amused and instructed by his conversation, so full of candour, good nature and wit, and his heart is like yours, created to harmonize with them. He was charmed with the account of Guillaume. He already loves you all, half for your own sakes, half for mine. That, he says, must be a family in which an honest man would be but too happy to live and to die! He envies Ruffo because he knows you all, and he remembers,

with real pleasure, the sample he saw on that flying visit to Paris. He, and two or three good people at Vienna and in the Empire are all that remain to me now of my old friends. But no one can replace him whom I lost last winter and who could obtain for my dear Guillaume *certain advantages* (which he promised me) that he could have turned to good account, and I ardently desired that he might see him before God took him from us!

Adieu, petite chatte. Embrace Henriette.

A letter from Count Mercy d'Argenteuil to Charlotte Sophie, dated July 9th of this year, refers to the death of their old friend Kaunitz as follows:—

It would be wrong of me, Madame la Comtesse, to say too much to you about the loss I have suffered in the person of Prince de Kaunitz, from whom I counted on a protection as powerful as yours.

He goes on to speak of the loss all Europe has suffered.

The 5th August, 1794.

Such a letter as you have just written me, *ma chère petite chatte*, is enough to compensate me for the tribulations and misfortunes of half a century. Your letter, so full of affection, gave me an entirely new sensation. Accustomed as I have been from my childhood to picture myself isolated on earth, it is only since the apparition of that *cher grand garçon*, the acquaintance he obtained for me of his adorable family, the moment I first met that worthy Hawkings,

when I said to myself, "Please God, he may one day be my grandson also," it is only, I say, since then that I have begun to attach myself to some one allied to me by blood and that I tasted the sweetness this can bring, after having drunk its bitterness to the dregs.

To-day I am exactly seventy-nine years old, and the two last years have tried me so much that you would not recognize me, and I hardly recognize myself. The death of my most intimate friend broke my heart, and at the moment when he was coming here to see me he had to hasten home, threatened by a French invasion, and died on the way. It renewed all my grief for your poor mother! This much-respected man died at an inn, as she did, five or six leagues from his own house.

Several pages of this letter are omitted, as they deal in great detail with money matters in connection with Rhoon. Charlotte Sophie wished the points in dispute settled by arbitration, and writes as follows:—

When he (Rhoon) said he was going to England I wanted the Duke of Portland to decide between us, and offered to do whatever he advised.

I know very well that the Duke does not like me. But that does not matter. I do not esteem him the less for it, and I should have been enchanted to prove it to him in this way. But since your Cousin has given up his journey, I have had to renounce this idea which had appealed to my imagination.

I embrace you all and your two little angels.

In the following letter Lord Spencer, brother to the beautiful Georgina, at that time English Minister at The Hague, is mentioned. A little later we read that he dined with Charlotte Sophie. This proof that she knew him is interesting in connection with the *Dunkelgraf*.

The 15th August, 1794.

Ma chère petite chatte,—It is your turn to-day to decipher my scribbling. My finger is still in its dressing-gown, lacking in respect to my pen, which is much annoyed thereby.

You must have been greatly surprised, as were we all here, by the fall of Robespierre. But are we any better off through this change of monsters? I am anxious to see what effect this will have on the army. It will at any rate embarrass and delay their hostile measures, and that is a great advantage. If it delivers us from the Jacobins, it will be a very decided gain, that vile horde being the Palladium of the regicides. But how will these new tyrants manage to oppose a counterbalancing force? Will they destroy each other, to save the allied powers the trouble:

“d’appliquer sur leurs membres profanes leurs sacrés ongles!”

They tell us that all your negotiations with the Court of Vienna are progressing as you wish, that they have full confidence in your measures, that Lord Spencer will return with great success, that you will all be pleased with our Count de Mercy, and that the

eyes of all the cabinets are open to the frightful danger they run if they do not agree. I can only say, "Better late than never."

Tell me, *ma chère enfant*, in what direction your poor husband will unfurl his flag? I know, and deeply regret, the destination of that *cher* Guillaume. I hope he will have a better chief than that Admiral Montagu whom, if I were king, I would make anything of sooner than a commander. If I am wrong, correct me. Your Channel and the Norwegian coasts are infested by those French, to whom the odious and mad Danes give all the help they can. You should clear all that out with your fleet; are you going to let theirs, half destroyed as it is, dictate to you?

Ma chère Sophie, useful, true, or otherwise, send the following notice to your husband, and tell Henriette to send it to Guillaume. They will judge what it is worth, for I am a woman and understand nothing, but I say what I think may be helpful in the future.

There is here a wise old man, an emigrant, the owner of property in Brittany. Yesterday we spoke of that part of the country. He said he was surprised that the English, who so badly needed a good harbour on the French coast, had not thought of that on the east coast, where the East India Company formerly flourished. Probably the English were the dupes of the threatening outward appearance of this place, but the people, like himself, who lived in the neighbourhood, knew that it was defended only by a false little citadel. It had been found impossible to fortify it properly owing to the nature of the ground on which

it stood, which constantly sank, and he said that the lower tier of guns which alone could prevent vessels entering was merely painted and carefully repainted from time to time to imitate real ones, so that this pretended fortress could not for a moment hinder ships from coming into the harbour, which is an excellent one, and has the great advantage that those entering it will find neither a river nor even the smallest stream that will prevent them penetrating at once to the heart of the country.

I listened most attentively to all this, and I said to myself, there is no harm in writing it except for the trouble to me, and that I do not count. I beg you to tell it to your husband and your brother, word for word. They will laugh, perhaps, but that does not matter. When one is a grandmother one has the right to talk nonsense.

My finger will not let me write more. I embrace you and the little ones.

The 19th August, 1794.

I have just received, *ma chère petite chatte*, a letter from my agent at Doorwerth, telling me it is reported that a company of English troops are coming to Arnheim to defend the province against the French. He is very anxious to have a guarantee from the commander that the property may not be harmed, and that he shall receive a safeguard if he applies for it. This, he says, would greatly reassure him and obviate much disorder. I could speak to Mr. Fraser about it, who I am sure would gladly give it to me, but

he probably does not yet know anything of the matter, while you are near the Government and could either through the Duke of Portland or through some Minister of your acquaintance obtain this protection, made out in favour of "Mr. Windt, agent to the Dowager Countess Bentinck, *née* Countess Aldenburg, in the *Seigneurie* of Doorwerth."

If you find that the rumour is true and if the English are coming to Guelders, try and obtain this for me as quickly as possible. Perhaps you will be rendering an even greater service to your cousin Mr. de Rhoon than to me, and I shall be deeply obliged to you.

Time fails me, I can only embrace you all.

The 5th September, 1794.

Yes, *ma chère petite chatte*, I duly received your dear kind letter in answer to mine, and I felt your goodness to the very bottom of my heart.

You tell me that you now have a house in London, and that I am to address my letters to you there. But you tell me neither the name nor the address of your house so that I might reach it! May God defend me from your odious Mr. Cross,¹ who has caused me so much trouble, and hasten to give me your address. But write legibly, as your English names are worse than Hebrew to me. Meanwhile I use that of dear Henriette, as you are together. The Crosses are regular *sans-culottes* in my eyes, and there it seems

¹ Obviously a banker, through whom letters were sent, and who evidently had not forwarded a batch from Charlotte Sophie.

one country where one can fail every one and lie to every one without suffering for it ! How many such cruel and malicious negligences pass with impunity ! This cannot happen in our good Germany. The abuse of liberty does not reign there yet, thank God, and yet one is not inconvenienced by the laws, so long as one does not indulge in neglectful and irresponsible acts, onerous to others and inexcusable on one's own part. You will say, "The mania for things German has her in its grip !" Yes, *ma chère Sophie*, the more I think the more I am glad that I was born and brought up in a country where they do not run into extremes about anything, but where wise moderation is considered one of the greatest social virtues.

Let us turn from this and speak of our dear Tierheim. She has at last arrived safe and sound with her poor old father at their estate of Schwerdberg in Lower Austria. She had hardly got out of the carriage when she wrote me in the greatest haste before the post left. She found my letters on the way, and others on her arrival in which I spoke of you.

This is the third emigration of that unhappy family and of that good old man of 84, who bears it all with a courage and resignation which are an eloquent testimony to his character and principles, not only in theory but in practice.

My friend Coleman, while taking measures for the safety of our correspondence, nevertheless puts me to the greatest inconvenience. My letters have to be at

his house before five o'clock. As I am in the country, that means that they must be ready before dinner. I have therefore hardly a moment to write as I must finish at 2.30, that is, before dinner. There is my Professor shrieking like an eagle : "Finish ! Finish ! The postillion is waiting, it is three o'clock, the soup is cold !" This same Professor, who takes the greatest care of me, prostrates herself before you. She has three children, Caca, Fifi and William. The last is very pretty, the *grand garçon* is godfather. Paschen will take care of my parcel for you. I embrace *ma chère petite chatte* and the little ones. I have no time to write to Henriette.

Hamburg, the 26th September, 1794.

The agonizing state of affairs in which we find ourselves, *ma chère petite chatte*, makes me hardly know what I say or do, after a night without any sleep whatever. Nevertheless I find myself obliged to write fifteen or twenty pages of instructions, of directions, of plans well thought out while my poor old head defies my efforts !

The cause of all this trouble is that yesterday evening, while we were comforting ourselves with the news that the Duke of York's defeat had been exaggerated, and had heard by the Amsterdam post of a decisive victory over the French gained by the united English and Austrian troops which had rejoiced us and set our minds at rest, suddenly at five o'clock while our friend Senator Kirchoff was with us the papers brought us the terrible news which seems

but too well authenticated that "The Imperial forces near Maestricht (a town on the fortunes of which Holland entirely depends) have been totally defeated and are in full retreat on Aix-la-Chapelle, while a large Austrian force under General Latour has also been defeated and driven out of Liège, and is falling back on Aix-la-Chapelle."

If this statement is correct, Guelders and perhaps Germany as well, are lost ! It is true that the senator and the Philosopher, reasoning from certain disparities of dates, think that the news may be false, yet even they admit that there is much to cause alarm. This, in addition to other rumours which even Rhoon puts some faith in and seems much frightened about, the terror of my people at Doorwerth¹ to which I have to subordinate all else at such a moment, the general alarm and my habit of preparing always for the worst has kept me busy since six o'clock this morning till this moment, five o'clock, after dinner, while the post from Holland, which should set our doubts at rest, has not yet arrived. I have been in town since eleven o'clock, pen in hand, without having yet had time to dine and hardly having the strength from sheer bodily fatigue to write. I am so touched however, *mon aimable et chère petite chatte*, by your letter and by the message from that dear Hawkings, that my feelings of tenderness and gratitude have positively resuscitated me and lent me the power to tell you, though very badly, all this and to thank you very

¹ There is a description in the *Dunkelgraf* of the alarm at Doorwerth.

tenderly, you and that excellent *Tête Blanche*, for the more than generous way in which your good hearts inspired you to act towards me in offering me your house, and accompanying your offer (so overwhelmingly kind) with so many thoughtful details that only hearts such as yours could have dreamt of. Believe me, *mes chers enfants*, that I am overcome by your suggestion and as deeply grateful for it as if I could profit by it! In truth, *ma chère Sophie*, if my position, and my age and my surroundings allowed me to go to you all, surrounded by those dear to me (the only ones to whom my heart turns here below), my twenty-five years of exile here, my dangers, my losses would become my joy and my true happiness. But alas! *ma chère fille*, all that your unique goodness has so nobly planned for me is but a beautiful dream! I am not the mistress of my destiny, unhappy though it be. I have so many companions in misfortune that I must sacrifice all the joys you offer me so cordially to my sacred duties towards you, towards them and towards myself. If the state of public affairs drives me away from here, it will ruin me as well, and the little that will be left must be shared with many poor people who would otherwise perish. But I could not transport a whole colony into a strange country, where all, without exception, would be as ignorant as I am of the language, where everything is three or four times as expensive as it would be in some little German village where perhaps I could manage to exist while sharing my poverty with them. If I were alone, if I needed nothing but a couple of women to

wait on me in my helpless old age, I should accept your offer with transports of joy, and so long as my misfortunes allowed me enough to live on I would have no objection to avail myself of the shelter of your roof (though I have never been able to do anything for you that would give me a right to such kindness on your part). But the most sacred duties of gratitude and humanity impose the hard task on me of refusing to accept this happiness !

At 80 years of age one can easily resign oneself to suffering during the short time still left. Do not trouble about me, *bonne et aimable petite chatte*. God, and a little courage, will sustain me. Even my gaiety will perhaps not be entirely damped. Satisfied with myself, I shall be also with my destiny, God having given me the blessing of children such as you. Perhaps all will yet be well, and Heaven will turn from us the catastrophe which threatens us.

Adieu, ma chère enfant.

The post from Holland has just arrived, and confirms the sad news which we had hoped might not be true. The Duke of York has been repulsed and driven back to Cranenburg near Cleve. The Austrian generals Kray and La Tour beaten, one at Liège, the other near Maestricht, and Guelders open and perhaps at this moment French ! May God have pity on poor humanity !

The 26th September, at 5 o'clock.

The 30th September, 1794.

I am in mortal terror on account of the situation in Germany and Holland.

There is but one opinion of General Lansy, who is the author of all the arrangements and plans of this sad war ! They say openly everywhere (and I can see that it is the opinion of all who really know the facts) that it is the tactics of Monsieur de Lansy of constantly forming *cordons*, and scattering his troops, instead of keeping them together, which ruined the Emperor Joseph and spoilt everything against the Turks.

They say that this old general, who is now all-powerful, still persists in this fatal plan. The late King of Prussia used to say of him that he was the best quartermaster in Europe and the worst general in command ! Experience has confirmed this. His intellect, always the narrowest, and his invincible obstinacy are now public misfortunes. As I know nothing of war or its methods I merely repeat what I hear said by people whose opinions I respect, and in some cases whose profession it is.

Meanwhile, *ma chère Sophie*, all seems lost, for the Imperial troops near Maestricht are retiring towards the Roer, abandoning the defence of this key of Holland and even, they say, *of the Empire*, and limit themselves to saving and defending the possessions of the house of Austria !

The King of Prussia, on his part, does nothing but takes and spends money on all sides, succeeding by

his unheard-of behaviour in encouraging the French and disheartening the Germans. This Prince is led away and blinded. He is feebler, more blameworthy than the unfortunate Louis XVI, though he was much better brought up, and educated in a very different political and military school. They attribute all our calamities to a dangerous and accursed agency, the chief instrument of the cannibals, by means of which those monsters have continued to influence and corrupt every one and ensure the success everywhere of the French! This infernal instrument is called *Les illuminés*,¹ and has been formed from amongst the Free Masons. These dangerous emissaries of the regicides were, it is said, the first to sow all over France the seeds of revolution. They had been for some years at work there, and your war in America opened the ball.

These hot-headed people, adorers of all novelty, attracted by the riches of the Jesuits with whom they fraternized and formed a rallying centre while all the time pretending to be good Free Masons (who while receiving them into their bosom were totally ignorant of their odious principles), managed to get

¹ A society which claimed to receive direct from God, independently of the Church, a special light or revelation. Various bodies from early times, in a fervour of enthusiasm against the formalities of creeds, have believed themselves the recipients of special manifestations. The *illuminés* of the eighteenth century were, however, quite different from these, for they were opposed to all religion and believed only in the light of reason. In 1776 an order of *illuminés* was founded by Adam Weisshaupt and reformed in 1780 by Baron von Knigge. Some of these orders joined themselves to freemasonry.

hold of the Duke of Orleans (through the power of curiosity and of the purse), whose contemptible character was just what they wanted, coupled with the dignity of his rank as a Prince of the Blood, and made him a Free Mason, together with certain other nobles of the same sort. Through them were brought about all the horrors we have witnessed and the French revolution. But even this was not enough to satisfy them, for they aimed at overturning not only France, but the whole of Europe !

It was necessary to win over or blind four or five Courts, Sovereigns, or Ministers, some by argument, others through interest ! First, they had to learn the weak point of each, in order to turn it to account. Then they had to rouse to enthusiasm the colder blood of Northern nations (which was more difficult) for the idea of *equality* and *liberty* ; embitter them, tickle their desire for novelty, make them discontented. They saw that most nations only occupied themselves with matters of domestic and pecuniary interest and seldom read or noticed what went on elsewhere. These had to be enlightened and their taste for change cultivated, especially the King of Denmark (who for a long time had had a quite colourless existence) and the Prince Royal, still a minor, and wretchedly brought up by a lot of women and a tutor worse than any woman. Consequently the country was given over to the limitless power of an ambitious Minister who would just suit their purpose if he could be corrupted, and would help to win over Germany in spite of our solid good sense.

They therefore surrounded Count de B.¹ with *Illuminés* (that is say with Jacobins or democratic Free Masons) and tried to corrupt him with money, of which they had plenty. As he was absolute sovereign of a country close to Germany, which included Holstein where nothing is spoken but German, and from whence it is easy to control the commerce of Hamburg, it was most important to win him over.

In Holstein itself the principal of the King's officers, the smaller and more ambitious nobles, the keenest intellects were laid siege to. They knew exactly the character of the chief Minister, his boundless ambition, his love of power, his weakness to flattery, his family influence! Everything was done to win him over. He was not susceptible to money bribes, as even his enemies admit, but he had other, though nobler points of weakness which were quite as dangerous.

The complete liberty of the Press and the power of the merchant class were the two chief instruments of our *Illuminés* in preparing the revolution in Germany and in the north. Writers of books tried to shake public confidence and excite the people to revolt, after intoxicating the Minister in their preface or dedication with that incense of flattery which he could never resist. The merchants on their part adopted the same tactics and, assuring him that they had nothing but the good of the State at heart, obtained concessions which were totally opposed to the interests of other powers. We have seen this in the protection

¹ Count Bernstorff.

Denmark accords to smuggling, the only thing which saved Paris from famine and from revolting against the revolution. They began with Hamburg, which was close at hand. Only four years ago the peasantry were indignant with the French, content, delighted even with their own government, which is really a gentle one and gives enough liberty, and all united in condemning the revolution and the rioting and the clubs!

All this has changed, *ma chère Sophie*, and I am afraid that at the first check these same people will adopt the French standpoint. The poison has spread through Hamburg over the whole of Germany. They took good care to prevent these facts reaching the ears of the Courts through the Ministers, who instead of warning them either ignored these truths altogether or treated them as of no importance.

While they thus undermined the public of Denmark and Hamburg, they played just as dangerous a game at the Courts of the allied and neutral nations. Their funds were inexhaustible, and nothing resisted their gold. They gained everywhere people of every class. The cast of mind, the character, the ruling passion of each Sovereign and of his principal Ministers were perfectly known to them. The fanaticism of the *Illuminés* in one case, the love of repose in another, timidity, misplaced pity, avarice, sensuality, jealousy, everything was played upon. Generals, ministers, favourites, confessors, ministers, all were won over, corrupted, and it still goes on and no one is far from the epidemic. It has penetrated to all classes, and this renders the fall of the entire fabric almost inevitable.

The people, that is the majority, have tasted the delicious flavour of that chimera, *equality*. It is the unlucky box of Pandora which has been opened for the ruin of the universe !

Force alone is the order of the day ! The people have begun to recognize this eternal error on the part of those who have neither reason nor logic. All the ties of society, of humanity are loosened. Religion, truth, morality, law, duties, cleanliness, decency, all these are now but vain words. By what bridle will you now hold the savage beast that is ready to devour you ? Ask a miracle from God ? May He grant it to you ! Perhaps there is but this one remedy, but this one hope ! And by what right can we ask it ? Our virtues ? Alas ! God grant it !

Thus, *ma chère enfant*, I have put you in a position to judge of the state of affairs, and if I have expressed myself very badly, at least you will give me credit for sincerity. You will realize that convinced as I am of the truth of this sad position, it is impossible for me to feel easy, no matter how profound is my resignation, and that my mind, as decrepit as the old box that holds it, is not able to speak any language to yours except that of bitterness and desolation.

My tenderness, my gratitude for your kind plans for me is only the keener and livelier. My one consolation, the only pleasure that remains to me here below, is the vanity and joy of being mother to seven or eight adorable children, when the happiest person in the world would be thankful to possess one such as they. Adieu.



WILLIAM, THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND

From a mezzotint after a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of
the Duke of Portland

CHAPTER XXXI

THE Duchess of Portland died on June 3rd, and Charlotte Sophie had written a letter of condolence. The Duke did not reply for some months, and as she was hurt by his silence, her grandson, Count Charles Ferdinand Bentinck, eventually wrote to the Duke of Portland as follows:—

“Varel, *June 15th*, 1795.

. . . . a few words in answer to that article of yours relating to my grandmother. I shall be very much obliged to your Grace to give her a line, and enclose a copy of the letter you desired me to write, which I hope you will approve of. Since I first went to see her, her conduct to me has been uniformly such as I could wish, and such as I did not expect, and I am particularly obliged to her for her attentions and hospitality, during the stay the Mr. Fagels made lately with me at her house at Hamburg. But her conduct to my mother, who was the most amiable and respectable woman in the world, and some letters she wrote to her, after she had been induced by the most pressing invitations to pay her a visit at Hamburg—the treatment my eldest brother experienced lately after he had been caress’d and flattered beyond all

bounds, the consequence of which was his indulging (rather too much perhaps) the natural vivacity of his character—all this makes me apprehensive I may experience a disgrace some of these days when I least expect it. These incidents, however distressing, I have never taken any direct notice of, and I have constantly seized every opportunity of reconciling and conciliating, the more so as she has taken Mr. de Rhoon's situation very much at heart, notwithstanding her being displeased with him, I do not well know for what. We ought to do all in our power to prevent a fresh rupture with any part of her own family, and for that reason I shall not be sorry if you give her a line, which will please her very much, and show her the English are not implacable, notwithstanding their prejudices, to take notice of one expression of the letter to Harriet. At the same time, if you write, you must expect a very long letter if not more in answer, and the pleasure that very extraordinary woman takes in writing at her advanced time of life, and the facility and cleverness with which she writes are really surprising."

This letter is in the Library of Welbeck Abbey, as also is a copy of the Duke's answer, dated 3rd July, 1795.

The 7th October, 1794.

Yesterday one of our papers announced that the Duke of Portland had given up his post to Mr. Windham and had gone as Viceroy to Ireland. I

hope to God that it is not true. I should be grieved for you, for poor Mrs. Milnes, for Guillaume. Indeed, it would upset me very much. I consider him so good, so useful to the English Government which has such need of men like him, conscientious, incorruptible and esteemed, that I should be inconsolable if, at a critical moment, so excellent a pilot abandoned the vessel, roughly buffeted by the waves.

I am alarmed also about an equinoctial gale that Lord Howe is said to have encountered near Brest. Every one does not believe that it was the fault of Borce and the Aquilons, but that political reasons made him think of this pretext.

I am afraid that our friend Ruffo will not have a pleasant time in Vienna. They seem prejudiced against him. My friends, to whom I wrote about him before his arrival, reply that they are surprised I should take trouble on his behalf. I fancy he must have let slip some thoughtless criticism of the Queen of Naples, which was not appreciated at a Court whose Sovereign is her daughter. I shall be very sorry if this is so, as it will deprive him of the whole enjoyment of his stay there. I have made enquiries about the matter and will tell you what answers I receive. I tried to give the best possible opinion of him, but if he has erred in that direction all my eloquence has been wasted.

I have not had a letter from the Duke of Portland, and indeed I should be sorry if, busy as he is, he wasted four minutes on my account. I have begged him to fight for his country and for the good cause,

to love my children and not to dislike me. If I had the honour of knowing him personally I should probably ask him more than this.

They tell me there will be no post to-day, and they beg me to hurry. The soup cries aloud, and I embrace *ma petite chatte* and the little ones. I entreat you to send me news of our sailors.

The 31st October, 1794.

They think all is lost in Holland; the alliance broken with you, the two republics united, the Prince of Orange and his friends sacrificed.

Doorwerth is perhaps at this moment in ruins and in the hands of the French.

Your own English troops, without discipline, have pillaged and destroyed all that was at the Chateau of Battenburg, which belongs to my cousin Count de Bentheim Steinfort, friend and German attaché of your allies. He bitterly complained to the Duke of York, but will they indemnify him against this mad violence of which your troops are everywhere rendering themselves guilty? The rumour of their evil-doings renders them more feared than are the French, who are sometimes called in in despair!

Indeed, *ma chère Henriette*, everything is painful beyond words. I am ill, I can write no more.

Mr. Coleman is urgently asking for my letters.

In God's name, tell me if my dear children are going to America. My life depends on it.

Adieu.

On November 4th, 1794, Charlotte Sophie writes in the highest spirits because Hawkings and cher Guillaume are not, after all, ordered to America.

The 14th November, 1794.

(I write in advance on the 12th.)

We have just had the most terrible thunderbolt, *ma chère petite chatte*. Nimegue has surrendered! Doorwerth is therefore open to the jaws of the wolf! I am so terrified that my first impulse is to write to you and console myself by opening my afflicted heart to my dear Sophie. I am in great fear for my poor people (who are not yet out of the place nor are those of Rhoon in it, because he has kept none of the conditions he forced from me)! I did all I could think of to save that beautiful property *for him* in spite of the wrong way in which he obtained it from me.¹ I gave orders (in view of the enmity the French bear him as being one of the most zealous defenders of the Netherlands) that the property should be considered as *still mine*, in case the regicides force

¹ The agreement, however, had not been completed, and as Rhoon was imprisoned soon after this time it never became his. There are allusions in the *Dunkelgraf's* letters to Pastor Kühner which suggest that at an earlier period Charlotte Sophie may have intended to make over Doorwerth to her mysterious grandson. I do not refer to the novel, but to the correspondence carried on for so many years between the recluse of Schloss Eishausen and the friend who lived close by, but to whom he had never spoken! The letters were published by the pastor's son some years after the death of the *Dunkelgraf* in 1845. The princess, to whom he had devoted his life, predeceased him by seven years, dying at the age of 58.

the passage as I fully expect they will. I thought that in declaring it as mine and using my title of a Danish Countess to the *sans-culottes* and affirming my twenty-five years of residence at Hamburg, I should manage to save the place from the violence of the enemy. God knows if I shall succeed, but I do the best I can (without hope of the slightest gratitude for it) and satisfy my heart in a way that suits me better than bearing malice to those who have injured me. Besides, Rhoon, in spite of all, has my pity just now, and the trouble he is taking to save Holland blots out many of his ill deeds towards me, and is a virtue that I am glad to see him practising.

I begin to think that it will soon be necessary to put oneself in safety. My friend Madame de Plessen of Zell has already quietly packed her belongings. I do not know at all as yet where to take refuge. I shall seriously consult with Mr. de Blome (formerly Danish Minister in Paris, and with whom I have been intimately connected for forty years). The Milneses and especially the *cher grand garçon* know him well. He abounds in good sense, and I can count on his friendship. He came to say good-bye to me for the winter (which he has to spend at Copenhagen on account of his private affairs, for he is a man of too high a character to be in favour just now), as no one troubles about his interests and all he left behind while he attended to theirs, so he must put spurs to their equity, which is not their distinguishing virtue. It is from this honest man that I shall ask advice before deciding if Holstein will be easiest

and least costly. But Danish protection seems to me nearly as dangerous as a visit from the enemy. I will tell you the result when I have come to a decision.

Now to come to Princess Salm Salm. We have not the slightest idea here whether she is expected or not. I shall watch and sniff at every door, at every furnished hostelry, at the houses of all the Brabançons here who can give me news, and from the moment when she breathes the air of Hamburg I shall seize upon her in your name.¹ Tell me (if she does not come in four, six or eight weeks) what I am to do with your letter. We are so overwhelmed, so inundated with French emigrants, Brabançons, Dutch and from the borders of the Rhine, that one can hardly turn round, and I think they will starve us out, for all those whom the French drive before them from the Low Countries, from Aix-la-Chapelle, from Düsseldorf, from Cologne, take refuge here. My five rooms are too small for my assemblies. But it is no longer possible to entertain in that way; one has to dine thirty people every day.

Though I am continually ill and suffering, I am able to support all this tumult more patiently than the Philosopher, who gets furiously angry.

I take the liberty, *ma chère Sophie*, of sending you

¹ Sophie and her brother had been very friendly with the Salm Salms at Spa in 1790. The latter wrote of them in his Journal—"The Princess of Salm is a most charming woman. The Prince very determined in character. Prince George of Salm perfectly open and disinterested."

a long letter for your dear brother, as I do not know where he is.

They threaten us with a terrible peace, worse than war.

The 25th November, 1794.

You are making the noblest and most praiseworthy efforts in God's great cause and that of the Sovereigns, the laws, order and public security, and all these virtuous efforts are useless, and even harmful, by reason of the false measures adopted. You pay too little attention in choosing the *instruments* you employ, and also there is frightful *want of discipline* in your armies. Instead of conquering your enemies and protecting your allies, your soldiers give themselves up to such atrocious violence and such murderous behaviour that your troops, who should guard the possessions of your allies, are, on the contrary, the worst of destroyers and assassins. They are feared more than all, and their cruel behaviour forces the people, whom they have come to protect, to appeal to and openly call for the French, who are less barbarous than your soldiers. They have rendered you objects of horror, you who deserve public gratitude. It is not my business to pronounce an opinion on the cause of this refusal to obey orders. But I must be allowed to tell you *the facts*, proved and committed in the full view of heaven and earth. The English troops completely pillaged the Chateau of Battenburg, belonging to Count de Bentheim Steinfurt; they did not leave one wooden skittle, and what they could

not carry away they smashed to pieces and threw out of the windows. They committed the same horrors in the town of Bhüren, belonging to the Prince Stadholder, the portion of his eldest son, its valiant defender! Everywhere, it seems, they have been guilty of the same excesses, so that all the provinces refused to receive them, but their final doings at Nymegen succeeded in making them the execration of all their allies, and especially of the Dutch. They revenged themselves on these poor people, because they had complained of their thieving and cruelty. It was at Nymegen (at that poor Nymegen which they should have saved and defended) that they surpassed in violence everything that history can relate of the most inhuman hordes of barbarians that have ever disgraced mankind. Before they gave up that unhappy, friendly city it was they themselves, with fire and sword, who mercilessly pillaged it, massacring all who opposed them, and not content with fighting the Dutch who came to the rescue of their fellow-countrymen, they took them prisoners and drowned them, by destroying the bridge over which they should have retired. The Scotch Regiment, and that of Bentinck, were the innocent victims! The animosity since this happened has become so great that the English and Dutch will no longer serve together, each flying at the throat of the other, and forgetting that it is the French each has to fight. You can judge how the common cause, which has cost you so many generous sacrifices, must suffer, and how, because you have not taught discipline to your troops

and respect for authority, you lose the fruit of all your efforts and attract to your King and your Ministers bitter and dangerous reproaches, instead of the veneration and gratitude which they might expect from their own people and their allies.

Shall I tell you, without choosing my words, *ma chère enfant*, what public opinion thinks of a wise and prudent nation which Europe used once to look upon as her liberator? What demon enemy has arrested her successes?

They say that a fatal custom (which formerly dishonoured Germany also but is detested there nowadays) has unhappily taken firm hold in England and ruined all your actions, that all your measures and counsels are arrived at by brains overheated by porter and wine, that this fatal habit prevails in your councils, in your armies, that it has become the fashion to drink; that members of the government, that magistrates vie with each other as to who can drown and disorganize his intelligence the most; his intelligence, the grandest privilege of man, that which alone differentiates him from an animal! One groans to see the sublimest nation in Europe grovel through this detestable habit and enslave its glory, its power, its great talents under barrels and bottles! Is it possible that they do not themselves perceive, having so much wisdom and light, what failure such a miserable temptation must bring, which may be one to the lower orders but should never become so to the noble minds of educated men who cannot underestimate the price of reason and the force of habit?

Oh, *ma chère petite chatte*, must a poor old German woman warn the wisest of the nations of the precipice which threatens all her advantages, all her virtues?

This fearful vice (which makes everything possible), the most contemptible of all, and the results of which are the most irretrievable, has always been my horror. I have seen it, thank God, done away with in my country, where to-day it is as shameful to be intoxicated as it was the contrary in our barbaric times, and we had hardly begun to be enlightened before we disapproved of this shameful habit. How is it possible that the most civilized people in Europe have adopted the vice that the first beams of light condemned amongst us? Your lovers of reform should before all else reform this, and I entreat Parson Jean to preach it continually. If he cures you of this horrible abuse, he will be recognized by his country as its true apostle and benefactor. Give him this text to meditate on. *Adieu, ma chère enfant*, I am ill and unhappy about you all, and I love you as much as I detest Port, Burgundy, and all those instruments of hell destined to corrupt and deteriorate the most estimable and honest mortals in the world.

CHAPTER XXXII

ON December 28th, 1764, Captain John Albert Bentinck (Sophie's father) wrote to J. J. Rousseau, saying that he will no doubt be surprised to hear from an unknown correspondent. He added, rather patronisingly, that such of Rousseau's writings as he had read have "*assurance bien de merite*," but that as he knows his correspondent does not like compliments, he will say no more on that score.

"Know, then," he went on, "that I am in the British Navy, am 27 years of age, and have never conducted myself in such a way as to prevent my friends advancing me to the rank of captain, which I have held for six years." He then told Rousseau that he married after the war, and has no wish to complain of his wife, but must mention facts which will enable his adviser to give the help he feels sure he will not refuse. The case, he remarked, is an uncommon one. "She is of medium height, slight, well-made, sweet, gay, tender and virtuous, in one word, made for married happiness. She has talents for music, drawing, etc., but wants self-confidence, a



CAPTAIN JOHN ALBERT BENTINCK AND HIS ELDEST SON WILLIAM
(The "cher Guillaume" of the letters)

From a picture, by Mason Chamberlin, painted in 1775 (the year Captain J. A. Bentinck died),
in the possession of Mr. H. Aldenburg Bentinck, Indio, Devonshire

The chain pump invented by Captain Bentinck is shown to the left of the picture

quality in which she is entirely lacking. She has read your *Emile* with pleasure and emotion, which shows the goodness of her heart. She has, I will not say 'un amour' for me, as we have been married a year and a half, but 'Une amitié si demesurée' that she cannot bear the shortest separation." Captain Bentinck added that it is nevertheless necessary, since he is a sailor, that he should be sometimes absent, and he asked Rousseau to write a letter of advice to her, pointing out the desirability of self-control. He then went on to say that they would like their expected child, if a girl, to be called Sophie, after the "Sophie" in *Emile*, and begged Rousseau in that case to be godfather. Rousseau sent the desired letter to Mrs. Bentinck, dated January 26th, and wrote to Captain Bentinck on the 27th. Both letters are so charming, that I should like did space admit to quote them here in full. Rousseau says to Captain Bentinck: "Quand une fois elle sera bien convaincu de la solidité de votre attachement, elle n'aura pas peur que vous lui soyez enlevé par des folles." Possibly the fear was only too well founded! This correspondence is at Indio.

The 2nd December, 1794.

You are the most amiable and the queerest little creature in the world, *ma chère petite chatte*. Your delightful chatter of November 11 first of all alarmed and then amused and enchanted me by the *naïveté* of

your pretty ideas and all your jugglery with J. J. Rousseau.

I should have guessed the Grand Mogul for your godfather sooner than that apostle of the French revolution! You ask me questions which I will answer as frankly as my knowledge, which is very limited, will allow, and as one who cannot form any opinion on matters of philosophy, being only a poor old woman who can say that she knows such and such *facts*, but cannot judge of principles too high for her intelligence. The matter has been so much debated by those who understood it that every one can bring forward arguments for and against the ideas of that extraordinary man, who played such a great rôle *after his death*. I did not know him personally, but I read each work from his pen as it appeared; I heard him talked of a great deal by people from Switzerland and Neuchatel and by those French who knew him well, especially Monsieur de Voltaire. I heard the latter giving the King of Prussia (at a supper with his sister the Margravine of Bareuth) his ideas on this famous and eccentric man, on his character and his works, and beside this we spoke more than fifty times of him together. I will tell you all about it, and you can draw your own conclusions.

The first person to be infatuated with the style and ideas of J. Jacques was the late Princess of Anhalt Zerbst,¹ who since our earliest childhood did me the

¹ It will be remembered that the Princess was the mother of Catherine II of Russia.

honour of being my friend. This lady joined to many talents and great knowledge a very just mind and bold intellect, besides admiration for all that is sublime and even eccentric! She was a walking library, and owed the learning with which she had adorned her mind to none but herself and her labour. She had accumulated it without method and without that order in which Science arranges it and which is so necessary for its perfection. Her wit, however, often took its place. But often, too, she was carried away for lack of it. The first work of J. J. had this effect. She was so infatuated that she said to me, "If this young author continues as he has begun he will one day be the Haller¹ of France," that is to say that he will efface Voltaire and Montesquieu and your illustrious Pope. She had at that time only read his book *Sur le danger des Lumières chez les hommes*. She told me to throw away or burn all my books of morals and logic, so as to leave room in my library and in my head for that philosopher who alone could develop all that there is possible of development in humanity, that is to say, *that we know nothing*.

¹ Albert von Haller, born at Berne 1708, died 1777. He displayed his abilities at an extraordinarily early age. At thirteen he was distinguished not only in Latin and Greek, but as a poet. He became a great physician and spent days and night in study. In 1727 he visited England and was appointed physician and counsellor to George II, at whose request Francis I gave him a patent of nobility. He was also a first-rate botanist, and a man of great piety and benevolence. He published various important works. There is a copy of a letter from Voltaire to him, and his reply, at Indio.

I saw at once that she was intoxicated and carried away by the impetuosity of her brilliant imagination.

I had not much fear lest a mind so sensible and reflective as hers would lose itself for long, and I was quite certain that she would soon return from this little digression! But I felt all the danger of this enchanting style which made such an impression on a head like hers, and I began to arm mine, much more easily led astray, against her powerful victor. J. Jacques himself helped me to supply weapons against his philosophy. His *Contrat Social*, a work which did so much harm in France, seemed to me to deserve attention from the most practised instructors of nations, but was absolutely above my understanding. I heard these high matters discussed by people able to judge through their knowledge of the facts. I saw that their judgment affected the fortunes of every one, and that they differed amongst themselves.

Rousseau thus remains the maker of a code, admired by some, censured by others, and his merit is left undecided.

The same variety of opinions was formed about his first book, and this romance is still the apple of discord between people of taste and stern moralists. It is a controversy which, I believe, will never be settled, and they have put it on one side, very fortunately I think, in order to occupy themselves with a still more dangerous book. It contains such a mixture of good and bad, of pernicious and excellent, that the late Solomon himself, if he rose from the dead to judge it, would be frightfully embarrassed.

I speak of his *Emile*, of this sketch of education, that his fearless courage had dared to present to the frivolity of France and her neighbours, whom she has infected with the same epidemic.

This memorable work, which created a revolution amongst thinking people (before its code made one in Europe), fixed for some time the eyes of all who read, and soon brought about surprising and sudden changes (without enough reflection perhaps) in the important subject of *education*, especially in families, but also in some cases in public institutions.

All I can add, *ma chère Sophie*, is that these two works, *Héloïse* and *Emile*, while exciting our admiration in some respects, and pleasing us, cured us nevertheless—the Princess de Zerbst of enthusiasm, and me of the doubt that remained in my mind of the author's character. The fatal effects of that unhappy *code* caused the leading astray of many clever people, the loss of morality, the destruction of religion, of order and of law, the total forgetfulness even of humanity, the frightful anarchy which followed it in France (and perhaps will do the same all over Christendom). These will perhaps decide the merit and the danger of his works, the intention of which seems at least to have been pure, and the author cannot be directly responsible for the abuse of his ideas, often wrongly understood, falsified and exaggerated, susceptible perhaps of creating happy ideas in wise minds, but poison in the hands of the traitors who use them and abuse them to destroy order, religion, morality and happiness.

I have told you, or at least I have tried to tell you, *ma chère Sophie*, what I think of your famous godfather. I do not say that every one must think as I do, for really the matter is beyond my knowledge. What I have said is the result of my reflections, and of what I have digested in my brain for thirty years. But I have not thought of him for three or four years. My age, my infirmities, and a thousand objects of greater importance to me have enfeebled my memory and all my faculties since then, so that the ideas which remain are uncertain, and I have only preserved the bare conclusions I formed, which lead me to believe that the famous Jean Jacques published many good and excellent things and also many dangerous ones. Events unhappily prove that if he had the best intentions in the world he has nevertheless done far more harm than good, and that his imprudent torch set fire to the world instead of illuminating it.

As for Monsieur de Voltaire, I think I told you that he neither loved nor hated him. Sometimes he felt a little of the usual jealousy of his profession, but I always heard him render justice to his wit and to his style without fear of being eclipsed. I heard him at Geneva warmly defending him, but without passion (as he had against La Beaumelle¹ and Fréron²). He said one day to me, and I

¹ Laurent Angliviel de la Beaumelle, a writer born at Valleraugne (Gard), and known on account of his quarrels with Voltaire (1726-73).

² Jean Fréron, a famous critic, born at Quimper, 1718, the enemy of Voltaire and of the philosophers. Voltaire satirized him in various

recollect it very well, that "the chapter in *Héloïse* on the duel and suicide were masterpieces of good sense and of truth, after which there remained nothing more to be added," but he laughed at the whole idea of the Romance as a Romance, and I think he was quite right, and that is why I should be very sorry if the wishes of your father, that you might resemble his heroine *Héloïse* (who surpasses his superficial *Sophie*), were realized, for this heroine, saving your respect, was, frankly, a prostitute, and the "Sophie" of *Emile* promised to become one. I could not have endured to think that your godfather had formed your morals, and I thank God that it was your excellent mother and your own good sense that undertook this responsibility which, thank Heaven, has succeeded so well; and such as it is I hope you will hold to it without making your daughters either *Héloïses* or *Sophies à la Rousseau*, but *à la Tête Blanche*, and *au cœur blanc*, not looking for midday at two o'clock, and trying like that sublime Rousseau to be always wiser than, or at least always different from the rest of the world, a point of view which, if grafted on English national taste, would be even more dangerous than in France.

His principles, so finely adorned by the grace of his style and wit, lead to excesses which one cannot deny, and it may easily happen that the accursed morality which he dispensed on that vice, the most dangerous without exception of all by reason of its

poems, notably in *Le Pauvre Diable*. His son was conspicuous for his violence at Marseilles and Toulouse.

effects, has already done far too much to popularize it in England. I refer to *drunkenness*. This frightful passion, *ma chère petite chatte*, is losing to England all its national preponderance of genius, of principles, of wit and of morals. Jean Jacques has been the erring apostle, and were it for this alone he would have much to reproach himself with.

Remember, *ma chère fille*, that Germany was once the victim of this frightful and detestable vice. Will you yourselves drown your precious reason in it and descend from nature's great advantages to her vilest state? Realize, in God's name, the dangers of this habit to which you are beginning to give yourselves up. Perhaps all that is happening in Holland and in your internal affairs is the consequence of it. How can those, once so wise and just, suggest well-considered measures after the usual banquet preceding their councils, intoxicated as they are with spirits and innumerable varieties of wine? What chief at the head of his army can form a good plan, or execute it properly, when his head and those of his officers are heated and misled by repeated toasts! What respect can the servants have for a minister whom they have carried out drunk, or soldiers who have rendered the same shameful service to a general or to the officers whom they ought to obey, whom they should esteem? What respect, I repeat, can they inspire in the witnesses of their excesses, and from what standpoint can they preach order and obedience?

I rave. *Adieu.*

CHAPTER XXXIII

The 23rd December, 1794.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand Austrians have, thank God, come to our help. It is said that you have procured them. This allows us to breathe a little more freely. If we can prevent them from crossing the rivers this winter there is a feeble ray of hope that they will be disheartened, as they already complain, being in want of everything, but especially of salt. At Bois-le-Duc the amount of salt that usually cost 8 florins is sold for 500, that is, five hundred Dutch florins! I have had all these facts from my agent, who can testify to them by ocular evidence, for as he was formerly an officer he goes about everywhere, having no fear of the fighting. That poor Holland, so badly defended (though the young Princes of Orange have accomplished prodigies of valour) through the choice of incompetent persons for important posts (for example, an old prince of Philipsdael who drivelled at 25 years old from inborn foolishness and does so at 70 from old age), a miserable man of no standing, at the fort of Crevecœur, and a worthless person at Nymegen (which your undisciplined English forced to capitulate), and finally by the incomprehensible

negligence of putting neither troops enough, nor food enough in so important a city as Maestricht, though foreseeing a siege of many months' duration. These are the unpardonable errors of which all the allied powers are guilty ; the Austrians with their old Wormser who spoilt everything near Landau, his imprudent enterprise with regard to the possession of Valenciennes and the other fortresses *in the Emperor's name*, and the badly planned retreat from that district (without even saving the garrisons and the artillery). Then your ill-digested siege of Dunkirk, which led to the ruin and loss of the Low Countries and the failure of the whole of the rest of the war ; your pitiable O'Hara and Montagu ; your inactive or perhaps unfortunate Lord Howe, he who in three campaigns did half his duty in the fine victory of the 1st of June, but only accomplished half his object in letting the large French merchant fleet escape, the loss of which would have harmed the French more than the loss of three battles. This same enemy's fleet might at any time during three months have been seized by your Admiral, or shared with your allies the Spaniards, or burnt in the port of Toulon. Then those Danes (more guilty even than the cannibals themselves), that perjured Duke of Holstein, a rebel against the laws of the Empire of which, by that title, he is a member, in spite of his being King of Denmark, whose evil doings you allow to continue and who alone leads away the people of north Germany. The fruits of his evil doing are seen on all sides, and we groan under them when

we calmly look at this sad picture. Do not be angry with me, *ma chère petite chatte*, if I dare to tell you thus bluntly the state of things and seem to judge my masters, but I think I can, and *ought* to risk being mistaken in saying what I believe to be true, to my dear children. They will correct me, if I am wrong. The good *Tête Blanche* is home again. You will submit this tribute of my confidence to him. He will at least learn what is thought in a place where the facts are known (as far as it is possible to know the workings of cabinets), and where things present another face than they do to you. In any case, if I am wrong, only your patience and my sheet of paper will have been wasted (and that will kill no one).

Embrace your dear better half for me, a commission you will assuredly acquit yourself of with dexterity and activity—but, no, I will not abuse your kindness but will undertake it myself and chat for a few moments with my dear Hawkings.

For the good Tête Blanche.

So you are home again, *mon cher fils*, with your faithful and loving *petite chatte*, and your pretty little daughters. You have returned without accident, thank God, after so many dangers, to a family that loves you as much as you deserve. Your poor old grandmother, with one foot in the grave, rejoices with all her heart. She will never forget your amiable and honest character and your plans for her. She begs you to always be the same to your happy Sophie, the best of fathers to her great-grandchildren, the sincere, the tender, the

faithful friend of her much-loved *grand garçon* (her idol, who alone can equal or surpass you in her heart), you, the son of her choice as you remember, her heart having already adopted you before there were any ties of blood.

Send a word of friendship, *mon cher chaton*, to your old grandmother. Do you remember the hearty handshake, so full of feeling, in my drawing-room, when you said to me, "What! Do you think that I have not also a mother!" (unforgettable expression, which made me, from that very moment, so ardently desire to become yours). If for so long I have been anxious and unhappy about you, it is only just that you should pour some balm into my wounds! All whom you know here send you a thousand good wishes and rejoice in your return. I could not refuse myself the pleasure of sending you a few words, and the *petite chatte* will embrace you for me. I would do it myself, but my arms are too short (in which I exactly resemble our Sovereign's *vis-à-vis* of the French). Good-bye, *mon fils*, send me a word or two to tell me that you have brought back with you your precious friendship of former times.

Hasten, *ma chère petite chatte*, to give my *billet-doux* to your husband. I even allow you to die of jealousy if he replies equally cordially. It will be a triumph that was wanting to the famous Ninon Lenclos. A fool killed himself for love of her when she was eighty years of age, but not one sensible woman died of jealousy, and it would hugely amuse

me if, at the same age, I gained this advantage over her.

Alas ! while I joke, an Altona newspaper has given me a mortal blow. It says that it has news from Amsterdam of the 16th that the French have forced all the passages of the Wahl and the Rhine and that fifteen thousand men are advancing on Arnheim, where every one is in the utmost consternation.

I told you that our friend Ruffo was at Leghorn and that he sent me through Mr. Paschen a violent Neapolitan manifesto against the Swedes, promising to write to me from Rome. I know nothing of his behaviour at Rome, where he must have had reasons for being seen very little. I don't understand it. Madame de Stengelin (widow of the *Cordon Blanc* and Danish chamberlain) will, I think, marry that good Paschen, who is madly in love with her. He will be given the title of Councillor of the Danish Conference so that Madame may not marry beneath her and lose her rank. God alone knows if they will be happy. I doubt it, for the lady is a *maîtresse femme* and all the families complain. We are to lose Madame de Binder. It will be a great loss to our Society. No news as yet of the Princess de Salm Salm. I cannot hear of her anywhere. *Adieu, mon enfant.*

The 29th December, 1794.

I have received, *ma chère petite chatte*, your two dear letters of the 3rd and 7th of December from Portland Island and Portsmouth. At once I looked up the places on your map. My heart was cheered and

expanded, I followed your vessel, I felt as if I were actually there, I tasted with delight the pleasure of sailing under the command of that dear *grand garçon*, I approached the harbour and I saw from afar the good *Tête Blanche*, the object of so much anxiety and fear! The illusion was sweet to me, after months of anguish! Old though my imagination is, *ma chère* Sophie, it gained a march on your agility! I embraced them both before you did, and after that I fell back into my usual grandmotherly frame of mind! I felt inclined to scold you, because in your state of health you exposed yourself at this season on the treacherous element, especially in view of the excitement of meeting your husband and brother. I asked myself, "Where is wise, sensible Henriette? How has she allowed such imprudence?" I hastily searched within my heart for an excuse for these dear little follies. Perhaps my *petite chatte* was more afraid of the jolting of the coach than of the rollers of the sea, and her dear sister (reconciled, God knows how, to Neptune) lost her head and took only her heart to meet her brother. Every one happily reunited I forgot to scold, I spared my breath and I blessed God and prayed Him to preserve you all and give you as much happiness as I could purchase for you at the price of the short span of life that remains to me. It passes and draws near its end very sadly, *ma chère* Sophie, in sorrow, and trouble and loss. Holland is on the edge of a precipice. They have erected five batteries in my poor Doorwerth, one right in front of the castle, which will be

destroyed, as well as my largest farm, at the first cannon-shots. My agent protested in vain. He could not get anything altered. Your Prince Ernest has just arrived there, and he explained and showed him how unnecessary this hardship was, and so convinced him that he flatters himself he will get the position changed. Finally, the English quartermaster, Baron de Diemar (whom Hawkings and Guillaume know well, and who often, with his wife, stayed at my castle), and General Fox, who the Duke of York had billeted there, have watched over my lands in the most generous way possible. I beg your friends who know them to thank them very cordially for their humane behaviour, which I can only owe to the Duke of Portland, whose name my people have ventured to make use of and whose influence has evidently sufficed with that noble general.

Who is that cousin, of whom Hawkings writes me? I patiently await him without being able to guess. He must be some whale or other kind of fish he met on the ocean. We have a legion of emigrants from all countries here just now, so that there are often from fifty to sixty people at my assemblies. The young and really charming wife of our Minister, Mr. Fraser, shines at them. She is a delightful woman, and has already acquired such an English air that one would declare she had been born on the banks of the Thames. An American commander has arrived here and walks on one foot and one piece of wood. He puts on his card "Gouverneur Morris." He has been warmly recommended to Mr.

Fraser by his colleagues, the other English Ministers, and he takes him about and introduces him everywhere. He was United States Minister in Paris, where he relieved Franklin. From the time they deposed Louis XVI he requested his recall, as he could not endure to contemplate so iniquitous a spectacle, they say. No one knows what has brought him here, nor what opinion to form of him. He is said to be very clever. I have barely seen him yet, but he will dine with me to-morrow perhaps, Mr. Fraser bringing him.

Gouverneur Morris (1752-1815) took the side of the insurgents in the American War of Independence. He was elected in 1775 a member of the first provincial Congress of New York, and succeeded in preventing the introduction of slavery into that colony. It was he who in 1778 prepared the instructions for Franklin, who was sent to Versailles to arrange the French-American alliance. In 1780, as the result of an accident, he had to have his left leg amputated. The Federal constitution is said to owe the perfection of its style and its methodical arrangement to him. He went to France in 1788, and the letters he wrote from there are full of interesting observations on the men and things of that critical time. Though an American, he blamed all the acts of the dominant party during the French revolution, even their suppression of the titles of the nobility. He

went to London, to Holland and to Germany. In spite of his known opinions he was made United States Minister to France in 1792. He was arrested as a "suspect" on March 28th, 1793, but immediately after released, and was replaced by Munroe in 1794, when he left Paris and travelled in various parts of Europe. He stayed some time at Altona (close to Hamburg), where he met Madame de Flahaut and others.¹ Charlotte Sophie, in alluding to Morris as a "Commander," obviously failed to realize that "Gouverneur" was his Christian name.

There is another stranger here who greatly amuses me. This is the emigrant Lorain, ex-president of Metz. He reads Comedy so well that I doubt if your Garrick and the French Ribou could surpass him. He is also good in Tragedy, but nothing extraordinary, and sometimes his rendering is imperfect. He is kind enough to read for our entertainment, and it would be a double pleasure to me if all my senses, and especially that of hearing, were not beginning to fail me. Eight or twelve French ladies come every day to our house. They are of all kinds. One only seems to me extremely amiable, and unites to a charming ease of manner and gaiety a high and virtuous character. She is also very gentle, and though 44 years of age you would not think her

¹ See *The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*, by Anne Cary Morris (New York, 1880—2 vols.).

more than 28 or 30. Slander, with the Countess and the Philosopher at its head, insists that a little Breton president, a youth of 78, has turned my head. He is one of the *beaux singes* you saw here. His voice is like the distant sound of an organ. He is none the less an honest and unfortunate man, very cultivated, good as good bread, interesting to all honest people. We are much talked about, and the elegant Archenholtz could easily make a romance out of it, in which your grandmother would play the *rôle* of Angelique.

Tell Jean, while giving him a thousand friendly greetings from me, that his poor good friend Luttichau, the lady-in-waiting at Copenhagen, has had the sorrow of losing her good mistress the hereditary Princess, and the misfortune before that of losing her health through her alarm at the burning of the castle, where she was shut up in a room and risked being burnt alive. I am sure he will feel for the troubles of this excellent person.

There is a public sale here, which is still going on, and will realize several millions, of the most superb French furniture stolen from the royal palaces and from the nobility and brought here by the merchants and farmers. It is a scandal that they make themselves accomplices of these thefts. They say there are most beautiful things in the very best taste. This causes both pleasure and horror.

I embrace you with all my heart.

January 4th, 1795.

Lord Spencer passed through here but remained one day only, on his way to Berlin. He did me the honour of dining with me and entrusted me with many compliments for your sailors. We have a personage here just now about whom public curiosity is much excited. He is an American and has a wooden leg, that is to say, a rounded stump attached with straps. He walks as slow and as fast as those whose feet are all right. His name is Morris. He was United States Minister and relieved Franklin in Paris, but from the moment they insulted the King and put the red cap on him he asked for his recall, and remained as a private individual in Paris or its environs, and only left two or three months ago, so that he is a walking dictionary of the whole revolution. I was so fortunate as to find favour with this person, who is so much run after. They say he goes to England continually, and every one here likes him, even the Philosopher, which is saying much. If he continues as popular, I will give him a letter to the *grand garçon* when he goes to London, and I advise you to make his acquaintance, for his conversation is most agreeable, and he is very polite, speaking English and French equally well. But I will study him a little more before giving him this passport.

Mr. Brandsen did not leave on the 28th, as he was ill at Rotterdam.

There is only one letter during January, but from the little diaries that begin this month I

gather that Charlotte Sophie was terribly anxious about her friends and her property at this time. On January 28th she wrote, "Jay l'assommante lettre du 16 de ce pauvre Windt malmène par les Autriciennes en allant à Wageningen capituler. Je n'ay rien dit à sa sœur."

The 3rd February, 1795.

They say, *ma chère petite chatte*, that from to-day they will open postal communication by East Friesland, so cruelly interrupted by way of Holland for the last three weeks. Alas, how much it has cost me to be deprived of the means of unburdening my heart to you! They tell me one can write now by Delfzyl, and that the packet will be escorted by four cutters (and some even add a frigate).

I understand the state of your feelings, and especially those of poor Mitje. They say that her eldest brother is safe.

This, however, was not so. The details of Rhoon's long imprisonment and romantic escape are given later on. The Stadholder had already fled from Holland. After a sad leavetaking he and his sons quitted The Hague for Schevening, whence the Princess had shortly before sailed. The fishing-smack in which he was about to embark being at some distance from the shore, he was preparing to wade out to her when Rhoon (the "William van Bentinck" of historians) exclaimed to the people, "Will you

allow your prince to leave you thus?" and at once they hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him to the ship.

The Dowager Countess of Schaumburg-Lippe, writing to her cousin, Charlotte Sophie, in a letter dated October 23rd, 1797, remarked, "I wonder if you know that General Pichegru, who lodged at Count Bentinck de Rhoon's house, said to him privately a few days before his arrest, 'The air of this country does not suit you. You have your carriage and horses, you should go and visit your property in Germany.' Though your grandson quite understood what was meant, he did not believe the danger so great. All this was told me by his father-in-law, who I met at Pirmont."

They say that the English army will be recalled to Eastern Friesland. That alarms me in view of the absence of discipline almost everywhere, so that one suffers as much from one's friends as from one's enemies. I pray God that General Fox may be in command in the districts where my unfortunate property is situated. He managed so well at Doorwerth that I flatter myself he will do for Mr. de Rhoon and my other relations what he did in Guelders.

Our good Tierheim is always thinking of you and our dear sailors. In God's name give me news of them, *ma chère enfant*.

The long gap here may be partially bridged

by the following extract from Charlotte Sophie's diary. I cannot resist giving it in its original and vivid language, exactly as it stands.

Dimanche, 8 Mars.

J'estois tres incomodée de la poitrine surtout et je m'attendois a chaque instant a voir arriver Mad. de Rhoon. Cependent il etoit près de 6 heures et rien n'etens arrivé j'écrivois un billet au Ct. de Morsau pour luy proposer de venir passer la soirée quand tout a coup Mr. Weisbrod heurte vivement a ma porte encore en robe de chambre et dit voila le Ct. Charles qui arrive d'angleterre avec les Fagel qui demande un domestique pour leur trouver un logement j'eus beau crier qu'ils viennent loger ici Mr. le Greffier fut inexorable, mais Mr. Francois plus amical nous resta Charles seul soupa dans ma chambre. Ils etoient partis le 1 d'angleterre, arrives a Cuxshaven le jeudi 5 et le 8 par terre ici.

Mr. and Madame de Reede hardly quitted their son-in-law Rhoon during his imprisonment at Woerden, and travelled with him to Varel after his release. His prison was a house which formerly belonged to the Stadholder, on the outskirts of The Hague. He was allowed to walk in the garden, and his friends could visit him.

Charlotte Sophie did not hear of Rhoon's arrest till February 11th.

Writing to his grandmother on December 11th, 1798, Charles Bentinck says :—



COUNT CHARLES BENTINCK

(Countess Bentinck's grandson)

From a picture in the possession of Count Bentinck

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“I had the pleasure of spending a few days with my brother at Woerden on various occasions. I found him looking well, very gay for a prisoner, and quite decided to wait patiently till they consider the time has come to open the doors of the castle to him. They have done him the honour of shutting him up as a dangerous character, as they could find no other pretext. The time I spent with my brother was the pleasantest I passed in Holland ; his cheerfulness, his good temper, his vivacity, his good heart and his good spirits affect all who come in contact with him.”

Charles goes on to say that it is impossible to discuss certain things with him, as a jailer is always present.

In another letter Charles Bentinck says :—

“He employs his time in reading and in all kinds of work which gives him exercise and amusement. He carpenters, he makes boxes and cardboard portfolios, with drawings and designs, he paints in colours, he plays the violin ; in fact, he does all he can to distract his mind during his long and unjust imprisonment.”

The 24th March, 1795.

I will only just put you in possession of the facts of our present position, which the critical situation of your cousin makes a very painful and alarming one. We are absolutely deprived of all means of communication with him. No one has had a line either from his family nor as to his possessions since the 16th January. They say that your cousin is well

and cheerful, sees his friends, and that one need not be anxious about him. Henry even wrote this to his brother. All the false advantages of the new post of my Basilisk¹ do not please me at all. It would be all very well on this side of the world. But it is a very long way to the other, and I admit that I am much frightened by the thought of that admirable woman going so far from you. The two brothers² who left you are here, and are good enough to put up with the few comforts I am able to provide them with. The eldest is a very interesting man, it seems to me, and of much worth. Good God ! How he is to be pitied ! And what a fearful reverse of fortune he is suffering ! It is his constancy, his real courage without ostentation, that touching sweetness of character which he preserves amidst his overwhelming misfortunes, that I never tire of admiring, and which inspires my deepest respect. Ill fortune, not content with depriving him of his money, has added to his troubles the knowledge that a woman he tenderly loves has been attacked by measles, the results of which are so dangerous, without his being able to learn how it has ended. His eldest brother, who holds a high position, is causing him great anxiety through false reports in the newspapers ; and while the war prevents the mail from the south reaching us, the freezing of our northern seas prevents letters arriving from the north, and has stopped the last three posts. We tremble for our relations, for our

¹ Mr. Milnes, appointed Governor of Martinique.

² The Fagels, sons of the Grand Pensionnaire.

friends, for our possessions in East Friesland. My granddaughters¹ have already been three or four times on the point of flight from Varel, with their children. Auguste (you must know him by this name, after living so long with your poor late aunt and knowing all Rhoon's friends) was here a fortnight ago, and took an apartment in the town for a year. He returns to-day from Varel, where he left your cousins. They were all ready to come to me on the first alarm, from whence Otteline and her two little children intended going on to her father.

My poor country herself, East Friesland and Oldenburg, are threatened with total ruin by becoming the theatre of the most terrible war in the memory of man. My nephews² (who took the place of children to me, and have always preserved their affection as such, before *mon cher* Guillaume came to me) are in the greatest danger. I see, I hear, I read nothing but sorrows that pierce my heart, while I myself am nearly bankrupt, my revenues from France from a capital of 78,000 *écus* not having returned one halfpenny for three years. Now Doorwerth has been seized by the enemy (and think what it must have cost me during the five or six months when it was visited by the allied troops in thousands), and finally the French invasion. My dowry from Holland is apparently lost, and it was upon it I depended,

¹ Otteline, Rhoon's wife, and Jaqueline, Jean's wife. Otteline spells her own name thus, and Charlotte Sophie spells it as I give it.

² The Kniphauseus. Mirabeau, in his *Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, declares that Baron Kniphausen was the ablest man in Germany.

while my patrimony in Germany, from which I drew my food supply, is entirely shut in by the troops of the allies and of the enemy. You can imagine the state of my affairs, and if it is possible for me to be sure of the means of offering an asylum to my nearest relations, even if I myself meanwhile lived only on air. It is all so sad that I have lost what courage I had.

In addition to all this, *chère petite chatte*, I have some bad news to give you, which I know will much grieve you and Hawkings and Guillaume and Henriette, in fact it is a real sorrow to us all, for we deeply regret the worthy man who was so much attached to you. Poor Ruffo, two days after he reached Naples, suddenly died there,¹ before he had received the reward of his work, or had been able to render it useful to his country. Poor Paschen is nearly in despair about it, and all his family, to whom he was so dear. I am very sorry, for them, for you and for myself.

There is another thing I want to say to you. A man who played a great *rôle* in all this revolution² which is making the whole world so wretched, a man

¹ This was doubtless a false report, as in her letter of March 11th, 1798, Charlotte Sophie remarks that she has quite lost sight of Ruffo. She also alludes to him in her letter of December 5th, 1795.

² Doubtless Monsieur de Calonne, who, as her diary records, paid her another visit at this time, on his return from St. Petersburg. He wrote to her from London a little later as follows :—

“Count d’Artois, to-day *Monsieur*, should be on the sea just now, on his return to London. They do not yet know what they will do for him, the project of establishing him in Jersey being abandoned. Poor Prince! What ill fortune! And the state of the King at Verona! There are few chances at present in their favour.”

about whom opinion is much divided, detested by some, applauded by others, made my acquaintance here a year ago, and it happened that I learnt something of his affairs and plans which naturally threw light on his character. I was amazed to find (in spite of the apparent frivolity natural to his nation) evidence of honesty, of generosity, which proved a worth impossible to disregard, however prejudiced one might be, but it is difficult to make headway against a number of accusing voices.

Meanwhile, all we saw inclined us to like him, and as he is working for the cause on which our prosperity depends, I venture the more to give rein to my opinion of him, and to beg you and all your circle to receive him and treat him as a friend of mine in whom I greatly interest myself. You will be rewarded by the pleasantness of his conversation, I know no one more agreeable. The little Countess, Tauvenay, and even the Stoic found him charming, but you must not receive him ceremoniously and ask him what the weather is like outside. You must say to him: "My grandmother has already made half your acquaintance for us. You were good enough to be one of her friends. You must therefore be one also to her grandchildren whom she loves and in whom she has inspired the same feeling. Come to us therefore as you went to her and give us the opportunity of sending her news of you amidst all the catastrophes of the moment." This is what I hope you will say. But as you may have good reasons for not wishing to become intimate with him

—the state of things in this world being often so strange—I have not given him a letter for you, but only the address of Mr. Puget (which Charles gave me), and told him that Mr. Puget will show him where you live and will see that he makes your acquaintance, so when you get this please send a few lines to Mr. Puget and tell him that an illustrious French emigrant, a friend of the French princes, will perhaps call on him, but without a letter from me, as I had not time to write one to ask him to see he did not miss you and your husband and Guillaume and Henriette and Mrs. Milnes, in fact all my brood, and tell him how to act if this personage calls or writes (you will realize when you see how full of business he is that he has no time to rush about your immense London looking for people).

Arrange it all as your good head knows how, and even if you go no further pay him those little civilities which he has the right to expect for himself and which I ask for him as my friend. I am very curious to know the end of it all, and feel certain that if you make his acquaintance you will all like him.

Embrace all the family for me. We tremble for Rhoon, and have not had one word from Holland.

Charles, the Fagels, Paschen, Tauvenay and the Philosopher are at your feet.

The 15th April, 1795.

Good God, *chère petite chatte*, how tired I am of continually writing by every possible route without getting one syllable in reply from any one! It gives me the greatest pain.

I have sent you a very amiable person who came with the Prince of Wales' squadron. He will find out the *petite chatte* and give me news of her (or perhaps to the Sea Gods, for they tell me, to console me when I grumble at the difficulties of postal communication, that it ought to tranquillize me to know that if the boats are taken the mails are at once thrown into the sea. A nice sort of consolation for one who has already covered several reams of paper with her scribbling!) To live as we are living is to die daily.

We have here an American ex-minister with only one leg and much wit. They say that he is on very bad terms with the Jacobins, who have had him proscribed, but he is an ardent constitutionalist and they believe that he is at work at Altona (where he established himself from the moment the Duke de Chartres appeared there) trying to make this young prince king of France. They even say that Madame de Genlis¹ and Monsieur Dumouriez² are with him and are all engaged on that great work. There are so many rumours that one does not know what to believe. Our possessions in East Friesland and Oldenburg have thus far escaped. May they continue to do so! Madame Ottelinde and Jaqueline

¹ Madame Stephanie Felicite de Genlis was governess to the children of the Duke of Orleans (Philippe Egalité) and author of important works on education. She was born near Autur in 1746 and died 1830. For a long time she lived at Altona.

² Dumouriez, when expelled from England on June 22nd, 1793, went to the neighbourhood of Hamburg and made it his headquarters till recalled to England in 1803.

are behaving magnificently. They are much attached to each other. The first appears to me full of intelligence, of judgment, of goodness, and of character. How happy her husband should be if he values this treasure, and she loves him as dearly as you love yours. I cannot imagine a stronger comparison to convey the *non plus ultra* of matrimonial attachment.

If Milnes is still with you, tell him that we strongly recommend to him a young naval officer, much esteemed and protected by my guests the two brothers and by Mr. de Rhoon who makes a very special point of it. These gentlemen and your cousin would be enchanted if he could obtain a commission for him in the English Navy which attracts him during the present disturbances. His name is Auguste B. de Bibra. He has been warmly befriended by Admiral de Kingsbergen who will not refuse him his testimony, and the brothers and Rhoon say he is a good and excellent person. I think that the eldest of the three brothers will write to England about him. The young man is lieutenant on board the "Triton" in America. Every one who knows him is interested in him. You will therefore oblige many, *ma belle petite chatte*, if you have the power. He lost his post in Holland, but hopes to find another in a country where his merit is not unknown, and they assure me that you will not regret nor that dear Hawkings nor Guillaume nor my Basilisk, the protection that you may be good enough to extend on the recommendation of so many, to one in misfortune. If you receive this please reply to it

so that I can tell his estimable family. They have spent large sums in starting this young man in life, and his virtue has made him interesting to many. I have hardly strength to hold my pen. The latest misfortunes have ruined my health, and I am in constant pain. I see the end of my career approach. Alas, shall I die and leave my country, my family, my friends, all those who were once rich, in despair and misfortune? That would be doubly to die! May God give you all the happiness which He denied to me and I shall be consoled. *Adieu.*

The 30th May, 1795.

At last, *ma chère petite chatte*, after seven weeks, I have the pleasure of receiving four pages from your hand. So you are coasting round England after that fine, big vessel which does not in any way console either you or me for the absence of its distinguished and handsome captain. I read your pretty little writing with the tenderest feelings. The *greffier*¹ has letters by each post, and when he sees me in despair he remarks gravely, "The fact is, Madame, that you have a charming family in England, scattered all over the country and never more than a week in one place, so it would be remarkable if your correspondence with them was regular."

May God give you a son, *ma chère petite chatte*, since you and Hawkings desire it. I also wish it, so that you may spoil your pretty little daughters less,

¹ The Greffier Fagel. There is at Indio an interesting series of letters from him to Charlotte Sophie, written from England.

for I see from here that you are too blindly devoted to them to use the very slightest severity with them, so necessary however to render them lovable and happy, especially when they have beauty, that seductive rock against which it is so difficult not to wreck oneself, unless education has taught one to reflect and to act on principle, and the heart has learnt to control and conquer itself. I see your paw up in the air, *ma chère petite chatte*, and not at all of velvet, ready to scratch out my eyes !

But let us leave all this on one side, *ma chère* Sophie, and talk politics. How sad they are for humanity and for the heart of a German who feels, and who loves her country ! The first prince of Christendom is obliged to recognize a troop of rebellious regicides, who have sworn to destroy all sovereigns ! If this catastrophe takes place, if we descend to this extreme of villainy, I am no longer a German, I was never Danish, I would rather be cousin to Beelzebub than French or Dutch. It is not worth while to call oneself Spanish, for they are neither flesh nor fish. But they did me the pleasure of sending back that chameleon de Bourgoing, so contemptible in spite of his wit. Meanwhile, I do not know which nation to place first and by which to get myself adopted, finding neither character nor virtue anywhere. You will suggest my becoming a naturalized Englishwoman.

But wait a moment, I beg. You doubtless think you are doing me the greatest honour ! And I reply, that a true German of the old stock can receive no

honours from any other nation, but can only confer them, if she has always strictly observed the old principles and never departed from them. Let us therefore lay down our conditions. The whole of Europe has lost its head on account of the French revolution, except you and Russia. The latter laughed at every one else, while taking her own clever and fortunate measures, weakening all whom she could fear and taking advantage of all the benefits she could seize upon.

You alone heroically upheld an entirely just cause.

It is not necessary to decide now if your measures were always wise and prudent, but I would dare to wager that when all your allies have played you false, you will be strong enough to contend quite alone with France, having only the sea to defend, on which your preponderance is so great; and while the rest of Europe has passed under the yoke of the French republic, you will come triumphantly out of it with a Peace on your own terms as lucrative as it will be glorious. It is after I have seen how you behave under these circumstances that I shall decide whether I wish to be English or not. It is not your success that will influence me. It is the virtue and generosity that you add to it which will excite my desire to adopt your nationality. Above all, it is *good faith* and *moderation* that I look for, a hundred times preferable to clever trickery and detestable selfishness. Without these I should have gained nothing in abjuring my country.

The 22nd June, 1795.

I am at last alone at Embsbittel, always suffering. I cannot walk at all. Charles and his friends are at Varel. They console poor Ottelinde with a thousand false hopes. It seems most unlikely that they will set her husband free. He has no one on his side but the King of Prussia, whom they hold in such contempt in France that his protection is worth nothing. I have at last succeeded in making the King of Sweden, whom they respect rather more, move in the matter, but he has a Minister who spoils everything, and his surroundings are much like those of the King of Prussia.

I have strength to write you only a word or two to-day, but I must ask you one favour of great importance to a friend of mine. Here are the facts.

There is an Irish gentleman in London called the Duke, or Earl of *Melfort*. He was in France from infancy. A *lettre de cachet* made him leave, because he was the lover of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of that infamous *Egalité*. At least, I only know one gentleman of the name of Melfort. It is necessary to learn from himself and with certainty if he knows a Mr. Bury, a Major, but dismissed, in the Swedish service, and if he does him the honour of acknowledging him as his relation.

You would greatly oblige me if you would let me know this. You can ask him yourself in my name, as an old acquaintance of his who knew him at Berlin, unless it was another of the same name.

Your Irish friends will know all about him, for the name of *Melfort* is well known and much respected. I beg you to tell me if this Mr. Bury is really nephew of the Duke, or Earl of Melfort. I embrace you all tenderly.

The 10th August, 1795.

Ma chère petite chatte,—We are petrified, horrified, in despair on account of the fearful adventure of the peninsula of Quiberon.¹ If it discourages your Ministers, if it ruins your plan, Germany, Holland, Europe, and the whole of Christendom are lost, and in twenty years from now our part of the world will be like Asia, and anarchy will devastate it, while the era of America will begin. If I was young, and a man, and a capitalist, I should go and join Milnes, or I should settle at Philadelphia. There would be nothing more to do in Europe.

I burn with impatience to know what you did after this horrible butchery! The line you took will decide the fate of the world! If you relax we are all lost. May God sustain and inspire Mr. Pitt. He has the alternative of being the greatest or the most unfortunate of Ministers which ancient or modern history makes mention of. If he holds on, the hydra will be destroyed. If he is defeated, all Christendom falls with him! Never has so important a cause divided

¹ A small army of emigrants were taken prisoners by the French General Hoche at Quiberon, and according to the inflexible rule of the Convention that all armed French rebels should be executed, they were shot in the field of Brech, near Auray, in 1795. The general personally wished to spare them, but had to carry out his orders.

public opinion. One has seen empires, kingdoms, principalities overturned, but never yet a whole portion of the world, for China already plays so decisive a rôle and will soon make herself a power of the first order, and Japan (which we only see through a telescope) of the second, and what will remain of our poor Europe? Russia perhaps (half Asiatic), and then only when she can read and write, after which the epidemic which kills us will destroy her also, if the books, the excrements of our Press, have not perished with us, and if the nations are nourished on those poisons.

The French themselves render justice (I refer to the emigrants) to your government, to the measures which they had hastened to condemn. I have read a letter from the Duc d'Harcourt (a confidential and friendly letter not intended for publicity) in which he says :—

“ Il serait d'une injustice criante d'attribuer à Mr. Pitt ces fatales mesures ; elles ont été l'ouvrage de *l'inexcusable précipitation* de nos malheureux concitoyens, dont l'ardeur imprudente n'a laissé ny paix ny trêve, à ce sage ministre, auquel ils ont gagné la main, par un courage qui n'étoit que témérité.”

Really, *ma chère petite chatte*, there is such terrible ill luck in all this, that it seems as if it were written in the unchanging decrees of Providence that we are to be destroyed.

But let us put away these sombre thoughts ! I am to have two days of pleasure. One of my nephews, Baron de Kniphausen, has just married at Copenhagen

Je ne s'ennuierai pas. Je ne s'ennuierai pas
 Je ne que mes jours. Je ne que mes jours
 ne m'en grand besoin. ne m'en grand besoin
 Je ne, j'aurais été Je ne, j'aurais été
 avec de plus forte envie. avec de plus forte envie
 longtemps que j'aurais été longtemps que j'aurais été
 d'être en place que de m'en aller. d'être en place que de m'en aller
 de la parfaite indépendance, de la parfaite indépendance
 mais d'être

Madame

London
 23 October 1795

M^{rs} de la Roche
 M^{rs} de la Roche
 M^{rs} de la Roche
 M^{rs} de la Roche

the daughter of one of my dear nieces the Countess of Holstein-Lattraborg. He is passing through Hamburg with his young wife and a daughter by his first marriage.

They have only two days to give me, and in spite of all my affection for them I am thankful they cannot stay longer, for ill as I am and unable to enjoy anything while your husband, Milnes, etc., are in danger, and my *bien aime* Guillaume ill, and poor Ottelinde in despair, I would rather be alone. I would even prefer the Countess de Linage and the Philosopher to amuse themselves somewhere else. This is how I feel, *ma chère fille*, and for once my heart is not in agreement with my natural disposition, my gaiety and taste for society. I avoided the Prince of Orange, for whom I have a real esteem, and who has my best wishes. The Duchess of Saxe-Coburg (*née* a Countess Reuss, with whom I am closely connected) is going to marry her daughter to the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and they will pass here and want to know if I will receive them. I have had to decline, for which I am very sorry, but neither my heart, nor my body, nor my spirits will permit it. I hope to be able to persuade them to go straight to Lübeck without coming here. I entreat you not to forget to tell me what that Duke, or Earl of Melfort in London has replied to the question if Mr. Bury, in the Swedish service, is his nephew and enjoys his patronage. It is important for me to be absolutely certain of this, and as I knew personally an Irishman of that name I have asked you to make

the enquiry on my account, and in my name if you do not know him yourself.

Embrace your husband for me. It is a pleasant commission.

The 6th October, 1795.

Chère petite chatte, I am in town for a short time and they are just going to shut the gates in my face.

This morning before I started one of my friends from Altona came to me from the respected Duchess de Mortemart (whose son is in the service of the King of England) and from the amiable Marquis de Rougi, her daughter, people of real worth, to entreat me to give a note of introduction for their sakes to an estimable and unfortunate lady who is a great friend of theirs. Her name is Madame de Vivefoix. Her husband, who is very old, is a good officer and is in the Mortemart regiment in the King's service. It is some years since this old warrior was pensioned. He returned to the service in order to earn enough to support his wife and an only daughter whom he adored. These poor people are returning to England, and they are anxious to have the address of some lady who by her introduction would enable them to be received and well treated wherever they present themselves for the furtherance of her husband's interests and their business.

I could not refuse to these respected ladies their request that I should give a few lines to Madame de Vivefoix for you. She will take you a note from me bearing the date of to-day. I only know her very slightly. She is about 37 or 38 years of age.

Her manners are good. Further, I think she is tender hearted and very unhappy. Her husband, though a brave soldier and perhaps an honest man, is not amiable, but is embittered by age and misfortune and ill-treats her. They praise her virtue and patience, for she obliges herself to appear happy.

For the rest, I think her proud and more to be pitied than most. They only ask of your kindness a reception that would ensure her a welcome elsewhere out of regard for you. With three-quarters of the world one has to entreat, to press, to move them to compassion so as to obtain their protection, but with you and your husband just the contrary is required. Instead, as with the others, of having to implore them to do something, one must hold you back, beg you not to do too much, for you always go, not only in front of the benefit, but you leave it far behind. Move, then, bridle in hand, if you please, with this lady and her child. Begin by knowing them better. I only know them slightly, but they are French and that is a terrible handicap to discretion. I suspect that they may be a little exacting. Their friendship with the Mortemarts is a good title to esteem, but they are perhaps particularly soft-hearted and have more humanity than caution. Therefore do not be in a hurry for, I repeat, I only know them very superficially. They spoke of a Lord Chesterfield who offered to bring up the daughter with his own, which they declined.

I should be charmed to relieve them, to be useful to them, but I do not want to compromise you.

CHAPTER XXXIV

AT the end of October, Charlotte Sophie was enchanted by the news of the birth of Sophie's eldest son. He eventually went into the Navy, and lost his life in a gallant boat affair in the Mediterranean on December 11th, 1813. The following account is taken from *O'Byrne's Naval Biography*: "On the evening of December 11th, with a view to the capture of a convoy in the port of Negaye, he (Mr. Monk) landed at that place at the head of a party of seamen, and assisted by a body of marines, succeeded, without the loss of a man, in obtaining possession of a martello tower and of the enemy's castle and forts. This part of the business being accomplished, and the preconcerted signal being made for the boats to advance, he received orders for the First Lieutenant, Sweedland, to take charge of the launch and second barge, and proceed to the attack of the vessels. Being unexpectedly met by a terrific fire from two national schooners, Lieut. Sweedland gave orders for a retreat ; heedless, however, of which, Mr. Monk and his party, with three cheers, dashed alongside the first schooner, and after

a bloody struggle, carried her. Her guns being immediately turned against her consort, the latter was sunk. Unfortunately at this juncture a heavy and unaccountable fire was opened by those who had been left in the batteries; in consequence of which Mr. Monk was under the necessity of ordering the cable of his prize to be cut, and of making the best of his way out of the harbour. On his road he picked up the gig with Lieut. Sweedland and the whole of her crew killed! In the second barge the loss was also most fearful, two-thirds of the crew being either slain or wounded, including among the former, Mr. Jas. Hawkins-Whitshed, Midshipman, son of the present Admiral of the Fleet."

Charlotte Sophie writes on October 30th:—

Un gros petit chat, ma chère Sophie!—I do not know myself, I am so delighted, and I could devour it with affection from here! You have given us an admirable surprise, you have rejoiced every one, and especially that handsome husband of yours who must be delighted. You are a really admirable woman, who, without reasoning about it, does what her lord and master commands. I should indeed enjoy seeing the little one on your knee, with the velvet paw (an initial virtue of his sex). I should enjoy seeing his pretty sisters gazing at him and not seeing themselves falling out of their past favour, for if it were otherwise, my *belle*, your grandmother would go to London to chastise you and the proud Hawkings.

I will not spoil the gaiety of your room by thoughts of our calamities. They seem to be at their worst. The whole of Germany is reduced to the frightful alternative of being destroyed by the savages of Europe or saved by the treacherous and humiliating protection of a rebellious and unfaithful member of the Empire.

Our watchful, our clever, our brave Marshal de Clairfait discovered everything, saved everything! We were betrayed, sacrificed. Thank Heaven that our young Emperor (accused of feebleness and carelessness) had the strength, the firmness (in spite of the selfish principles of his Council of War) to give *carte blanche* to this worthy Marshal who has just shown us what he can do when he has a free hand.

The atrocious mine has been sprung. On the 14th the French were to break all treaties, violate all oaths, cross the line of demarcation and in spite of all treaties of neutrality use in Germany the right of the strongest. It is not known if the King of Prussia is the accomplice or the dupe of this atrocious project. One is not much better than the other! Our heroic liberator, well served, well supported by brave General Guosdannovich (who promises to be a second Loudon), found means to send them back quicker than at Rosback from the other side of the Rhine, and except Düsseldorf, which they say they will hold, we are rid of them and have escaped the utmost danger from this most infernal treachery. The King of Prussia is much blamed, for he is either a dupe or a monster. I am interrupted. I will

write to my *belle petite mère* another day. God knows that they hardly leave me time to breathe. I embrace my *joli petit chat*, and his mamma, and his sisters and his papa. May God bless them all. *Bonsoir*.

Perhaps the following refers to Willem Bilderdijle, a Netherlands poet (1756--1831). He had to leave Holland during the invasion of 1795 as he was a warm adherent to the Prince of Orange. He first went to Germany and then settled in England.

The 1st December, 1795.

Monsieur Bilderbay, Dutch, a man of merit, will give you this, *ma chère fille*, if God will bring him over safely in spite of the fuss he makes about crossing in a packet. He is a man whose character merits the warmest esteem, his conversation the greatest attention and his misfortunes the utmost sympathy. I shall be deeply obliged to you for the friendship I am sure you will show him, and you will be the same to me for having made him known to you. He is a sort of second volume of honest Ruffo! May he be a happier one! Adieu, *ma chère enfant*. I will write you more by post.

The 4th December, 1795.

I am asking Mr. Fraser to take charge of this letter. He will go and see you and take you a letter from me about Mr. Bilderbay.

He is one of the foremost public men in Holland. I do not know him well, but our Dutch Minister,

Mr. Hartsinck, who is a zealous supporter of the cause of Orange and an intimate friend of Charles, his wife being English¹ and a woman of merit, has begged me to obtain your protection for a man who is altogether out of the ordinary, modest, with innumerable friends, and an exterior from which one would expect nothing of the kind. I have therefore given him a letter which he will take to you if neither the waves nor the revolutionaries take it from him. I only know what I tell you on the authority of the Minister. I think him a good man, talented, knowing every language, but rather an enthusiast and running after everything a little out of the common.

His greatest titles to respect in my eyes are his attachment to a just cause and that he is unhappy.

Our affairs in Germany are still going on well, but it is essential to beat Jourdan, and to be prepared for the numbers who come to his help from every side.

Please tell your cousin, the lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Orange, Mlle. de Reede,² daughter of Lord Athlone, or Lord Athlone himself, that we have just received news from Russia that his nephew, young Count de Heyde, a naval officer, has entered the service of that power, and has not lost his rank, as is usual in such cases, but holds the same rank he had in Holland.

It was through friends and owing to the strong representations of Monsieur de Tauvenay, whom

¹ Annie Hartsinck, *née* Crakatt.

² Lady Mary De Reede-Ginkle, Jaqueline's sister.

you know, and who has intimate relations with Petersburg, that I obtained this, and he owed to a favourite at Court and to a chief officer of the Navy, first the protection of the Court, and secondly the suffrage of Admiral de Kinsbergen.

Do not forget, *ma chère petite chatte*. Have pity on me, and give me news of my dear Guillaume and of Henriette, and a safe address to which I can write to them. God will reward you, if you add to it news of your husband and of all my dear children.

The 5th December, 1795.

I tired you with a whole volume by the last post, *chère petite chatte*. To-day, in order not to try your eyes and your patience too much, you will only receive the enclosed from Thérèse, which is of more value than all my rhetoric. She is full of gratitude for your plans and attentions for her. She has invested her money in her brother's property, and this is what best suits her present situation. The nobles of our countries make a hypothek,¹ which is safe and excellent, and can never be over-charged. It has been the salvation of many families, and has preserved them for centuries. As her income comes from that same object, and her only brother is also her heir if she dies unmarried or without children, I can understand that she is glad to dispose of her fortune in this way, as she is on very good terms with her brother, and does not know that he is a bad economist. The catastrophes which the Prince-

¹ A mortgage, or charge on landed property.

Bishop of Liège is suffering are a cruel reverse for him; his wife¹ being the loved niece of that ecclesiastical prince; she had a good and holy milch cow then, which the war has dried up. This prince, now a fugitive, is at Vienna, deprived of his fine bishopric, which is very unfortunate for the Count and Countess de Tierheim. This is roughly what I know of their position, but I think you may be easy in your mind about your friend, who realizes the worth and delicacy of your plans for her.

As for Ruffo, I do not at all understand his behaviour, and there must have been some hitch in the matter of which I am ignorant. He was furnished with letters from me to my friends and to my agent in Vienna which he had asked for. I told my friends that he would give them my letters. I heard from him from Cassel and Ratisbon. I told you that my friends had written me that he was not a desirable person. On that I at once replied and assured them that he was a good and honest man. They said to me, "Very well, since you answer for him, we will welcome him." They all wrote me later on that Ruffo was at the Baths of Baden (four leagues from Vienna) with the Ambassador of Naples, and remained there without showing himself at Vienna. The Agent asks me what he is to do with the letters that I sent him, as he never appeared. This is all I know. I have asked my Agent to clear it up through the Naples Ambassador. The only explanation I can think of

¹ Count Tierheim's wife.

is that he may have spoken too openly about the Queen of Naples, who he did not like, and who is all-powerful at Vienna to-day, her daughter being Empress. When I have the key of it all I will tell you. I embrace you and Henriette. Is it true that you have made a commercial treaty with America, and that you will detach her from France? God grant that it be so.

The 15th December, 1795.

The eighteenth English post arrived this morning, *ma chère petite chatte*, without bringing me a letter from any of you.

Meanwhile, as a small event has taken place here which seemed at first of great importance, I thought perhaps you might have heard of it, Mr. de Hartsinck having informed the Court of the Stadholder, and that you would be very glad to have the original documents, which that Minister allows me to send to any of my friends to whom they might give pleasure.

The fact is that Mr. Hartsinck was the recognized Minister of Lower Saxony here for three years, having been nominated by the preceding government.

The patriots have appointed in his place a certain Mr. Abema, a Dutch emigrant of '89. One of the French emissaries here (whom they are pleased to call their Minister) has persuaded our feeble and mercantile senate to return to Mr. Hartsinck his credentials, and no longer do him the honours, and to recognize publicly Mr. Abema, who at once took

possession of the post of Minister Plenipotentiary of L. H. P. at the *Cercle* of Lower Saxony.

Mr. de H., on his side, held to his place and refused to hand over the archives and credentials to Mr. Abema, and continued to consider himself Minister of Holland till recalled by his former and legitimate masters, and he addressed himself to the Duke of Brunswick and to the King of Prussia in their titles of Directors of the *Cercle* to complain of these proceedings.

Here is the King of Prussia's reply (and that of the Duke of Brunswick is the same). It is a very flattering triumph for Mr. Hartsinck, who firmly resisted and suffered, threatened by dangers and annoyances of all sorts, to uphold the rights of the cause he served. This business has greatly embarrassed and occupied Hamburg, and has given much pleasure to his well-wishers.

Please tell all this to the amiable Mrs. Milnes. I have not her address and can only reach her through you. Perhaps she may hear the matter discussed at the Duke of Portland's. It is not unimportant nor is it private, and it proves that the King of Prussia has turned round and defies Holland and France.

Adieu. Tenderly embrace all your little ones for me.

CHAPTER XXXV

CHARLOTTE SOPHIE'S Assemblies were such a feature of her latter days that the following description of one of the most notable of them may be of interest. I take it from the *Dunkelgraf*.

“The all-important evening had arrived, and the rooms wore a most brilliant aspect. They were filled with a numerous and most distinguished company. An unpleasant odour pervaded the apartments, as if a number of sick persons lay drawing their last breaths. It was the odour of musk, a perfume then regarded by the great world, and especially by its women, as most delightful and a mark of good society.

“The mourning toilettes and coiffures were of costly splendour. Tall black marabout feathers, or black artificial flowers, were worn in the hair, which was puffed out in big curls, threaded with pearls, powdered, and surmounted with small, light, turban-shaped head-dresses, or with small tiaras set with black stones. The ladies wore large medallions hanging from black ribbons, mostly portraits of the unfortunate contemporaries and members of the French Royal Family. . . . The Duchess was dressed

in the old English style, wearing a sort of hooped petticoat. She had a wonderful figure, a perfectly shaped bust, and glittered with jewels. Indeed, she outshone all, even the youngest, in the brilliance and magnificence of her appearance. Many a French-woman cast envious looks at the beautiful daughter of Albion, and Georgina seemed to confirm the somewhat fulsome flattery that she resembled a fairy come from another world to enchant all fortunate enough to behold her.

“At length the brilliant circle was increased by the arrival of those members of the French Royal Family whom chance or their own choice had brought together in Hamburg for a brief space. They entered the room, not as exiles, not as despised fugitives, but with all the pomp of a ruling Court, in a *grand cortège*, preceded by an army of retainers and a troop of high military dignitaries, adjutants, and officers of the Guard. Then, after an interval, came the Comte d’Artois and the Duc d’Angoulême, with the wife of the Comte d’Artois, daughter of Victor Amadeus III, King of Sardinia. Next came Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon, Duc de Condé, with the charming Princess Charlotte of Rohan-Rochefort on his arm. They were followed by a tall, handsome young man, without a lady, in a splendid military uniform, at whose left walked a man somewhat older and also in military dress. He was the nearest relative of the old Countess, Charles Bretagne Marie Joseph, Duc de la Trémoille, Prince of Tarent and Talmont. He had been in Condé’s army, which he had only just left. The tokens of

mourning he wore were for his father, Duke Auguste Philippe, the brave defender of the kingdom, who, as a faithful adjutant of Comte d'Artois, had taken part in many a victory in La Vendée, but had at last, as general of cavalry, at the head of the brave men of La Vendée, been taken prisoner and paid for his fidelity to the royal family with his life. No wonder, then, that the young Prince of Talmond should look sad ; it was clear to all that his presence here was due to conventional usages and to the service he owed to a prince of the royal blood, and not to pleasure-seeking.

“The reception went its way. The French were stiff and formal, and every face wore an anxious expression. It was as if they sought for something that was lacking, something they could not find. Was it the apartments of the Louvre or Tuileries or St. Cloud or Versailles ? Did the guests desire, while under the skies of Hamburg, to be back in the idyllic pastoral village of the Petit Trianon ? Who could venture to say ? Who could read the inmost hearts of these men and women ? They talked and smiled and said flattering and witty things, but most of the phrases had a hollow ring.

“The Comte d'Artois turned to the old Countess with the flattering compliment : ‘Comtesse, your house is France—ah—France is in the Aldenburg Palace at Hamburg !’

“A courtier, one of the Boutiers, eagerly caught up the empty compliment and repeated it. It went through the rooms, passing from mouth to mouth

like the oracle of a prophet. Current events were discussed, but from a one-sided, almost a fallacious point of view ; the deluded speakers wrapped themselves in hopes that could never be realized. They were triumphant over the rising of the hungry mob in Paris, seeing in it signs of a successful reaction, but they were merely catching at straws. . . . A casket of the purest transparent amber and lined with purple velvet was now brought to the old Countess on a gold tray. When she opened it, those standing round her saw a number of grey locks of hair tied with a narrow black ribbon.

“ ‘ My most distinguished guests,’ said the old lady in solemn and dignified tones, ‘ these are sacred relics, although the Pope has not blessed them. They are consecrated with the blood of the anointed head that these locks adorned, locks which once were blond, but which the prison speedily turned white. Faithful hands obtained possession of this hair and delivered it into mine, and mine shall be not less faithful. You shall all, my honoured relatives and friends, whom a common descent from the ancient Royal house of Capet binds to the house of Bourbon, receive from me as from her, the never-to-be-forgotten, one of these locks as a memorial ; it is the hair of your unfortunate queen, it is the hair of Marie Antoinette of France ! ’

“ Each lock was hermetically enclosed in a large gold medallion between two finely cut oval plates of crystal, and on one side of the lower part of the gold frame was engraved the monogram M.A. with the date of



THE HAIR OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

From the original in the possession of Count Bentinck. Charlotte Sophie's agent Windt, disguised as a wig-maker, visited Paris shortly after the Terror on his mistress's business. He brought back some of the Queen's hair (*Der Dunkelgraf*, p. 137). Countess Bentinck's name and the date is inscribed round the gold rim



SILVER-GILT SERVICE

Given to Lady Hawkins-Whitshed by her Grandmother
In the possession of Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond
(See page 233, Vol. I)

the fateful year below, and on the other merely the name of the donor in her usual signature and the date 1795."

One of these medallions is now in the possession of Count Bentinck, at Middachten. It does not bear the initials M.A., but the inscription *Tam cari capitis*, which may be translated, "From the so-beloved head." The hair in it is perfectly white. Until the publication of the *Dunkelgraf* the Bentinck family had no idea whose hair this medallion contained. I give a photograph I recently took of it. The hair, it is stated in the *Dunkelgraf*, was obtained by Windt, Charlotte Sophie's agent, during a visit to Paris, where he went disguised as a wig-maker to try and obtain money his mistress had inherited from her grandmother (*née* Charlotte Amelie, Princess de la Trémoille).

CHAPTER XXXVI

The 5th April, 1796.

A POOR French general officer, whose birth and virtues seem to have given him over to misfortune, will take you a letter from me. He will give you an account of his trials, which will interest all honest and feeling persons. He goes to England on the assurance of the esteem and friendship of the Duc d'Harcourt, to try to be placed on the list of general officers whom the unexampled generosity of the English are saving from starvation. These nominations, they say, depend to a great extent on the illustrious Duke of Portland, that perfect example of the justest of benefactors. His white hairs, his immense misfortunes, his estimable character will speak for him.

Say just one word in his favour to the benefactor of all those dear to us, if you can. We shall all be affectionately obliged. God will bless you for your good action and the poor old man will join you in prayer for the return of your husband safe and sound. He will announce himself to you as *Count de Damoiseau*. This name must not surprise you. He is old and esteemed and resembles him in nothing.

I entreat you to give me news of all my dear children. I have had nothing except one letter from Guillaume of February 18th from Corunna in Spain.

I hope that Baron de Diemar has arrived.

The 19th April, 1796.

Mes chers enfants, I have sent you Baron de Diemar, a great friend of mine and of Hawkings and Guillaume also. I ought to write a letter for you to send him, but I can hardly hold my pen. By the next post I will write to you two days in advance, quarter of an hour each day. In God's name let Guillaume have the *peau divine* and use it. It will cure him. I have a second parcel to send him; I entreat you to give me news of him and to tell me what has become of your husband.

Mr. de Diemar has a list of the letters I wrote you all, which have to be claimed.

I have no strength to write more. I love you with the whole of my old heart and that dear Henriette, but I am 80 years of age and hardly exist any more.

Poor Weisbrod is in torture with the gout.

I embrace you.

The 24th April, 1796.

I have already spoken about a fortnight ago to Mrs. Milnes, *ma chère fille*, of the intention of the Count de Damoiseau to go to England, and I urgently begged her to say a word or two in his favour to the Duke of Portland. This old officer bears every title which could touch feeling hearts,

virtue and fidelity which nothing can lead astray. A chain of misfortunes, perhaps without parallel even in this unhappy century, 74 years of life of which the first half, spent in opulence and brilliant prosperity, only rendered his fall doubly overwhelming.

Count de Damoiseau goes to implore the generous humanity of the august sovereign who, by a benevolence worthy of him and unique, has set aside a sum destined for the French general officers who are the innocent victims of this fatal revolution. He possesses all the qualifications that the King has deigned to fix for admission to the ranks of those who may avail themselves of this royal favour. The Duc d'Harcourt is his friend, and it is to him he will go, borne down by the weight of years and misfortune. He knows how great is the influence of the Duke of Portland, and we therefore ask you, *ma chère fille*, as well as Mrs. Milnes, to interest yourselves on his behalf. She will, perhaps, enjoy talking to a former Governor of Martinique, who once filled a post which her husband holds so worthily to-day.

The 6th May, 1796.

Ma chère petite chatte, I have just received your charming letter from the Isle of Wight of April 20th. It touched me, enchanted me, moved me to the bottom of my heart. I have not strength to say the hundredth part of what it made me feel and think of you and of that unique husband whom my heart and esteem gave to you perhaps even before you knew him yourself.



LADY MILNES

From a miniature by Cosway, in the possession of Count Godard Bentinck

I will tell you now quite openly that I have been for the last five weeks very seriously ill. My doctor Reimarus who, as you know, is clever when he troubles to be so, but always absent-minded, forgot during a year and a half, though I persistently preached it to him, that a very grave malady threatened me which he could have prevented. He always replied by saying something about the war and the French revolution, and my limbs and my body just went their way until finding myself much oppressed at the beginning of April he thought the cough was from my stomach and gave me a violent emetic, which for five or six hours nearly killed me without giving me the slightest relief, but quite the contrary. At last they suspected that I was suffering from dropsy. The alarm was sounded in the camp, and the poor man overwhelmed me with attention, but his art vainly tried for four weeks to get rid of the water which already had reached the knees. It was absolutely necessary to do something, for they were as enormous as the figure of Kurzrock. I had to perspire, and nature refused her aid. They gave me quantities of remedies. I had fever every night, I could neither breathe nor walk. Added to this was my constant cough, the cramp and flying gout, the heritages of this trying climate, which made my injured arm a hundred times more painful. I suffered cruelly till three or four days ago a drug he ordered, with an abominable taste, procured for me the much-desired result. My limbs are almost cured, and though they are not quite so beautiful yet as those

of the dear Hawkings, I am prouder of them than he is of his. The fever has gone, but I am still in bed. I cannot put on my shoes and stockings very well yet, and I am still very weak. I shall have to learn once more to walk. Meanwhile Mr. Reimarus cries victory, and declares he can repair me in spite of this spring campaign and my 80 years.

We were in despair at the first news of the catastrophe in Italy which the French exaggerated three times over. It is bad, but not nearly so bad as they led us to believe. The worst of all is that Clairfait is not in command. The Emperor, betrayed on every side, is in a frightful position. He is surrounded by horrors that make one shudder and of which one cannot write, but when a gang of thieves like the French have at their disposal all the treasures of a country like France, when they respect nothing and have neither faith nor law, and when self-interest is the god of the world of to-day, is it surprising that they manage to corrupt all who influence and surround a young prince who has the best intentions in the world, but, were he a Solomon, would find it difficult to see his way clearly, or even if he did, to follow it and make himself obeyed.

Mr. de Diemar is extremely sorry he missed you in London. You will find him there on your return. Continue to distract your mind, to occupy yourself, to instruct yourself, so that when you are no longer young you may yet be amiable and pleasing to your dear husband and able to instruct your children. *Adieu, mon ange*, for you are one by right of your

heart, and Henriette also. How happy I am to have such children.

The 7th June, 1796.

Ma pauvre petite chatte, you have no idea how sorry I am for you. Far from your husband, not even knowing where they are sending him, I understand, believe me, all the horror of such a situation ! But I should only annoy you did I try to console you by arguments, the falseness of which I should fully realise even while uttering them. Meanwhile, I hope and believe that by the time you receive this you will have news of him and know that he is not far off. One of my old friends, a worthy mortal, an Englishman who is attached to your husband and your brother, is going to leave for England. I have urgently begged him to call and see you. I do not know if, suspicious and reserved as he is (through his wide acquaintance with human beings), he will be able to bring himself to pay a visit, for it is to ask more of him than a lump of gold from a miser. In spite of all this he is a man quite out of the ordinary, and if you employed only Ministers of his stamp your affairs would be much better managed. I will not tell you his name. Every one does not think as I do about him, but if there were irregularities in his life when young, all those unlucky days were only the effervescence of youth and national habits, a trifle vulgar, which a riper age and reflection have reduced to their proper proportions. From them has resulted a being as estimable as he is amiable. Be careful, therefore, you and Mrs. Milnes and Henriette, not

to send away from your doors some one whose name begins with E, and if he calls, receive him kindly. It will not be long before you will all like him, for you are fair-minded and he deserves it. Reconcile him with the human race, against whom he is much prejudiced, and send him back to me as much your friend as he is mine, which is saying a great deal. His surroundings are perhaps different from yours. I do not know your sets and your ties and your manner of living in England. Perhaps your friends will think otherwise than do his. I know nothing about it, but as for the person in question I answer for it that you will like his character. If your respective singularities can be reconciled I shall be enchanted. If he can bring me back news of you, and if you can give me news of his arrival and of that which accompanies him, do not forget to do so. I embrace you all.

The 19th August, 1796.

We perfectly realize the greatness of the advantage you would confer on the cause of God, of Kings and of humanity, in detaching Prussia from rebellious France, but are you prudent enough to stipulate that this rapacious monarch shall not touch a farthing of your money till he has fulfilled the conditions of the treaty you have made with him? Otherwise, with his voracious appetite for your guineas, he will calmly pocket them while violating all the conditions. Only a fortnight ago he did much the same thing to our States of the Lower Rhine and that of Westphalia, from whom he extorted large

sums on the happy pretext of a line of demarcation which should enclose those two circles. Then, when they had paid considerable sums to ensure their safety and had been obliged to feed for nothing all that army for three or four months, they said, "You undertook in return for our efforts to defend us against the French," to which that unworthy Minister Doohm replied, "Not at all! We are neutral and friendly to the French, we refuse to interfere in any quarrels, and all that the King can do is to offer his good offices in your favour to the Directory." This is the Court with which you have to do! God has placed it in our unhappy empire for its misfortune and that of the world. I enclose a short extract from a French newspaper, which one fears is but too true. Show it about, and put it in the hands of the Duke of Portland. One cannot drive home these truths too often. If this fearful plot succeeds, it means perhaps the loss of the whole cause.

You will receive a short letter from me through a well-known person, B. nationality, who has shown much courage, firmness and zeal in the good cause. He is as lively as a cricket, amusing, sarcastic, a gambler and a busybody, full of novel ideas and believing in them too easily, good-natured, delighting to laugh at people, even though they are his friends, which has gained for him a character for insincerity. This is due rather to his wit than his heart, which is not a bad one, I think, but his sarcastic nature runs away with him. In a word, amusing, but dangerous and thoughtless. Now you know what to make of

him. One must esteem him for the good he has done, but tell him nothing except what he must know, and believe only a very small half of what he says to you. In spite of everything we are sorry to lose him, for he is extremely amusing, and his wife is really an excellent woman.

Your Mr. Villeneuve, to whom I offered with sincerity all my services, has not yet put in an appearance. I will have him looked for, like a needle in a bundle of hay, one of these days. If he will not be found it is not my fault.

One little word more, *ma chère petite chatte*. You boast of having good ink in England, and that which you use, instead of being black, is as yellow as a lemon, so that, scratching as you do like a real little cat, I have the greatest difficulty in the world in making your letters out.¹ Please write to me in black ink which will not kill my old eyes; even those of the Philosopher, and they are very strong, have great trouble in reading your letters. Do not leave me without news of your husband and of Guillaume. Has Henriette gone or not? What are the dear Milneses doing? You have no idea of the unkind reports there are about his return. I am upset, and understand nothing. Madame de Rhoon, Mitje and Jean of Utrecht have gone to see the father of the first, Dr. de Reede, ex-Minister, to whom the Duke of Brunswick has given a lodging in the old but picturesque castle of Blanckenburg. They amuse

¹ They are indeed very difficult to read, and the ink is quite yellow. They are preserved at Middachten.

themselves hugely, and are delighted with everything, even with Ottelinde's stepmother, who, they say, is amiable. Jaqueline and Charles expect them back at Varel at the end of the month. The Princess expects her confinement at the beginning of September. I embrace you tenderly, *mes chers enfants*. The Stoic prostrates himself.

The other day at Middachten I came across a letter from Jaqueline to Charlotte Sophie in which she says: "Otteline is delighted to be with her father and enchanted with her stepmother who, they say, is a charming person—beautiful, good, and as amiable as it is possible to be."

The 23rd September, 1796.

Just as the post was leaving and those detestable gates closing I received the sad and touching letter of poor Thérèse, which breaks my heart (and which please return to me, as I read it in a great hurry), and the enclosed for Madame de la Villeneuve.

I have hardly time to shut the envelope if I would not miss the post. Ottelinde and Mitje left the day before yesterday for Varel, Jaqueline having happily had a son.¹ I embrace you tenderley, *ma bien aimée petite chatte*. Leave that old general alone. He admits that he has a good pension and is not satisfied, having no right to anything from your generous King. I cannot endure indiscretion or ingratitude.

¹ Henry, afterwards General Sir Henry Bentinck, who married Renira, daughter of Admiral Sir James Hawkins-Whitshed.

I shall perhaps send you some one else, not a Frenchman, but worthy of your protection, with a good and grateful heart, and more to be pitied and deserving it more than Count de Damoiseau.

Adieu, *chère petite chatte*. In God's name give me news of Guillaume and of your husband.

The 30th September, 1796.

Ma chère petite chatte,—I write to you from the depths of my bed. I have been very ill from a suffocating cold which attacked me quite suddenly a fortnight ago.

Ottelinde¹ and Mitje paid me a friendly visit on their return from Blanckenburg. They could only remain eleven days. Ottelinde is extremely amiable and I like her very much.

The day after they left for Haaburg, my old friend Baron de Blome arrived. He dined here and lodged at my house in town. I was a little cheered by these two visits amidst the anguish of our threatening and terrible news, my poor country lost beyond hope. After he left I played piquet in the evening with the Philosopher. For some days I had felt a threatening of my ailments, and directly I got to my room the catarrh seized me. For some hours I thought it was the end. But as I had had two or three previous attacks, my former clever doctor had given me a remedy to keep by me, and by the next day I was better, but a high and terrible fever which lasted fourteen hours greatly shook my poor old frame.

¹ This visit is referred to in considerable detail in the *Dunkelgraf*.

My old Reimarus has been appointed Professor of Medicine and does not practise any more. I have therefore another who is more attentive, but in whom I have not more confidence than in any one else here. The fever has abated, but not entirely left me, and prevents my complete recovery. The good news of my country which that young Archduke has saved does me more good than a dozen remedies.

That little Hartsinck is mad about you and Henriette, and especially about the Duke of Portland.

He is funny, amusing, giddy as a cockchafer, a good creature beneath it, but with all the little defects of his sex. One must tell him nothing one does not wish repeated. He has many good qualities, but one must be on one's guard against his vivacity. It seems impossible that a Dutch father could have produced a being so light-hearted.

I have no strength to write more.

The 7th October, 1796.

How good, kind and charitable of you, *ma chère petite chatte*, not to have lost a moment before giving me news of my dear *grand garçon*. But alas! how can you expect me to feel easy about him when he is still deprived of his liberty, 200 leagues away, amidst enemies, ill, prevented from taking care of himself and obliged to leave the healthy climate he so much needs to complete his recovery. I tremble when I think of him and shall not be happy for an instant till I know he is out of prison and out of the enemies' hands.

I am grieved, though I know nothing about him, on account of that poor man who was drowned, since your husband was interested in him. Tell me about it, and when you write to that excellent husband say that I love him with all my heart.

I have not the strength to write to you about politics, and you know that my German ideas are not always naturalized in England. Just now my head is turned, as are those of us all, by the doings of our young Archduke.

The 14th October, 1796.

Your letter, *ma chère petite chatte*, touched and grieved me, though I blessed Heaven for the goodness of your heart. The scene with that poor girl must have been painful for any one with feeling. Many stony-hearted people would say, "But she was only a maid!" I have never been able to accustom myself to that manner of looking on servants. My maids have always been my friends, not on account of their society, of their brilliant conversation, but as thinking beings after my own likeness, much more unfortunate than I, since they are reduced to the necessity of waiting on me. I have tried to realize the number of sacred duties which this position imposes on me, the usefulness of their attentions and services especially when they render them to me with affection (a sentiment they do not owe me, our bargain requiring them only to serve me), which being a gift on their part, merits the liveliest gratitude. The many virtues they need to

endure their position and pardon me the advantages of mine, and in spite of it to be able to love me, has always inspired me with the most scrupulous regard for a class of people so essential to our well-being.

But tell me, I beg you, what strange malady the poor girl had which took her off so suddenly. We also had an alarm yesterday at the moment when I received your letter. The gates of the town are shut at half-past four. At a quarter-past five I received a note from Ludders who takes care of the house to say that a new and excellent postillion, who has been with me only four months, and whose three fingers I have already had cured of a very painful and often dangerous ailment which they call in French a *panaris*,¹ and who had just taken a letter to the town, had an attack so dangerous, so infectious that not a moment must be lost in putting the whole household in safety. Recollect that Mr. Reimarus no longer practises, but my other doctor was so attentive as to give me this information. You can imagine how much had to be thought of to obtain for him all that his state required, and the precautions due to all who were beneath my roof.

There was a regular commotion, and though I tried to collect my thoughts and give the most detailed orders and carry out all my duties in both directions, I spent the whole night in doubt lest everything had not been thought of and the invalid properly cared for away from the house, the beds and furniture removed and the air purified, for the Philosopher

¹ An inflammation near the finger or toe-nails.

returns to town to-day and I go there to-morrow, which I am very sorry for. I am so busy during these last moments and the flying gout torments me so constantly that I have hardly time to thank you for your news of that dear Guillaume and entreat you to continue sending it me. They speak of a great victory of Wormser in Italy, but as yet there is nothing official from Vienna. Our Archduke is accomplishing marvels. He is the worthy grandson of Marie Thérèse. God keep him. I embrace Henriette.

The 15th November, 1796.

Though I do not know, *ma pauvre petite chatte*, in what corner of England you are, I send you the enclosed, which Mr. de la Villeneuve has given me for you. He was a little indisposed for five or six days, but has now quite recovered. I was anxious about him, but he paid very cheaply that tribute which is exacted of all who stay in our town.

I have just written to Jean for a very worthy ecclesiastic who asked me for a letter to some member of my family in London.

He is an Alsatian who would never take the oath required by the Regicides. He was appointed chaplain to the regiment of Salm Salm, and afterwards to that of Rohan, in the English service. His regiment is now at Martinique. He asks for neither help nor pension and will not be indebted to the King nor to any one. He has enough to live on, and it is for reasons apart from pecuniary considerations that he

desires protection, especially that of the Duke of Portland. As we have long known him to be a virtuous, gentle, pious man, as during this cruel war he has shown a thousand virtues in his profession, and prevented many excesses and much disorder, especially at Doorwerth, where they blessed him for it, esteem and gratitude require me to do whatever I can for him. His name is the Abbé Limpfried. I sent him to your brother because they resemble each other in gentleness and honesty, and he will do me the greatest service if he will help him with his advice in a country where he knows no one. I only fear that Jean may be away. Mr. de Grovestein who swears by St. Jean thinks he is in the country.

One word more, on politics. A friend of mine whose brother is a Minister has received a very strange but unquestionably authentic letter from him, and here is what I hastily copied, having permission to read it and make extracts from it. It seems to me worth attention.

“Imagine,” he says, “something as true as it is extraordinary. A messenger from Berlin has arrived for the Archduke Charles from Lord Elgin, the English Minister, who dares gravely to propose to this prince to go and deliver Holland, giving as his reason for this strange project that the enemy has only left twenty thousand men there, having sent away the rest to reinforce the distant armies.

“Observe that it is this army which they ask to deliver Holland which alone must chase the French out of Germany. One cannot conceive such ideas

from a responsible Minister. They are suggested without doubt by the King of Prussia. If it is a trap that they wish to set for the Archduke, in favour of the French, it is in truth too clumsy to suppose he would walk into it, and if the King thinks the matter so easy, why does he not go and do it himself? One cannot understand how Lord Elgin could consent to make such a proposition and send so strange a message. I leave you to draw such conclusions from all this as your good sense inspires."

Here, word for word, is what I have just read. I have copied it in the greatest haste for you and I leave it to your judgment to decide if you think it worth communicating to the Duke or to Mr. Pitt. It is right that they should sometimes hear what one thinks in other countries.

Let me know that you have received this letter. Tell me if my poor Abbé has unearthed Jean, whom I told him to look for with you or with Lord Athlone. Do you know that the Prince Stadholder has accepted the Duke of York's palace at Hanover and another adjacent, and that he will go and settle there at the beginning of April? They say this really is the case.

I tenderly embrace you all.

January 3rd, 1797.

Thérèse has been at Vienna for the last fortnight, on account of her father's health (her first object in life). The poor old man is accustomed to daily exercise in the open air, winter and summer, and

cannot get it amidst the rocks of Schwerdtberg where one is hermetically sealed up by snow, and where neither a doctor nor anything else can be had. She has therefore taken a pretty apartment in the suburbs of Vienna, where she has a large garden and vast fields round her, doctors, society, friends. I am delighted, for she is born to charm every one she meets. She is always thinking about you. She is the most constant friend I know and the one on whom one can most surely count, and that was why I so heartily wished that she should become yours. She will bring me to your mind when I am no more.

So the French have dismissed Lord Malmesbury. You would have it so ! Your insupportable, shrieking Fox and his followers have forced the hands of your Ministers. They should have had more respect for the honour of your nation than to subject it to this affront. The excrement of nature, the regicides, rebels and atheists, were those to whom you abased yourself in sending an ambassador, your last emissary having been too good a man to treat with usurpers, perjurers and assassins ! Oh truly you have well deserved this lesson ! Our young Emperor has shown himself, though not enriched by plunder, and deprived of power and possessions, prouder and more jealous for the dignity of his crown. He waited till they begged for peace through General Clark, almost on their knees, which you vainly demanded by one of your foremost nobles, and he refused permission to General Clark to approach his capital and sent him

to that hero and saviour of our country, the Archduke, for the armistice and to your ambassador for the negotiations. What does it prove if your constitution and your subjects force your government to these useless humiliations? It proves that our constitution is better and nobler than yours, and our people less unbalanced, more reasonable, more trusting, more faithful than yours and more attached to their sovereign, and consequently more happy. If you wish to have me stoned, read this to your Ministers, to your proud Whigs, to your husband, to Guillaume, but first let them reflect on it in all good faith. There will be time to kill me afterwards.

I embrace Henriette.

The 17th February, 1797.

Ma pauvre chère petite chatte, your touching and friendly letter, without a date (but which I suppose of the 10th or 12th as Henriette announced it to me on the 7th), would have moved me to tears, if I could weep, but it is much worse when one cannot relieve one's feelings in this way.

I so completely understand your position, that when I think of it on going to bed I cannot continue to get even my usual two hours' sleep, and I torment myself about you without gaining anything except a headache, which makes me still more stupid.

Meanwhile I thank God with you that of all the trials He could send the least is that which you have to

bear, and that your dear husband will remain at least in Europe. I trembled lest he might be sent to India or the Cape. This is a hundred times better, and I hope he will remain with Admiral Jervis. He inspires me with far more confidence than that Lord Bridport, who would do better to be a banker, as he is rather a calculator than a fighter and quite unable to keep pace with French activity.

I cannot get over the attack he failed in. Had it been decisive the *sans-culottes* would have been crushed for a very long time.

The events in Italy are in the same way the result of your unhappy evacuation of Corsica and the Mediterranean. If instead of so miserable a decision you had taken that of sending your fleet to Naples you would have retained the respect of that ally, and given it the right to let its fat prince cry out for peace, as well as His Most Catholic Majesty, and with that ally and the good and honest Pope whom I adore and whom I shall pursue with all my heart one of these days Bonaparte would not have crushed us in Lombardy nor have threatened Vienna herself.

You will ask me what it is I want to tell you. There is just now under the eyes of the public a matter which I hear constantly spoken of, and the mention of which is like a dagger-thrust to me, because my dear children are English and I am sensitive, for love of them, about their country.

A Count Pfaff, of Pfaffenhoven, an owner of mines near Liège, a man of old family, having to quit his

country on account of the French revolution, raised a corps of soldiers for the English service. Last year he made a contract with the King of England himself, who authorized one of his state secretaries to draw it up. The contract was invested with everything that could render it solemn and binding, and signed in the name of the King. I think it was even passed beneath the Great Seal for the principal conditions, but sent for all the small details to be executed in Germany, to the Inspector-General Niebit, I believe, at Stade.

They completed this contract with him at Stade. It would be too long for me to tell you all the tedious course of the affair. But what is certain, not because Count Pfaff says so, but because the documents prove it, is that they violated all the conditions from the third day after the signature, and that never was the right of the strong over the weak exercised more iniquitously, so that they ruined him and treated him without the slightest appearance of justice. In vain he addressed himself to the Court of Justice of the Regent of Hanover, to those in England with whom he had made the contract, finally to the King himself. They did not even trouble to answer him. He then wrote a pamphlet setting forth all the facts. They said it was not worth a reply, and they said truly, for the facts spoke so clearly that no answer was possible.

You cannot imagine the sensation that this story has made here and for twenty leagues all round. The antagonists of Langly, the democrats, the *Carmagnoles*

talk of it everywhere, trying to cover the government with opprobrium. Count de Pfaff pushed to extremes, and without resources, but encouraged by the universal sympathy, though he cannot win his case against the powers, may bring about disgust of and intense annoyance to all of you. I see things coming that will make London regret it did not provide against them for its master's honour and that of the Ministry, an odious publicity and results that are most regrettable, especially at such a time as this.

So that you may not think I am especially friendly to Count Pfaff, I must tell you that I do not know him and have never seen or spoken to him in my life, and that from all I hear I should have little esteem for him and a poor opinion of him. He comes to the Assembly where I have not put my foot for two years (that is to say since the imprisonment of my grandson, Count de Rhoon). It is therefore no prejudice in his favour which animates me, but my zeal for your country. They should at least hear what this man has to say (for they do not condemn even an assassin unheard). They should arrange the matter, which is referred to as the very height of despotism (so dangerous a charge in these times). Count de Pfaff is in no way interesting on his own account, but he has become so by reason of the great injustice he is suffering under.

I wear out my lungs in maintaining that neither the King nor the respected Duke of Portland knows one word of this, otherwise they would regulate

matters at once, were it but to remove this war-horse from the French. Speak if you think well to do so, but I entreat you name me to no one except to the Duke of Portland, from whom I have no secret and of whom no fear.

Adieu, mon enfant.

February 24th, 1797.

As the love of writing has seized upon me to-day, I abruptly stop here and remind myself to tell you that that good Mr. de la Villeneuve tells me he would like to know for certain (and feels it indiscreet to ask you point-blank) if you intend continuing your kindness to his daughter. He feels sure she is nowhere so happy as with you, for she can learn by your teaching and example such conduct and principles as her parents would most desire, but if you cannot continue this favour any longer he would like to know it, as the little person is of an age when her character and education need watching over. This Mr. de la Villeneuve cannot do himself, and he would therefore be obliged to profit by any opportunity that might occur. I have promised to put the matter with all delicacy before you, and I know no greater compliment than to march straight to you and say, "These are the facts, tell me what reply I am to make to this honest father, so full of esteem and gratitude?"

They write me from Vienna that they think Clairfait will be sent to join the army of the Rhine and to command it as long as our young hero tries if it is possible to straighten out matters in Italy. This,

however, is not quite decided, but they hope it may be so. Adieu, *ma chère enfant*. I trembled last week for my good old Stroutsbeer, who belongs to Guillaume and is doubly dear to me for that reason. They thought he had gone mad and would have to be destroyed. I suffered cruelly and could not make up my mind to it, and finally he was saved and is in first-rate health. He breakfasts by my bed every morning.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Petite chatte,

The 7th March, 1797.

I have been in bed for the last ten days with a combination of ills, so that though Mitje, Charles and one of my oldest friends have been staying here for the last week, I have not been able to see any of them yet. But those honest people here who watch over the interests and affairs of the unhappy King of France (whom I know to be honest and estimable) have sent me a line to tell me the news of the latest catastrophe that has happened to their unfortunate master, betrayed in the cruellest way by a man of whose fidelity it would have seemed ungrateful and unjust to have the slightest doubt, the son of his governor and the companion of his childhood. He discovered with bitterest sorrow this new mystery of iniquity. They no doubt at once informed Count de H. in London that he might tell your Ministers. This traitor, initiated into all the secrets of that unhappy monarch, was so much *au fait*, thanks to the confidence and friendship he had inspired, that they supposed he would try to work some perfidy with the English in favour of the Directory with which he was in intimate correspondence, and who, as the price of his treason, had promised to restore all his estates

in France to him. For greater certainty they wished the Duke of Portland to have this information directly in case he had heard nothing as yet; a Minister such as he might be so engrossed in business on every side that a *chargé d'affaires* who is not always very exact might miss his audience. For this reason they have begged me to send you the enclosed note entreating you to give it to the Duke immediately if possible.

Adieu, mon enfant, your old grandmother, though but half alive, loves you with all her heart which her affection does not permit to flag.

The 14th March, 1797.

Do not think yourself happier than I, *ma chère petite chatte*, on account of the brilliant victory of your worthy husband.¹ You rejoice for yourself alone, while I rejoice first for you, then for your dear husband, for your children, for the joy it will cause the *grand garçon*, for the Milneses, for Henriette, for that honest St. Jean (who has forgotten me), for the Duke of Portland, for all the Dutch relations who will be wild with delight. I have two here, Mitje and Charles, and they are simply enchanted. And then there is the Philosopher who cries louder than them all, "Vive Hawkings!" Ill, suffering, only half alive, even my heart is reawaked to existence and joy. I imagine to myself yours. How many different things we have to thank God for! Your dear husband safe and sound, without a scratch after six hours' frightful danger, then the joy of having

¹ The Battle of Cape St. Vincent.

helped in an action which, they tell me, is more memorable than any naval fight that has taken place for the last two centuries. Fifteen vessels against twenty-seven ! And at what a moment ! Just when this victory will rehabilitate and perhaps save England, Europe, Christendom. How happy you must be in thinking of all this, *ma chère enfant*. Even our ice thawed for a moment ! Sir J. Jervis and his fourteen companions in arms are immortalized by this almost unparalleled event. The more I think of it the more I rejoice and thank God. My imagination is on fire, at 81 years of age it is not yet extinguished. A tiny germ of heroism will arouse the most insensible. It is so ennobling to an entire family. It is no good for the Philosopher to preach the vanity of it all and his indifference to honour and glory.

A manifest danger which one firmly encounters with presence of mind for the salvation of one's country and of all humanity, for God, Religion, the Throne, the Altar, Order, Law, in fact all that is most precious here below to man, is not vain glory, it is to have carried out the most difficult duty of a reasoning being, and one is right to applaud oneself and to feel satisfied with oneself when like your dear Hawkings one finds oneself in this happy predicament. May God preserve him to you, he will be much more interesting to you now that millions of people must love and esteem him as well. Be proud of loving him, of bearing his name, but be only the more humble in your dealings with those



ONE OF TWO BEAUTIFUL CABINETS (OPEN AND CLOSED) IN
WHICH COUNTESS BENTINCK KEPT HER LETTERS

In the possession of Mr. H. Aldenburg Bentinck

who have not your advantages. Oh, *ma chère enfant*, how I long to be at Portsmouth when he arrives there, radiant with his triumph, but alas! I shall never see him again while I live, nor you either!

No matter, I shall not love you the less, and may you enjoy half a century of happiness. I ask of God but the well-being of my dear children.

The 4th April, 1797.

Ma chère petite chatte, Henriette tells me that you were so good as to write and tell me of the nomination of the *cher grand garçon* as Governor of St. Vincent.

I rejoice as much as I can in spite of the bitter thought that at 81 one would have no common sense if one dared to flatter oneself that one was likely to live long enough to see him return.

But the Duke of Portland is adorable and turns one's head with his adorable plans for the family. There is nothing I would not do to prove to him my gratitude. He is more than a father to you all, and God will eternally recompense him for it and load him with happiness to the utmost limits of human existence, without allowing him to feel those disagreeables of old age of which I could tell him.

The Prince of Wurtemberg will arrive about the same time as this letter. Tell me how this illustrious couple get on. He is very clever they say, and extremely proud; he paid no visits, not even to ladies, while he was here. I embrace you. My illness makes me stupid beyond expression. Alas, I cannot

accustom myself to the idea of the *grand garçon* in America. A kiss to your three little angels.

Just a word in reply to what I asked you with regard to poor Villeneuve and his little Adèle.

The 7th April, 1797.

I should not have written to you to-day, *ma chère petite chatte*, for I have had fever all night, were it not that I received the enclosed for you yesterday. The letter Henriette said you had written me about the appointment of the *grand garçon* has not yet reached me. Your posts are really pitiable. I have written you half a dozen letters, you acknowledge the receipt of none, you answer nothing, and your ink is so pale it is like a lemon, in fact if you were not so amiable and if I were not such a fool as to love you so dearly, if I were still your maid as at Embsbittel when you came to me in the evening and said, "Come and undress me, grandmamma," I should chastise you and tell you you were a naughty child.

But now that the King and the Parliament have honoured your husband, that the Queen has paid you compliments, that you have only Governors for brother and brothers-in-law, I must hold you in a certain amount of just respect.

The 16th May, 1797, at Embsbittel.

At last, after having thought for a week or ten days that I should never again see my little country hermitage, they dragged me here, *ma chère petite chatte*. I have hardly the strength to hold my pen. Your good

Mr. de Villeneuve sticks on to me and absolutely insisted on visiting me, though I have not seen my niece De Linage for six weeks nor the poor Philosopher for four.

Mr. de Villeneuve leaves to-day for London. As it was impossible to reply in writing to all he asked I received him for half an hour before I left town. I told him I had sent you his note and he will tell you himself the upshot of our conversation. He is the best soul in the world and I believe him to be full of honesty and gratitude. He desires me to entreat you to continue to protect him, but I think there is no need for me to ask this in view of the interest you take in him. As you have answered nothing I have asked you about his little girl, I have left all that for him to arrange with you by word of mouth. You can settle more together in fifteen minutes' conversation than I could were I to write four pages.

I can perfectly understand your alarm while your poor husband cruises on the coast of those fools of Spaniards, who do not themselves cause me any fear, but rather the proceedings of your nation, of your navy. Just now I would rather be Tavernier than your first Admiral, and after what happened at Portsmouth with Lords Howe, Bridport and Colpoys, if I had a voice in the matter your husband would content himself with his medal and your brother with his island, for there is neither honour nor pleasure to be had in the English navy. At least this is what people think who know how to think. God grant that your husband

and Guillaume may think the same. I should die happier.

They commit the greatest follies in every part of Europe. It is a disease, and no nation has a right to reproach any other for it.

Let us, poor small people, try not to do the same, said a grave doctor to me, who lives on his rents at a hundred leagues from the storms ! It is well said, but not so easily done ! Who would remain wise all by himself ! It is the most dangerous of occupations and nothing else makes so many enemies.

Tell me if after all the parades at Spithead and Portsmouth they will have enough of it and find time to scribble me a couple of lines and to love me a little. I will return it ten thousand per cent, and I do not grumble at this rate of interest. It is what 81 years of age must pay to 20 or 30. *Adieu, chère petite chatte.* Let me know that you have received this letter, or in future instead of your

Street and Square, I shall put
Entre ciel et terre.

It is the only way to catch you. The poor Philosopher, who is still laid up, prostrates himself at your feet.

N.B.—Allow me to point out to you that in all civilized countries people use *black* and not *yellow* ink. Please write to me with the good ink known as “Petite Raine.”

The 2nd June, 1797.

The Duke of Portland's secretary has sent me a letter from dear, good Mrs. Milnes (the first I have had from her for five or six months). Alas, poor little

woman ! I had hoped so much she would have had a daughter.

I shall soon see the only old friend¹ that remains to me leave as Ambassador for St. Petersburg. I have no more hope of living to see him return from there than the dear *grand garçon* from his Island.

We are greatly puzzled by what is passing in your country. When we begin to discuss your constitution, your laws, your liberties, your usages, they reply that we know nothing about them, for that one must have been rocked in a cradle made from wood grown on the banks of the Thames to understand them. Meanwhile we see the fruits of principles and a much-admired constitution, one which should at least, if successful, ensure you a happy future and present peace. But your disgusting agitators continually repeat their parrot cries and abuse the impunity you so lightly accord them ;² sowing everywhere discontent, disorder and love of novelty. The terrible example of France does not cause them to pause and reflect seriously, and before they know it they will find themselves like those vile monkeys of French whom they hate and despise.

¹ Baron Blome.

² For years past the liberty accorded to political writings had been disapproved of by far-seeing statesmen. Charlotte Sophie's husband, writing on October 8th, 1765, to the 3rd Duke of Portland, refers to "the necessity of employing some good person to knock down your very insolent, impertinent and scurrilous Pamphlet and News Papers writers. This is, I assure you, an object of great importance, and of very serious attention in an administration. I am very apt to believe that Mr. Pitt is greatly owing his popularity at home and his reputation abroad to Pamphlets and News Papers wrote under his direction."

Does it occur to no one in England that these are just the errors and follies of that nation whom they abhor, which they are servilely imitating ?

You hold in horror the Orleans, the Mirabeaux, the Pétions, the Robespierres. Well, you have all these in your own country, and you do your best to forward their work. Do you think that because a narrow channel of water separates us, we do not know your Dukes of Bedford, your Lauderdale, your Fox, your Sheridan, and that our clever men cannot calculate the results of your principles and of your various manœuvres ? Believe me that principles accepted here and elsewhere on earth are ceasing to be accepted by you, and that while harmony is considered by other nations essential to power, you prefer disunion and seem to think it useful and desirable. That wretched *Opposition*, which other governments have beaten down, is the poison you nourish yourself on, and it has poisoned your successes, your glory and your victories. This centralized power, so essentially necessary, can only be sustained by reunion and simplification by all means possible. You scatter it, enervate it, oppose it in every way.

Absolute obedience, the only means of controlling the greater number of people (more bad than good, more foolish than wise, more capricious than reasonable, more obstinate than docile), you have completely lost in all states, in all classes ; at court, in your councils, amongst your magistrates, in the army, in the navy, all goes its own way. Every one shouts at once and no one listens. While the enemy is at your gates you

wrangle in parliament, in the cabinet, in taverns ! Oh, *ma chère petite chatte*, what a fearful picture your situation in England presents ! And it appears that you alone do not feel the terrible danger ! We tremble in all our bones. We shudder for you, and you have not yet shown by one word that you realize your peril ! I have seen letter after letter from others in England, much more out of touch with the government than you, who tremble at the thought of what is happening. In Hanover they fix their eyes on the Channel, and I dare not tell you *who* one would not be surprised to see arriving there.

Explain to me, *ma chère petite chatte*, the incomprehensible reason for this carelessness, for this stupor ! It cannot be that you are afraid to alarm me, for how can the state of public affairs be hidden from a person who reads half a dozen newspapers a day and has a large correspondence, and in a town which is the centre for all Europe in Germany ?

Tell me therefore something a little consoling (if truth affords you anything of the sort just now) of the worthy Duke of Portland, of your husband's parents, of himself, of the *grand garçon* and his Island, of the Milneses, of Henriette, and of yourself !

I embrace you and the little ones tenderly.

The 28th July, 1797.

I have just lost the one person whose society gave me pleasure here. This is an English lady (which in itself would make her interesting to me), Mrs. Hartsinck, who left yesterday. I gave her a letter

for you and one for Henriette. She has promised to love you both and be to you what she has been to me, that is to say, a true, good, sincere, kind friend. She has a gentle but firm character (what those rude men term masculine). She has nothing weakly and womanish about her except her innate goodness, which incessantly dominates her very cultivated mind. She is the best of women, the best of mothers, the best of sisters, and the firmest and most helpful of friends. She has accomplished marvels of heroism here with her charity, her humanity, and her generosity. Her appearance is no index to her character, and one is amazed to find all there is beneath such an exterior. She has behaved spontaneously to me as none but my grandchildren have ever done. I have assured her that you and Henriette will repay my debt of friendship to her. This will not be heavy to you when you know her, and you will bless me for having bequeathed to you so worthy a friend. I have paid her secretary for a London lottery ticket. Mrs. Hartsinck will hand this money to you or to Mr. Puget (to whose wife Mrs. Hartsinck would much like you to give her an introduction on account of all that the Philosopher and I have told her of her amiability). I beg Mr. Puget to buy for me a whole ticket (neither a half nor a quarter) for the great Royal lottery and to let me know the number, we have the list of drawing here. If it wins something he will kindly arrange with me how to send it. If I am dead before the lottery is finished and it brings something, I wish the dear *grand garçon* to benefit by it.

It is very rude of me to give you this trouble, *chère petite chatte*, but you are so good and I think that for love of you Mr. Puget will do me this pleasure. I long to hear that Mrs. Hartsinck is with you and that Mr. Puget is not shocked by my indiscretion, that his amiable wife is over her confinement, that you are all pleased with each other, that Hawkings has taken as his prizes two or three Spanish ships, that he will return safe, sound and triumphant, and that you and Henriette are pleased with the friend I have passed on to you, without losing her myself. She hopes to procure opportunities through her friends in England for me to send you some porcelain and other things without trouble or expense. You will let us arrange this. She is really a treasure on account of her energy and helpfulness. Her husband has both worth and intellect, but almost too much of the latter, for it is not balanced by the gentle steadfastness of his wife. He is a gallant man, full of jokes, but too excitable. Madame will suit you at close quarters and he at a little distance away. I can write no more.

The 29th August, 1797.

Chère petite chatte, I will only write you a few words for I am ill, and quite suddenly the weather has become unbearably hot. The air is as heavy as a bad conscience. I have not slept at all and I think a storm is coming. That fearful earthquake which swallowed up Quito makes me tremble for St. Vincent and the dear *grand garçon*. The Philosopher has terrified me about the storms in the Antilles. I am

surrounded by nothing but fears and catastrophes. I have several times entreated you, but in vain, to tell me how to send a parcel of books (pamphlets, not bound) to Guillaume for his voyage. No one has sent me one word in reply.

Alas! why has he awaited the bad and dangerous season of the equinox before making this terrible voyage! And your husband. What is he doing in that turbulent Ireland? Can he bring it to reason? When does he return? Will he go back to brave Jervis! You are very cruel to leave me in ignorance of all this.

And your commissions? Time presses. Arrange about them with Mrs. Hartsinck (who has far more head than any of you) so that I may know how to send you six boxes that I have, two for you, two for Mrs. Milnes, one for Henriette and one for the *grand garçon*. This has nothing to do with the books, which are in a separate parcel for him.

Answer all this. And here is another question to which the *petite chatte* is begged to reply.

Is it true that one of your relations, Miss Byron (apparently a daughter of the Bishop), has married a Catholic from the Grisons called Count Paravicini Capelli? Which of the two brothers has she married, and have both brothers English wives? Is it the eldest, formerly in the French service, or his brother? Which is the husband of Miss Byron? All this concerns us closely, and we should like some details, if you can give them. I will tell you why when you have been good enough to answer.

The Duchess de la Trémoille¹ was received with open arms in Russia, after a short and pleasant voyage. The Emperor sent the President of the Academy, Count de Choiseul Gouffier, to meet her at Cronstadt and escort her to Peterhoff, where the Sovereigns showed her the utmost kindness. They had endeavoured to procure for her everything that she could need or wish for. The next day they decorated her with the Order of the Portrait² and that of St. Catherine of the second class. The Emperor himself passed it over her shoulder. This Order bears the motto "Pour la Patrie." The monarch said to her, "You have given so many proofs of this virtue, Madame, that this Order could never be better bestowed!" If any of you know the generous friend who showed so much kindness to this estimable and unfortunate lady, tell her all this, *which is accurate*. I embrace you tenderly.

¹ Jealousy on the part of a Court favourite, who contrived to alarm the Empress and make her play into her hands, caused the loss of the favour of their Majesties after four days! Years later they became aware of the injustice of their suspicions and deeply regretted them. At the time of this *rapprochement*, in 1814, the Duchess was on the point of leaving to take up a position at the Court of France, but she died suddenly at the last moment, at the house of her devoted friend Countess Golovine.—*Memoirs of Countess Golovine*. "This singular woman," wrote Madame Edling of the Duchess, "had something repellent about her appearance and manners, and yet her heart was capable of the deepest affections. I have never known a greater character nor a narrower mind." In Baron Blome's correspondence with Charlotte Sophie he often sends her messages from the Duchess, whom he constantly saw in Russia and who was an intimate friend.

² I know of no Russian Order of the Portrait. There is the Imperial Order of the Portrait given by the Shah of Persia as a sign of special esteem.

The 6th October, 1797.

I have your light grey fur, that is to say a bodice, short sleeves and enough to border it a finger and a half wide, not all round but down the front.

The good little Countess arranged it all for me with her usual kindness, as you will see by her little note which I enclose, for, in the matter of furs, I am the most ignorant and wretched of creatures, never having been able to endure them, as my skin has always been so antagonistic to them that it inflames at their approach, and thus I never bought any. I know no more of them than would an Arab! Those the Countess sent me would easily fit into the pocket of a Captain.

We are in the midst of cruel anguish, *ma chère petite chatte*. The entire edifice of our constitution seems at this moment to be in ruins. France threatens it and the King of Prussia undermines it. The Emperor, after the greatest efforts and the worst measures (just like you), in spite of a large army (but of young recruits, without generals) against a chief accustomed to victory, and the eldest son of Good Fortune, sees himself threatened with the fall of his monarchy by brigands, the shame of creation!

You, and he, through your imprudent good-nature, consented to allow the negotiations to take place on the territory of people with neither faith nor law, nor respect for the rights of others! From that has come the blow inflicted on the cheek of Lord Malmesbury. We at Vienna had as little prudence

as you, and we expect at any moment a similar insult at Udine. They have long since forgotten in the cabinets, *ma chère petite chatte*, that if *Dignity* is lost, the *Caus* is lost also, almost infallibly. Though you hold so large a part of their possessions and those of their allies they none the less treat you as the dirt under their feet, since your government has not known how to make itself respected and maintain that consideration from which a Power should never descend. These rogues understand it marvellously well, and their tone which enforces respect (without meriting it) has won them the high position they hold, from which it is perhaps now too late to make them fall. I know perfectly well that your proud islanders will consider I talk nonsense, but sad experience proves but too clearly that which I venture to put forward. One must now beat them *if one can*. That Bonaparte seems to have attached victory and fortune to his chariot and the fatal chimera Liberty and an insane Equality have turned all foolish heads (that is to say the greater number). Even if Russia joined in the cause she would arrive too late and the Emperor would be driven from his capital, and God only knows from how many of his States, without any advantage resulting to you beyond your lost subsidies which would make your unjust inconsequent nation cry out. With its clamourers and oppositions it has already spoilt its own affairs. On the other hand, if the Emperor is forced by necessity to submit to a shameful and onerous peace, you will shriek like eagles, and after all your efforts and all the mistakes

you have both made, you will end by hating each other and reproaching each other for faults both have committed and of which the whole of Christendom is the victim.

Tell me something of yourselves. For a year past I have not had a word of consolation or enlightenment on the affairs of those who are dearest in the world to me. Tell me why your husband has left his fleet and how his affairs are in Ireland. It would be a charity to one who has not long to enjoy it and who loves you with all her heart.

The diary records that on the 28th Windt arrived from The Hague, bringing a letter for Charlotte Sophie from the Princess of Orange.

The 30th October, 1797.

I think I have found a good opportunity for sending your furs, *ma chère petite chatte*, the lady who is good enough to take them being a relation of Ottelinde and of Mitje (and I think of you all through your mothers). She will put the parcel, which we have made as small as possible, in the pocket of her conductor, Baron Auguste Grovestein, a friend of Mr. de Rhoon, who has arranged it all for me, while the prudence of the Philosopher watched over the whole.

The dear *grand garçon* promised me by the last post a good opportunity for sending you my fragile, poor little presents. But as they are what you like I hope they will give you a few minutes' pleasure. The Japanese and Saxe are still popular in spite of com-

petition, on account of the beauty of the shapes that have been made, especially in England after the Greek forms, thanks to Mr. Hamilton !¹

There is a box for *cher* Guillaume which is to be kept by you till his return, containing a large tureen for soup or perhaps for cream at dessert, because of the danger from boiling soup, as if his domestics do not know how to use it they will crack it, and another trifle which will be of more use when he returns and is settled in London (and I in the Elysian Fields) than in his island far away, where it would be better to send him some fresh air and a *Spitz* for killing wild animals, than china. This little piece has always been very precious to me, for it reached me by a dear and illustrious hand, and I therefore wish to give it to him who is dearest in the world to me. The three boxes for Mrs. Milnes and you and Henriette contain trifles in *Saxe*, in old Japanese which are no longer made, and Bohemian glass. In that of Mrs. Milnes there is a black box containing a very small but extremely pretty article which they call a *teapot*, of that pure and old white *Saxe* (one would run the risk of being hanged if one sold any of it), all of which was made for the King of Poland. This has rendered it much sought after, every one having inherited from our mother Eve the taste for forbidden fruit.² I have added for you, *ma chère petite chatte*, a

¹ The famous Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador at Naples. The catalogue of his collection of Greek vases fills two very large beautifully illustrated volumes.

² This china is now in the possession of Count Bentinck, and I saw it recently at Middachten, in Holland.

tureen of old *Saxe* porcelain for *soupe à la chinoise*, which is no longer made, quite round. There are also two other assortments equally esteemed (one for its beautiful blue colour, the real Japanese, and the other for its oddness and the rarity of its lining). The first consists of sixteen vases of two different designs, which connoisseurs greatly value and the Chinese themselves buy at a very high price, the Japanese no longer making them! The other, lined, is an absolutely complete service for tea, coffee and chocolate, for which you would search in vain at present in India, and only find in cabinets. It is more rare than beautiful. There are also in these cases and in the fifth a number of trifles of the same sort, in Bohemian glass and old *Saxe*, for you to divide amongst you three. Mrs. Milnes will like the white box (the gift of the Queen of Poland to the Queen-Mother of Prussia, a Princess of England, who gave it to me) and you will keep the round tureen for your soup (taking care that some warm water put in first prepares it for the boiling liquid). You will arrange with Mrs. Milnes so that one of you has the sixteen blue vases (which must not be separated but placed on console tables against the wall, and filled with sand, the feet being held by a narrow edging) and the other the lined tea-service, which also must be kept together. As Henriette has not yet a house of her own, I send her some figures of buttersellers of old *Saxe* and other little ornaments and some Bohemian glass (which dares to compete with your English glass). You will arrange this



CHARLOTTE SOPHIE, HER PARENTS AND HER AUNT AT TEA

From a painting on a fan belonging to Count Bentinck

amongst you three if this suits you, and I shall be very glad to know that everything has reached you safely, having, alas! nothing better to send you, which grieves me to the heart. As you tell me that Mrs. Milnes is coming to London you will unpack the boxes together.

Tell me, *ma chère Sophie*, what has become of your protégé, Mr. de Villeneuve, and if little Adèle is still with you? As for my poor Mrs. Hartsinck there is no longer anything to be done, nor can you go and find her, nor she you. Alas! a frightful reverse of fortune has plunged her into the depths of misery where she is supported by her goodness, but which must separate her from you, from London and from society. I am deeply distressed, but very glad to see that she can retain on this occasion a certain grandeur of character of which I suspected that she was capable. You will know all about this better than I, being on the spot, but as people here are totally ignorant of it, and as Jean, Jaqueline and Mitje absolutely insist on coming to see me (though I am by no means in a condition for seeing any one), I beg you, so that there may appear to be no mystery about it which would excite their curiosity, neither to mention the affair of Mr. Hartsinck, nor the boxes of china, and write me on a separate piece of paper or inside the envelope whatever you want to tell me about these matters, which should remain between ourselves.

I have used up all my strength in making this clear to you, I am overwhelmed by bodily ills. *Adieu.*

The 24th November, 1797.

So you are going to bury yourself in the country, *ma chère petite chatte* ! I cannot at all understand your comings and goings. I cannot therefore say much about them. If you had a fine large property twenty or thirty leagues or even a hundred from the capital, I should understand that being comfortably settled, and having plenty of occupation, of duties, of good to be done, it would be preferable to anywhere else. I have known and can enter into those sweet pleasures. I have never cared for town life. But having no headquarters, no estate, always suspended between heaven and earth and never anywhere in particular, in truth at your age I should have thought that the most trying, the most unbearable of situations ! In a small town one may be subjected to annoyances, but in large ones one does what one wishes (especially if one is English). It is impossible for me to imagine how you will arrange about all your husband's and the *grand garçon's* business. One has his ship to fit out, the other has a long and terrible voyage in prospect to a distant part of the world, where he must take every single thing he may require. So both need to be in London. I cannot understand how, without a fixed home, you travel hither and thither, with three children in your arms and a fourth shortly expected. I must say I should hang myself if I had to live like that, but I know that each must follow his own way of being happy or miserable. Yet though I know it, my heart sinks when I think of your manner of

existing for the last five or six years, I cannot call it of living. I can see from here that you laugh at my stupidity in not being able to imagine the charm of your wandering life. You believe, I feel sure, that I was never young. Oh no, *ma chère fille*, I was so, very much indeed, but in the German way, enjoying repose of the body and activity of the mind, detesting towns just as you do, considering that my greatest pleasure would be a fixed home in the country with congenial society, many free hours at my disposal for filling the huge void in my mind, studying both it and my heart, and finding many joys in the cultivation of nature and the study of art, amusing myself with whatever made me forget my sorrows, and not unduly exercising my body at the expense of my thinking faculty. I had enough movement if I took a walk early in the morning or in the cool of the evening, or even a ride, to keep me in good health without depriving me of many hours which I could employ better than in mere movement, which leaves nothing but lassitude and laziness.

Do you know that I have always thought the restless lives the English live in their youth make them subject to spleen when they reach a calmer time of life? I have several times tried to convince people of this, but without success. They admitted that I was right, but that was all. It is not till they are 30 or 35 that they begin to complain of this national malady, but it is after that age that the results of the habits of the short years of youth begin to be felt, and

poison the long years that follow. I can hear you say to yourself, "Silly babblings of an old grandmother! Fixed to her sofa and being herself unable to move hand or foot, she would fix every one else there too, thinking it the only bearable existence!" Let it be so, *ma jolie petite chatte*; laugh at me! But may Heaven give you the consolation in old age, when the body cannot take pleasure in movement, of finding compensation in the stores of the mind. Nature has sown it so admirably with a thousand talents and faculties which should be cultivated at seed time, and will yield an excellent harvest. Its wealth or poverty is keenly felt at that advanced stage in our life's journey that we must all reach. Meanwhile, think sometimes of these counsels of the experience of an old grandmother, who even in her dotage may occasionally have a good and wise thought deserving reflection.

In God's name, let them keep the Electorate of Hanover for the King. Who can doubt that he ought to be master there to prevent the fall of the Empire, the overthrow of all sovereigns small and great, and the undisputed triumph of the French republic. Do make them realize in England that his Government would lose more than the King himself if they do not retain in your island so useful a title, which initiates you into the affairs of the Continent in so indisputable a way, and the price of which you have been most unwise to wrangle about, even denying its real value. The character, as yet unknown, of the King of Prussia will decide the fate of

Germany and perhaps of Europe. *Adieu, mon enfant,*
I embrace you all.

The 8th December, 1797.

Do you know, *ma chère petite chatte*, that you dote as much from youthfulness as your grandmother does from old age?

You send me the Captain's address who is going to take over the Prince of Orange, and you beg me, after having noted the address, to burn the letter immediately—which contains nothing else! If your brother's fearful journey had not made me in despair, I should have laughed heartily, but alas! I cannot laugh when I think of his departure and voyage amidst a thousand dangers and that I shall never see him again.

I am ill in bed, and very unhappy. The Philosopher suffers cruelly from his foot. We are but thirty paces apart, yet have not seen each other for three weeks.

The Prince of Orange had already left when your letter came, and the Captain neither called nor wrote to me.

The cases are rather large, and must not be separated. I beg your dear husband to try and find another Captain for me who is coming here, and with whom I could arrange.

I don't understand anything of what you tell me or don't tell me. The poor boy goes all alone. If only Jean or Henriette could have accompanied him!

I am too ill to-day to write more. General Fagel

has returned to us from Varel. In a few days I hope to send you something very tiny (it has nothing to do with the boxes, and the first who goes to England can take it in a little corner of his pocket). I won't tell you what it is, but I know it will win me the favour of my *jolie petite chatte*. I embrace her and beg her to do the same for me to her husband and little ones.

The 12th December, 1797.

The obliging Captain of the frigate "Tisiphone" has very kindly acquitted himself of the commission which your dear husband gave him. Being ill himself at Cuxhaven, he sent a message by another officer who was coming here when we believed that the Prince of Orange had left long before. They say he is a model of politeness and amiability. He was good enough to take charge of my six cases and all left this morning. I am so ill that I cannot show this gallant man any attention, but I beg you to thank him heartily, as well as the Captain himself, for his kindness.

The little trifle which I think you will like better than the poor fragile articles which I send has not arrived yet, or else I would have put it in the officer's pocket, but I shall easily find some one else.

I had the news this morning of the ratification of Portugal, which deeply grieves me. I enclose a bad French joke which made me laugh, though I have but little heart for it. I am much displeased by the conduct of the Imperial Minister at Vienna. They

abominably disgrace the noble blood of Marie Thérèse, and I tremble lest the voice of equity, to which I have never been deaf, will force me to decide against him and in favour of the young King of Prussia if he continues to do as well as he has begun. In an honest heart, country should be above all else.

I embrace you all tenderly.

The 19th December, 1797.

The cruel position I am placed in by the turn public affairs have taken to-day has not left me in a state to write you a letter worth reading. You know my position, my feelings. You know how deeply attached I was to the House of Austria and to the blood of the divine Marie Thérèse, how impossible I thought it could belie her.

You also know how I love my country, this first duty, this sacred feeling of all honest hearts. You realized my indignation with the late King of Prussia since his defection in 1792. In fact, you quite understand my position here and that of my patrimony in Holland and in this corner of Germany. In thinking of all that, recollect my age, the time of year, and my ill-health. Conceive, *ma chère petite chatte*, what passed in my heart, torn with anguish, at the fearful peace of Udine, at that congress of Rastatt, which seemed called but to destroy that of Osnabruck and overthrow our constitution. Judge then how it must affect me when, having brusquely broken with generous England, the House of Austria threw herself into the arms of the murderers of the daughter

and son-in-law of Marie Thérèse, and Mannheim, Mayence, Ehrenbreitstein, were handed over to the enemies of God and man ! In fact, not only did they abandon themselves to those whose pride it was to be faithless, but they dishonoured themselves as well, and completely lost their heads, so that the sad annals of the century will blame the cabinet of Vienna not only for want of faith, but also for want of wisdom in its policy. We are in fear of a hostile invasion with which the French and Dutch openly threaten the Electorate of Hanover, Bremen and the mouths of the Elbe and Weser, so as to close all communication with Germany to the English. I am ill, alone, isolated, without a single capable person about me, unable to walk a step, in my room for the last six months, having already lost my capital of 300,000*l.*¹ in France and six years' interest on it. All the revenue of Doorwerth, since the beginning of the revolution, has been swallowed up in expenses, requiring me to send money there instead of receiving any, and annoyed and abused at every turn by the new government. Varel, Knipphausen, all my poor tributaries are exposed and threatened as I am here. And then, where to go ? Will they show more respect for that German province called Holstein, or for Mecklenburg, than for other provinces of the Empire ? This is our really frightful position. All are in fear and trembling. Pity us, *ma chère enfant*.

This house is a regular hospital. The poor Philoso-

¹ Livres.



ANTON GÜNTHER, LAST COUNT OF OLDENBURG

Countess Bentinck's great-grandfather

From a painting on wood, in the possession of Mr. H. Aldenburg Bentinck

pher, whom I have not seen for five weeks, gives no sign of throwing off his cruel attack of gout. I am nearly always in bed or on my sofa, and for the last ten days have not been able to walk one step even in my room. Little William James, who is a pretty child, and who in any case would have been dear to me from the two loved names he bears, was very ill with smallpox, from which, thank God, he is recovering. This child, to whom I am attached, gave us a great fright. At the same time we were threatened with an invasion, from whom do you think? From brigands worse than the pirates of the African coast or savages from America. They are now anxious to reassure us. The head of the Empire has abandoned us, making common cause with the enemies of Germany and of Christendom. He has handed over the keys and the heart of the Empire to our oppressors, and it even appears as if he intended to make use of them to overturn the Constitution, and enrich himself with spoils from the body of which he is considered the head. All this makes one shudder. The King of Prussia, on the contrary, when he mounted the throne, seems to have made good faith, love of country, courage, justice, and all the virtues ascend there with him. Will he sustain so brilliant a beginning, and is he powerful enough to see all his good intentions crowned with success? This is what you will see, but not I.

Adieu.

The 28th December, 1797.

Here, *ma chère petite chatte*, is a proof of friendship, of confidence, of humanity which shows you the opinion I have of your heart and that of your dear husband, whom I love as much as my own children, and of whom I desired to be the mother before Heaven gave me this happiness. Read this sad letter from poor, unhappy Mrs. Hartsinck, and tell your husband about it, in the utmost secrecy. I know him much less than his wife, who has many more virtues than he. However, I believe him to be an honest man and have seen nothing in him to make me doubt that this is so. He is quick, petulant, sarcastic, but with a warm heart full of activity and zeal, though his sarcasms sometimes make him enemies. She is a woman in a thousand, of most noble character, and elevated soul and the most generous of hearts. In the time of her greatest wealth she thought only of comforting and helping and saving those in misfortune. In all my life I never saw any one do good with such passion. She knew no other pleasure, and no sacrifice weighed at all with her if she could thereby console any who suffered. She does indeed deserve that something should be done for her. Excellent wife, incomparable mother, fallen from great wealth to utter poverty! I kneel before your husband. I ask him in the name of his own goodness, of his friendship for me, of his noble character to neglect nothing so as to obtain this passport she so ardently desires from the Duke of Portland, in case she has

need of it. I shall be eternally grateful to him for what he may do for the benefit of one so worthy. After this, burn the letter and keep the address, and tell me as soon as you can if your dear husband has done what I entreat and if he hopes to succeed, for I am very unhappy about this poor woman, knowing that she loves her husband nearly as well as you do yours ; though he is often angry, she cares for him as if his behaviour was as adorable as that of yours to his happy *petite chatte*. Let me know you have received this, and if you can, say a word of consolation to that unhappy woman, whom you would esteem as I do if you knew her. Put a little balm into her wounds and tell me you have done so. God will bless you, *ma chère enfant*.

You will kindly write by some one coming to Hamburg, of whom there are many.

The 9th January, 1798.

We are very unhappy here on account of the terrible position in which the desertion of the Emperor has placed Germany. All honest people are petrified. I shall never get over it, and the thought of seeing the grandson of Marie Thérèse covered with reproach is a misfortune so terrible to me that I shall go down to my grave with despair in my soul. Never could I, or any one who knew him, have believed such an event possible, and during the seventy years that I have thought and felt I have never seen true Germans more horrified and amazed than by this total eclipse of all character and all faith. The worthy, the amiable

Archduke Charles is in despair because all his successes now count for nothing. Never would he permit himself to be employed by the accomplices of those vile secret articles signed by General de Cobentzel, to his eternal shame. He said he would hand over the command to another general, as he was made for defending positions, not for giving them up.¹ As a reward for his noble way of thinking they sent him to command the troops in Bohemia, while ordering the government to give him no reports nor information of any but military matters and not to allow him to interfere in any way in government affairs. This is his recompense for the proofs he gave, the greatest any of his family have given, of devotion to his country, he the true son of that august woman, in the making of whom nature seemed to have exhausted herself and to-day has broken the mould. The young King of Prussia continues to behave admirably. But what can he do alone against this frightful torrent which carries away and overwhelms Europe? He would need superhuman courage and prudence to save what remains and keep firmly on the defensive. If Russia seconded him and combined with Sweden and Denmark in joining you, perhaps there might be

¹ Napoleon wrote of the Archduke Charles that "he is a man who can never attract blame. His soul belongs to the heroic age, but his heart to that of gold. More than all, he is a good man; and that includes everything when said of a prince."

The Memoirs of the Archduke Charles are invaluable in connection with the Austrian campaign, till they end in 1799. It has been said that on a fact stated or a criticism made by him the most absolute reliance can be placed.

some prospect of success, but she will not, and, even if she were willing to-day, would she be so to-morrow?

We are very uneasy about the Prince of Orange. My six cases are on the same frigate, but the tiny little parcel in a corner of the Duke de Crussol's pocket which puzzles you left a week ago. They will take it to your house, but if you do not get it for some time you can ask the Duke d'Harcourt or the friend of the Duchess de la Trémoille what has become of this confidential packet entrusted to the Duke de Crussol.



Silhouette found in one of
Sophie's letters

CHAPTER XXXVIII

The 23rd January, 1798.

TELL me, *chère petite chatte*, if you have news of your six cases which accompanied the Prince of Orange, and if the little secret which puzzled you has emerged from the Duke de Crussol's pocket and is in your hands. I know that the Prince has arrived at Hampton Court and has been presented to the King.

Tell me if you have received my letter about the husband of Mrs. Hartsinck. In God's name help her if you can to save a husband she loves tenderly, though he has caused this misfortune, innocently I feel sure, but nevertheless through his imprudence in associating himself with a worthless man whom he should have known as such.

Already here this man had a bad reputation, and those who knew him could not understand how he managed to entrap one who appeared to have a hundred times more wit and cleverness than he! Please tell me what they think of the affair in London. The poor lady is in despair on account of what is said of her husband. She swears, she protests that if only the judges really understand the matter it is impossible for him not to triumph completely. God

grant it. Her family may say what they will. She will not abandon her husband for an instant, who is everything to her. Her two little children suffer also with the noble constancy that their mother has inspired in them.

Mr. Hartsinck must, of course, remain till the 15th February, the day on which those who will defend him will consult with him about their complicated calculations.¹ I do not know Mr. Hartsinck as I do his wife, and I do not for an instant compare them, but in spite of many faults it is impossible for me to suspect him of being other than a perfectly honest man. I have no other address of hers, as she had to leave the place she stayed at on arriving. She is hidden away somewhere in the city, sometimes in one spot, sometimes in another, but your husband can find out through Count de Bylandt, who is Chamberlain to the Prince of Orange at Hampton Court. If he can obtain a passport in case of need (which I hope will not arise) he should get it before the 15th February. You can learn from Count de Bylandt (their brother-in-law) how to give it to her.

The 11th March, 1798.

At last they allow me to write, but they add that it must be only about my health. *Chère petite chatte*, what a fearful time I have been through. And then not daring to say anything of it!

¹ Mr. Hartsinck was accused of what practically amounted to treason. The correspondence between Charlotte Sophie and the Hartsincks is at Indio.

All at once yesterday and the day before, not through Coleman but by post, came a letter from Guillaume of February 5th, and one from Henriette of March 1st, both from Bath, and one from Mrs. Milnes, telling me of her husband's appointment.¹ I do not know whether to be glad or sorry. Your cousin Charles has arrived with his two unfortunate friends.² He wished to rush before every one else to his brother's help. You can imagine how his danger has affected us. We are moving all the north and west to obtain assistance and protection for him. They promise them on paper, but is that enough?

Ottelinde is a thoroughly good woman and behaves marvellously. She is going with her children to her father and will pass through here. Her brother-in-law and Jaqueline, if East Friesland is attacked, will come here, and I shall have to find them a refuge in the nearest part of Denmark. Grovestein comes to us to Hamburg this week. They say we are not safe here and we are in readiness to fly. The price of everything has become enormous and soon there will be famine, while it is we who are supplying every one. Tell the *Gouvernante* to send me her address and assure her that I love her tenderly. Thank my Basilisk for not letting his wife accompany him at first. Oh my God, I shall never see them again! I know that my dear Hawkings is in Ireland. May God bless him. I have at present entirely lost sight of Ruffo. Mr. de Rhoon is in East Friesland on a

¹ To be Governor of Canada.

² The two Hagels.

property of his. Perhaps he will be obliged to emigrate for the second time. Write to me, *chère petite chatte*. I have not had a line from you for two months.

The following is from an account in the writing of the 4th Duke of Portland, preserved amongst family papers at Welbeck Abbey :—

“Escapes of Mons. le Comte de Rhoon communicated to me in 1816 by Lady Jemima Bentinck.¹

“In 1794 when the French entered into Holland and made themselves masters of the country, Mr. de Rhoon, who was unwilling to quit it, was arrested and imprisoned in the castle of Woerden. There he was confined four years, at the end of which period² Madame de Chausenage, a Dutch lady who had married a Frenchman, procured his release, partly by bribery and partly by the assistance of a person who had at that moment some influence at Paris. As soon as she was apprized that the order for his release was obtained she recommended to his friends not to lose a moment in sending him out of the country, as it was not impossible that the order for his liberation might soon be followed by another revoking it. In pursuance of this advice his friends had relays of horses in readiness, by which he was carried out of the country into Germany, the moment he was let out of prison.

¹ Referred to throughout the Letters as Jaqueline.

² This would be in 1798, shortly before the preceding letter was written.

The prudence of it was fully justified by the event, for in twelve hours after the order came for his liberation, a second one came for his confinement.

“In the year 1813¹ the Count de Rhoon headed an insurrection against France, which was very soon suppressed, and he was himself taken and thrown into prison. Bonaparte immediately ordered him to be tried by a Court Martial. It happened fortunately that one of the general officers who was to sit upon his trial was taken ill, and by this accident the Court Martial was postponed. In the meantime the allies sent word that if any of the persons taken in these insurrections was put to death they would retaliate by putting to death three French officers for every man who might suffer. This threat prevailed on Bonaparte to countermand Mr. de Rhoon’s execution, which, however, would have taken place before the counter-order could have arrived had it not been for the accident of the general’s illness by which the Court Martial was deferred. Mr. de Rhoon was afterwards transferred to Paris, where he obtained his liberty when the allies made themselves masters of that city in 1814.”

The 24th March, 1798.

I am too ill and too sad to write you more than a few lines to-day to tell you that poor Thérèse Tierheim has lost her worthy father and is in despair, that, at the moment the post was leaving, there was

¹ As these letters do not continue after 1800 this interesting adventure may fittingly be described here.



COUNT RHOON-BENTINCK

From an engraving by F. Sansom, after a picture painted in 1787 by L. Temminck

hardly any hope for the amiable Archduchess Christine, who you knew, nor for another good friend of mine. So amidst all the bad political news here are three other pieces of bad news in the same letter. *Ma chère petite chatte*, tell me, I entreat you, if it is true that the French attack is likely to be as dangerous to you as they say here. What does Hawkings, who sees things so clearly, think? They also believe that we too shall be in the utmost peril. What is your opinion? Tell me truly.

Another thing I would beg of you is to try and see my poor Mrs. Hartsinck. Count de Bylandt at Hampton Court, her brother-in-law, will know where she is. I would gladly put my hand in the fire to prove the innocence of her husband. You will notice that all who attack him are rogues themselves, and this should prejudice people in his favour. I can write no more. Have you any news yet of the Antilles fleet? My tender love to Henriette and your husband.

The 27th March, 1798.

Petite chatte, Baron Grovestein who left here this morning for London will have sent to you at your town house a large box containing *eau chasse Lunettes* for Mrs. Milnes to give her husband, and another little parcel like a letter.

We are in great anxiety here. Every moment we expect to hear of the blockade of Hamburg. France asks 12 million *Livres* from the town and threatens us horribly. The French wish to form a club. They

threaten us with a tree of liberty, and after that would come insults, violence, and revenge just as in Rome. They provoke us so as to have a pretext. You can imagine what we feel about it! Germany lost, betrayed, given up! And by whom? By its head! By the grandson of Marie Thérèse. Oh, I have, like Burrhus,¹ lived too long, not by a day but by a couple of years.

They talk now as an accomplished fact of a revolution in Spain, the assembling of the Cortes, a new Constitution, the King at the head like Louis XVI. God grant that they do not make it a republic but a kingdom, hostile to France.

They say the King of Naples himself asked his people, "Are you satisfied with me? If not I shall abdicate, keeping Sicily and returning to Spain. But if you love me, if you are content with my government, rise in a mass against the French, arm yourselves and help me to drive them back. Choose."

The people with one voice chose to be faithful, to live and die with him.

If this is true, there is at least one sovereign and one brave and virtuous people. Something is left to live for!

Jaqueline and her husband are determined to come and see me, and I have hardly a breath of life left.

When shall we have news of Guillaume? Embrace all your pretty children for me and Henriette if she is with you. *Adieu, chère petite chatte.*

¹ The stern and virtuous general who had, with Seneca, conducted the education of Nero.

The 24th April, 1798.

Pauvre petite chatte, is it over yet? I shall be in torture till I hear. I entreat you to get some one to write and tell me when this important event has taken place. It will be a son, I hope (for though in most families they are more worthless than daughters, it is I think quite different in yours, for your husband is more like a sage and a saint than a scamp). You can therefore give birth to sons with less fear than most. They will resemble their father and serve as models to future generations—that is, if you do not spoil them. How impatient I am to hear the task is accomplished, before Bonaparte arrives and offers to be godfather. I should be glad if you would chastise that proud Artaban should he dare to hold your son at the baptismal font!

I really do not know what to think about his threatened arrival. In view of the opinion I have formed from his former operations of his exquisite judgment, it is difficult for me to believe that he would risk losing all the glory he has acquired for such problematical laurels, which depend on a gust of wind that no human power can foresee, prevent or avoid.

I therefore do not believe in a real attack on England, nor shall I expect to see Bonaparte command one till he has actually embarked and his fleet is close to your coast, but till then I am convinced in my own mind (and the Philosopher as usual laughs at me) that he will find another way of picking this hot

chestnut out of the fire, and that it will be *to Ireland* that the real expedition will sail, and that false attacks will take place on the English coast and in Jersey to turn attention from the real object, the discontent of some of the Irish encouraging their evil design.

Your grandmother, *ma chère petite chatte*, does not pose as a profound politician. She forms hypotheses in her old head like many another. The Philosopher laughs, or taps her. She returns it. They wrangle for an hour like your members of the House of Commons, and they end by drinking your health and that of the little one, just as in London.

What airs these fat Germans give themselves, trying to copy the sublime English !

Spring is announcing itself divinely, and I long to seize its first days in the garden, but at a time so interesting as this I should often feel impatient were I far from news.

Poor Mr. Fraser leaves this week for London. The *Greffier* Egel, who has seen him, says he cannot look at him without the deepest compassion.¹ I hope he will take charge of a small parcel for Henriette who has behaved like an angel in telling her old grandmother so promptly of the dear *grand garçon's* safe arrival in his island. She has lifted an enormous weight from my heart. *Adieu.*

The post from Vienna has come saying that Bernadotte left there on the 14th. One clearly sees it is a device as at Rome, and that the French are determined on war. Look out for Egypt !

¹ Mrs. Fraser had died very suddenly.

The following was written on the same day.

April 24th, 1798.

As I am not sure, *mon cher fils*, that my letter will find your *chère petite femme* in a state to occupy herself with it, and as some old acquaintances have by chance told me some important and interesting news for us and for England, before the public knows it I hasten to send it to you. I do not suppose that the object of acquainting us with it through so unusual a channel was that your government might have the news, yet as I am not quite sure and as all sorts of hindrances sometimes take place during sea passages, one vessel arriving before another that has left at the same time, I do not hesitate, *mon cher fils*, to communicate what I have heard, not superficially as one hears the sort of news with which the papers are filled, or even through private letters, but by an official channel leaving no possible doubt as to the truth. I would rather risk the heaviest possible losses than compromise you for an instant, especially with the Government, at so critical a moment, when everything is so important and harm might so easily be done. One may dote at eighty-three but one is never giddy at that age. Therefore, you may feel certain (even if your Ministers have not yet heard what I am going to tell them) that the matter is one of public notoriety at Vienna, and that we could not possibly have known it here on the 21st April (that is to say, on the sixth day) through an ordinary channel,

as it took place at Vienna on the 15th, and in the ordinary course letters take nine or ten days to get here.

My preamble finished, here is the fact, *mon cher fils*.

"The French Ambassador, General Bernadotte, had to leave Vienna suddenly, and under unpleasant conditions, at the wish of the people,¹ and as this took place on Sunday the 15th every one in this town looks on the peace as broken and expects hostilities to begin again at once."

I considered this news most important for you at the present moment when they are arming heaven and earth (that is, the roof of hell) against you, and Austria appears to have rather a formidable army in the north of Italy, to hold the French troops there in check, especially in view of the serious efforts of the Neapolitans. May God grant that they may turn all this to better account and purge the army of traitors who render it helpless. I fix my hopes on the Archduke Charles, who is, they assure me, discontented and unhappy about the peace of Castel Formio.

It depends on you, *mon cher* Hawkings, to read this to the Duke of Portland and to Mr. Pitt. I am so certain of my facts that to free you from all doubt

¹ The riots referred to arose through the youth of Vienna wishing to give a *fête* on the anniversary of the general arming of the Volunteers on April 13th, in honour of the glorious stand made by their countrymen. Bernadotte, the French Ambassador, objected, and declared that if persisted in he would give a dinner in honour of democratic principles. But the *fête* took place, and so did the Ambassador's dinner. He hoisted a huge banner with *Liberté, Egalité* inscribed on it, and the people taking this as an insult to their Emperor attacked his residence. On the 15th the Ambassador, who had been rescued by two regiments of Imperial troops, left Vienna, indignant at the outrage he had received, and for which only a half-hearted apology had been offered.

and reproach I consent to my name being used in spite of what I thereby risk here (where France rules as despotically as in Paris) if they knew I had given you early news, and advised you to act on it ! Therefore let them have the charity and humanity for a poor old woman past eighty, full of zeal and good intentions (if this letter by chance brings the first news), to name me to *no one*, and especially to no ambassador, imperial or royal, not even to Mr. Fraser, who will soon be with you and who might not like my knowing such a thing before him.

The 4th May, 1798.

Ma pauvre chère petite chatte, I picture you contemplating with satisfaction, from the depths of your bed, the pretty new acquisition. May God fulfil my desires and hopes !

I shall only write to you to-day about your commission for porcelain, and I hasten to ask you what you wish done, so that the merchant may not be obliged to refuse to sell the porcelain you want.

He has exactly the same as the cup you sent me. I begged the Philosopher to go himself, with the cup in his hand, and discuss it with them. It is exactly alike, and it is Dresden. *But* of what you call tea cups in England, that is to say, large half bowls with saucers, not only has he none, but none of this kind are made at Dresden (as they are only used in England), and it is the same with baskets for cakes, they are not made either.

What I can get you are two dozen and a half tea

cups with saucers just like the cup and saucer you sent me, at 9 *écus* the dozen.

A dozen and a half will therefore come to 13 *écus* and a half, that is two guineas an *écu* and a half. The coffee pot three and a half *écus*, the tea pot, the bowl, the milk jug, and the sugar basin in proportion if you want a milk jug. The whole thing together will come to about five or six guineas, more or less.

Make up your mind ! But as quickly as you can, since the merchant is kindly keeping them for me.

The 15th May, 1798.

Pauvre chère petite chatte, how impatiently I am awaiting news of you ! How one is to be pitied on these occasions so far from those one loves ! And a hundred times more so because one is useless to them !

May it please God that I may not be equally useless to the respected Duke of Portland, to whom I owe all the well-being of my dear children. He has no idea how much I admire him, and how much I am attached to him, not only from gratitude, which is but egoism under another name, but for his indefatigable ardour of which every newspaper gives me some fresh proof, telling me of his heroic zeal in the service of his country and his King. You cannot imagine, *ma chère enfant*, the infinite pleasure I feel in admiring in him the head of your happy family. If I could accomplish the hardest task in the world for his sake I should die but too happy. And after all that, alas ! I can do nothing.

As you tell me that your poor husband is soon to

leave on his fine ship which is nearly ready, that you are perhaps in bed, and that Henriette is with Mrs. Milnes, I decided to tell the *Greffier* Fagel (who is neither busy fighting nor having a baby) in full detail about something that may have political importance (if the Court of Prussia interests you), and though I believe it to be but a piece of feminine vanity, I nevertheless think (and wiser heads than mine are sure of it) that this triplet of women may have serious supporters, and I am told that if you knew the various intrigues just now with that Court (which I am ignorant of) you would think it wise and necessary to watch an aspect of affairs which has been allowed to make undue headway and which carries with it a very dangerous poison. I begged the *Greffier*, if Hawkings is still in London, or if you are still going about, to arrange with you to speak to the Duke. The person in question, who cannot be too closely watched because she is clever and active and plausible with those most to be feared, especially in Ireland, left here for her destination on the 12th May, so that in a few days, and before you can get this, she will already be where she can do a great deal of harm, and she assuredly has many *liaisons* in that country, which she has been allowed to re-enter. It is an ascertained fact that for nearly two years she has neglected nothing which could win the favour of the Directory and enable her to return to Paris. You know these intrigues in your country, and here she is allied with all that infernal *clique* which you fight, and against whom you alone defend sad and trembling humanity.

Hasten, *ma chère enfant*, to tell me that I have another little grandson who will be as amiable and as honest as his father and mother. *Adieu, chère petite chatte*. I should love to hear the mewling of the *petit chat*.

The 5th June, 1798.

A letter from your own dear hand, *mon aimable petite chatte*, and that hardly a fortnight after the event; what a pleasure! But I weigh, *ma chère enfant*, whether I shall thank you or scold you. I really do not know to which to listen, egoism or true friendship.

I am frightfully anxious for the last two or three days, as every one declares that Bonaparte's great fleet is going to Jamaica or to the Antilles! God alone knows how terrible this thought is to me. I long to know what to believe. Tell me where Hawkings is and his "Formidable."

I am waiting an opportunity of sending a consignment of *Eau chasse Lunettes* for you and my *Basilisk*.

All is going as badly as possible in my country, and I little thought I should have blushed to be German!

I embrace you with all my heart, and the Graces, and the little one.

The 3rd July, 1798.

Oh, oh, *ma petite chatte*! Come and stand in front of me where I can see you, humbly attired in penitential robes, and listen with attention, compunction and granddaughterly reverence to the scolding

which you deserve and which I shall give you without mercy.

Take your almanac, Madame la Téméraire,¹ and notice that from May 13th to June 8th is exactly three weeks and five days since you gave birth to a *petite chatte*² which you are nursing yourself. Kindly notice further that, quite forgetting the 13th May, you have within this short time thought fit to rush from London to the Isle of Wight. And for what purpose? To give yourself up to a thousand joyful and painful emotions in seeing again and parting from the object of all your affections.

The bare statement of the fact is sufficient to condemn you. I call on all whose opinion is worth having to say if this is not so!

Do you tell me that love and tenderness should be your excuse and justify you before just judges?

But it is this very sentiment in whose name I accuse you, pity you, but condemn you without mercy. If you truly love your amiable husband, will you not best prove it to him by preserving not only your life but also your health, in caring in the same way for the life and health of his child and showing in a way he would wish that affection which must be reasonable if it is to be satisfying. Is it, tell me, in risking serious and perhaps dangerous and incurable illness for yourself and perhaps also for that

¹ At one time her husband commanded the "Téméraire." I have in my possession a table and other things made from it; also the logs of this and other vessels of his.

² Renira, who married Jaqueline's son Henry.

poor child confided to your maternal prudence, that you will please him? Dear Hawkings will indeed be obliged to you when you have prepared a sad and bitter domestic future for him as husband and father! And for what purpose? To satisfy a fancy, excusable and even praiseworthy if reason, self-control (that touchstone of feeling and virtue) had fought and conquered *excess*, a vice in the bosom of virtue itself!

I leave you, with your hand on your conscience, to pronounce sentence! The Philosopher and I await the result of this impeachment as impatiently as we await news of the fleet from Toulon, so that we shall have France, Bonaparte and my *jolie petite chatte* before our judgment-seat at the same time.

Adieu, you wandering baby! You are more happy than wise!

The 10th July, 1798.

I scolded you well by the last post, *ma jolie petite chatte*. To-day I am going to caress you. You deserve both, and your grandmother dates from a happy time when equity and logic reigned on the earth, now effaced completely by the miserable spirit of the times. You cannot imagine the joy of poor Thérèse Tierheim about the happy event—she relieved her mind in two large sheets which she wrote me from Schwerdtberg, her brother's property and formerly the residence of her father, where she was born and where I saw her for the first time at nine or ten years old, the most amiable child I ever met in all my days. I became closely associated with her because her really excellent aunt, Princess Trautson,

governess to the Emperor's children, brought her to Vienna. Extremely busy, having eight royal princesses to educate (and the under-governesses to superintend, a more difficult task than she had with the children even, including the Archduke Joseph, heir to the crown, whose pitiable tutor played ombre from morning to night). For a long time she weighed the possibility of looking after and preparing for the dangers of the world a young plant of so much promise. The parents ardently wished that she might be for a few years under the direction of such a woman, who refused only because of want of time and the fact that for hours together her duties would keep her away. They believed I might help in solving this difficulty, seeing me so deeply attached to a woman whose character and virtues I knew were superior to what I had imagined any human being could attain to. They thought that since I remained at Vienna only to be near this estimable person, who *alone* had formed the heart and mind of the Divine Marie Thérèse, I could supplement the too frequent absences of the Princess and not let the child stagnate in the ignorant monotony of the convent where she would be placed as a *pensionnaire*, and where the mode of thought and system of education revolted the Princess. Thérèse therefore came to Vienna, and I promised to devote to her all the time that I could spare from my own duties. They had orders at the convent to let her come to me as often as I asked for her, even if it were two or three times a day. They told me what they wished her to do. She drew, she

learnt music in the morning with me. I saw her develop her talents, but above all her excellent heart. I took her to her aunt's, where I knew just the hours she could spare from her young Princesses. When I had to dine out (which happened but too often) little Thérèse remained at my house with her reading, her translations, the verses to be learnt by heart which her aunt had given her. The Philosopher's mother (having just as good an intellect as he, and being a most trustworthy person of whom the Princess thought a great deal) remained with her, and after dinner I returned to take the child for a walk or to a couple of ladies, friends of her aunt, where she was in good company, or to the theatre when they played a piece that suited the principles of her education. At nine o'clock I took her back to her Abbess, and when she returned she had before going to bed to write a little diary of her day with her reflections and bring it to me next morning to take to her aunt. This went on for three or four years. She became a big girl of fourteen or fifteen and one of the nicest and most interesting creatures in the world. The late old Prince Kaunitz used to say, "If I had not a daughter and four sons and nearly sixty years of age, I could only be happy if I had a wife like Thérèse Tierheim." I have not seen her since, but her friendship, retained for thirty-eight years without a moment's interruption, has not been the least worthy trait in her estimable character. She had a great deal of happiness and good fortune early in life. It did not make her proud. She always remained the same when a torrent of mis-

fortunes swept over her. This is the friend whom I hoped to give you, *ma chère enfant*. It is unfortunate that the great distance you are from each other has prevented you enjoying a treasure of which you would have so appreciated the value. She has the tenderest affection for you, she has divined the goodness, the sensibility of your heart, and will always be attached to you. Write her a line from time to time, once in four or five months, and I will bridge over the intervals.

I am sending Milnes eight bottles of *Eau de chasse Lunettes*. There is one also for you, *ma chère fille*, since you find it good, but you must use it constantly, at least every evening, if it is to preserve the eyes as it has done mine and those of my mother and of my grandmother, since one at past 90 and both the others at more than 80 could read and write without spectacles. I will send it to you regularly as long as I live and also to Milnes, but its use must be regular. It improves the eyes imperceptibly, and one is quite astonished after a year or so to find the sight strengthened, but if one ceases to use it, the eyes gradually become weaker and it is difficult to repair the damage. It remains good for twenty or thirty years if one keeps it in a place where the sun cannot spoil it, and where it cannot be frozen.

Your letter (without date), I suppose from London, since you speak of joining your children, has come. You are much too good, *ma chère petite chatte*, to worry yourself on account of a fancy of mine for chickens. I did not intend to give you any trouble, but only for

you to say to some good farmer : "Find me some beautiful large fowls of a breed famous in England for my old grandmother, who is in her second childhood." I had some formerly at Sorgvliet, of great beauty. Ours here are very pretty though more like pigeons in size. But please remember that they detest black ones here, because all the peasants keep chickens, and black ones spoil the breeds. They only like the quite white ones with black tufts (but *none* without tufts, however fine they are) and those well mixed with gold, brown, green and blue. The more the colours are mixed, the more they are sought after. As for the cock, I will keep him in my garden in town, for my big cock there, who is a regular Bonaparte, would eat him alive. Give me news of your dear husband, whom I do not forget for a moment, and pray God to preserve to you. Tell me where to send your porcelain, which is tired of waiting for you. *Adieu, mon enfant.*

The 10th August, 1798.

So you are altogether now with that *belle petite mère, mes chers enfants !*

How I am to be pitied, a hundred leagues away from you ! Without hope of ever going to you !

I give myself at least the feeble but the only consolation that remains to me, that of chatting to my dear three Graces !

I am awaiting at any moment the visit of some one with whom I am much taken up. Recollect that he

is neither your brother, nor your brother-in-law, nor your cousin.

Nothing of the sort ! Not even a German from that poor Holy Empire so ill-treated by those ruffians.

He is 30 years old, well set up, gentle, timid, feeling. He has wit, but does not advertise it. Courage and modesty also.

All that is very well, but you will say, how does that concern an old grandmother of 83 ?

It concerns her a great deal, my disdainful ladies ! And you too, Monsieur le Basilisk, whom I perceive there in a corner ready to utter to his friend the Philosopher a sarcasm at my expense !

I will therefore hurriedly add another feature to the portrait which will close all your mouths. It is that the person in question is passionately attached to the Duke of Portland, swears only by him, and nearly fainted with delight the other day when he saw the portrait of him you sent me.

Well, then, you silly ladies, what have you to say after that ?

But wait ; I have not told you everything. I warn you all three (and His Excellency the Governor of Martinique and of Canada blowing hot and cold at the same time), and that proud Hawkings on the deck of his "Formidable," and the dear *grand garçon* if Heaven brings him safely home, that you are all condemned to love this person. You are all to await my orders, and I will fix the moment when you are to begin.

Meanwhile it is for you to guess whom you must love with all your hearts if you wish for my blessing.

This is the individual whom I am expecting, and whose visit prevents me from writing more than to tell Henriette that I received her little letter yesterday enclosing one from my *bien aimé* Guillaume, which rejoiced my heart. *Adieu, mes chers enfants.* The old owls at Elphinstone are a hundred times happier than those of Embsbuttel, a hundred leagues away from you! The Philosopher says Amen, and is at your feet.

The 24th August, 1798.

Well, my beautiful three Graces, what are you doing with yourselves during your pleasant time presided over by my Basilisk?

Your cousin Jean came from Varel to see me about a fortnight ago. He wished to make a little tour in Holstein, to amuse and instruct himself. That little country is beautiful enough and prosperous enough to deserve a visit. I was ill nearly all the time he was here, and on several occasions I could not even see him. The Philosopher did him the honours of the house and of the town to the best of his ability. The poor fellow took it all in good part and without ceremony. He improves greatly on acquaintance, never putting himself forward. He is sensible and thoughtful and prepares materials, by instructing himself while young, to avoid boredom when old. He most certainly is not the least of the four brothers, though he may be the least brilliant! It was he with whom I got on best at first of the whole



COUNT JEAN CHARLES BENTINCK

Grandfather of the present Count Bentinck and husband of Lady Jemima,
or "Jaqueline"

From a picture in the possession of Count Bentinck

Batavian family. He has good principles, he is not lazy nor idle, nor particularly selfish. He has the happiness of possessing a charming wife (according to what every one says, for I have not seen her), he knows her value, and it is a marriage that gives one pleasure to see.

The day after he left the great news began to come, but it is so contradictory and at the same time so detailed that one cannot tell at all what to believe. One rumour is that Bonaparte has arrived in Egypt and taken possession of Alexandria. The other that he was totally defeated and made prisoner between Candy and Egypt, and further that he is a prisoner in the hands of the English, having given up his sword to Nelson, dying. You cannot imagine the impatience with which we await the explanation of all this. They argue, they bet. For my part I do neither, but I suspend my judgment, ardently and uselessly hoping for your victories. They are much to be desired, for one can no longer make headway against the insolence of those rogues and the cowardice of our German courts, especially that of Berlin, which that monster Syeges (a veritable demon incarnate) has plundered to a pitable extent. In a few days we shall know the true from the false, and if you have obtained, which I hope but dare not believe, that superb victory which will so greatly change the face of affairs and perhaps may save our unhappy empire, betrayed and abandoned by its head, and by its members! If you had taken Dunkirk or Ostend, oh how this victory would have crowned it all! *Adieu, petite chatte.*

The 7th September, 1798.

I was horror-struck, *ma chère petite chatte*, when I heard of the French attack on Ireland. She seems to me threatened with terrible consequences. God grant that I may be mistaken.

However ignorant one may be of high politics, one cannot help occasionally venturing to express an opinion founded on plain common sense. The more one reads, and hears men who know discussing things, the more often I ask why England, which is so directly threatened by an army openly called The Army of England, does not hasten to defend her own territory, especially Ireland, so recently subdued by fear and treated afterwards with such dangerous kindness? Why break your noses against Ostend and Dunkirk, allow fifteen hundred or a thousand prisoners to be taken in order to smash a few boards of the floodgates which will only provide employment for workmen to mend this slight damage? Those two thousand men and those five or six vessels are sufficient to guard Rochefort and spare Ireland that alarm.

Now as to your luminous directions. I began by having all the hotels in the town searched for four captains of the Royal Navy. You gave me neither their names nor that of any of the ships. All had left for Cuxhaven. The poor Philosopher was in despair, as he likes to carry out whatever he undertakes. He discovered one of them through an acquaintance at Cuxhaven, who will follow your directions as well as we could do ourselves. To-day

or to-morrow therefore we shall send off the twelve cases of porcelain with a letter, and all marked H.W. If I were in town I could have looked out for you some pieces of old porcelain of mine, but if the address of the cases I am sending to Evan Nepean, Esq.,¹ can be used again later on I will send them to you then.

I sent the *Eau chasse Lunettes* and my catalogue of medals for Henriette, by Mr. de Diemar. She tells me she has received it, and a week later you ask me Mr. de Diemar's address, whom you say you have hunted for everywhere. Do you not all three deserve to be smacked?

The behaviour of the French troops which landed in Ireland seems to have been admirable. Their discipline was perfect, there was no looting, and the utmost courtesy was observed towards the inhabitants of Castlebar and Killalla, both of which were in their hands. "Nor was urbanity of manner, and a total absence of dishonesty, confined to those in command. The conduct of the whole was exemplary." Further, the French literally wore themselves out in trying to hold their allies, the rebels, in check, protecting the loyalists against their excesses.

The 21st September, 1798.

Méchantes petites bamboches that you all are to let your poor old grandmother die of fear when she

¹ Mr. Nepean was Secretary to the Admiralty.

thinks of all that is going on with you, without any one having the humanity to write her a few lines and rescue her from her sufferings.

Within the last twelve or fifteen days the French have made a successful attack on Ireland, the Duke of Portland has had a terrible fall from his horse, a fearful earthquake has destroyed part of the Antilles.

It is now five weeks and the tenth post since I had one single line from any member of the family, to whom apparently it never occurred that all these catastrophes would rend my heart. It is the fall of the Duke of Portland which affected me most and about which I should be in mortal anguish were it not for the great kindness of our Minister, the Chevalier Crauford, who had the thoughtfulness to reassure me about it. I am always uneasy about St. Vincent, though happier now that I know the explosion took place at Guadaloupe. And as to Ireland, thank God Lord Cornwallis has finished it all off in such a way that one breathes again.

In this part of the world they say that your Admiral Nelson has at last found Bonaparte. After playing hide and seek for a very long time with him, he finally heard that that proud Artaban had disembarked in Egypt, and happier in the moment of his arrival than in the length of his search, he discovered him at the moment when the Turks and Arabs were shooting at him from all sides, and burnt and sent to the bottom the whole of his fleet off the coast of Egypt. This is what the Sublime Porte has officially notified to the Ministers of all the Powers at Con-

stantinople, and the report seems authentic. The few French vessels which escaped destruction, not knowing that this fine parade was without the consent of the Porte, fled to the harbour of Rhodes and Candy, where the Turks in their fury seized and massacred most of them. How will the French government explain these two blunders to a nation which, they say, can read a good deal better than is at all necessary?

I am very good, or rather very foolish, to tell you all this, young and blooming as you are, while you don't write me one word, old, suffering, decrepit as I am! *Adieu, petites méchantes*, whom I will try and love as little as I possibly can. Heaven convert you and bless you.

The 23rd October, 1798.

No, *ma belle petite chatte*, neither the map of St. Vincent nor the Silhouettes have reached me! If you had told me to whom you confided them I would have seized him by the throat!

I am in bed, suffering greatly not only from my eternal arm but also from a leg. My old doctor, Mr. Reimarus, does not practise any more. He was not much use, but in the Kingdom of the Blind even one-eyed men are thought to have good sight. One must cure oneself therefore by instinct and suffer rather than risk a worse misfortune. You suggest that my chemist might do my arm good. My chemist, *ma chère petite chatte*, lives at Altona, and consequently has never seen me nor my arm in his life. I have no surgeon, since they are all either assassins or charla-

tans, and no one but my maid who dresses my arm twice daily has seen it. It is eleven or twelve years since this *bois de garou*¹ has martyred it. One puts it on in the evening and next morning one dresses the place with an excellent soothing drug which alone saves me from inflammation (it is called marsh-mallow).

The portrait of Nelson will give me as much pleasure as it will my little Secretary, who is a painter by instinct and she will perhaps copy it for some adorer of that hero. I shall soon send you him who must be loved by you all, and also by Hawkings and *grand Guillaume*. In their absence I appoint the Greffier Fagel your guardian, and he will tell you that he has full powers. It is at Wimbledon, near London, that he is staying.

I embrace you with all my heart. Give me news of your tiny invalid.

The 30th October, 1798.

Ma chère petite chatte,—I feel a little nearer to you when you are in London than when you are trotting about the world. You must be tasting the general joy at victory after victory for an entirely just cause, and in the success of which your illustrious protector, your benefactor, the respected head of your family, has so considerable a part! I really do not know any position so enviable! It is true that this brilliant position is like a beautiful rose with very sharp thorns,

¹ A piece of wood from a plant of the daphne order. A wound from it has an irritating effect.

but, *ma chère Sophie*, how can one hope for felicity on earth absolutely free from all pains? Has God created a world and all its eternal and unique consequences for you alone? At any rate, He seems to watch over you in a very special manner after giving you a destiny such as the greatest princess (your poor Princess Royal, for example) would envy.

Give me news of your mother-in-law. How she interests me after the superb present she made you of such a husband! I knew his character even by his gestures, when he exclaimed, giving me a little dig in the ribs, in French only half pronounced, "Do you think I have not a mother also?" If I lived for centuries I should never forget the scene! I replied, without his being able quite to follow me, "I don't know if you have a mother, but I know very well that I should like to be her!" The little Countess and the *grand garçon* who were near us began to laugh, and she said, "But you can't understand him! I think, however, you are quite right!" I assured her that though I did not understand English I understood him, and that his heart and mind had made themselves known to me and my opinion was formed. Give me news therefore of that good mother and venerable father who have given such fine examples of fidelity and virtue. You could not talk to me of anything that would interest me more keenly.

Here our tricoloured cocades, usually so insolent, are hanging their heads the last few days. The French Consul-General has had an order to call upon

all the French republicans without exception who are vegetating in the Circle of Lower Saxony, on behalf of the five kings, to go (that is, all those married or single, of the age marked in the conscription, from 18 to 50) to Paris, and be enrolled there to serve their country, under pain if they refuse, and if they have property or relations in France, of seeing their possessions confiscated for the Nation and their relations put in prison, till they come and do their duty. This violence (which has frightfully upset the regicides, who are only getting what they deserve) proves the extremity to which those monsters in Paris are reduced! During the last few days there has been a rumour that the King of Prussia begins to alter his policy and to approach the allies. God grant it be so!

My heart overflows with joy. Your tribunals have pronounced in favour of Mr. Hartsinck. They have rendered him *full* justice. He is a little hot-headed and as lively as a petard, but an honest man, incapable of fraud and full of honour. His wife has behaved divinely.

Adieu, ma belle petite chatte.

The 7th November, 1798.

A violent and sudden attack prevents my writing at length, *ma chère petite chatte*. A friend who has been staying with me for several weeks will give you news of me if his *affairs* and his *duties* permit him to remain in London. As he has none of the defects of his companions in misfortune, and much of the charm

of his nation without its vices, as he has seen a great deal—Egypt, the Nile, Greece, the Philosopher and your grandmother—you will find plenty of subjects for conversation. If he does not call on you, it will not be his fault. If he does, receive him with your usual kindness. He is the Chevalier de B . . . t . . . He will tell you his name himself.

The 20th November, 1798.

Ma chère petite chatte,—I will not talk to you of my health as there is nothing good to be said about it, and it is not well to speak evil of one's neighbour.

I will entertain you with pleasanter things. First I will describe the great effect your fine print of Nelson caused here. Directly it came the Philosopher took measures to have it framed. It was finished the same evening. The next day it was hung in one of my reception rooms between the beautiful sea pieces of Lord St. Vincent of the 1st June,¹ which I also owe to my dear children. The same evening my assembly was by chance especially brilliant. Mr. Crauford, your vigilant Minister, appeared first, and was much gratified on beholding the little Countess and the Philosopher, torch in hand, decorating the shrine of the hero of the Nile. Soon after came the Imperial Minister and his *Chargé d'Affaires*, the

¹ I have the original paintings, from which these prints were made, in my possession. The prints were issued by subscription, in connection with *cher Guillaume's* book describing the 1st of June. Charlotte Sophie Bentinck's name is amongst those who subscribed, and the work contains a key to the pictures, which are by Robert Cleveley, R.N. I also have a MS. plan of the battle.

Russian Minister and that of Brussels with their wives, many ladies, emigrants, foreigners, all admired and rendered homage. Finally three still more distinguished people arrived, Baron de Taube,¹ friend and favourite of the King of Sweden; the intimate adviser of the Russian Emperor, Mr. d'Alopeus, and finally, above all, the too famous Baron de Breteuil.² Each offered his grain of incense. I had supplied the little Countess with ribbons and fans *à la* Nelson.³ They got up from their play to look at it once more, and the ladies kissed it. In fact, *ma chère petite chatte*, your kindly gift occasioned a sort of worship, the sight of which would have amused you. If the hero's ears did not burn, they were wrong, for assuredly he was thoroughly caressed for two or three hours and with right good will.

They repeatedly tell me that every one will now fall upon those accursed French. They even say so at Vienna, declaring that the Emperor will command in person in Italy, while they send the poor Archduke Charles to the mouth of the Rhine. In spite of all that, and in spite of the fact that they believe the King of Prussia has repented and will give 160,000 to the allies, the spectre of Count Cobentzl is always⁴ before me, and I shall only believe in war when I see

¹ Baron Taube was Count Axel Fersen's great friend.

² Baron Louis Auguste de Breteuil, Minister under Louis XVI. 1730-1807.

³ These ribbons were decorated with patriotic inscriptions, according to the description in the *Dunkelgraf*.

⁴ The Austrian diplomat (born at Brussels) who negotiated the treaty of Campo-Formio.

it. Alas ! If it is not well managed, if they neglect to turn this moment to account, when the successes of Nelson, of Cornwallis, of Waaren, the discontent in the Low Countries, in Liège, in Holland, in Rome, in Malta, even in France, facilitate everything ; if they leave the republicans time to prepare to detach the allies from each other, to intimidate other nations once more, to gain but one battle, all, yes *all* will be lost. *Adieu, ma chère enfant.*

On December 18th Otteline wrote to tell Charlotte Sophie that her grandson had regained his liberty : “ Mon cher Rhoon m’écrit lui même qu’il attend au plus tard dans une couple de jours ses passeports pour pouvoir se mettre en route. . . . Je suis trop heureuse et presque hors de moi. Les hommages de votre posterité et de votre bien heureuse.

“ OTTELINE.”

The following letter to Charlotte Sophie from her grandson Charles is of interest :—

“ You will have seen from the tone of my last letter that we feared the overwhelming blow which has fallen on us in the death of that good Prince Frederick of Orange just at the moment when his worth had placed him in a position to be so useful to the common cause. To the fine qualities which go to form a great man he united all the virtues of an individual who in private and with his friends contributes to the charm of life. He had, more than any one else I know, the art of capturing hearts, and

amidst his brilliant successes and all his occupations and dangers he never ceased to give proofs of his interest in and affection for those who were faithful to his house during and since his reverses and all the misfortunes which obliged him to quit the United Provinces.

“We, more than any one, have proved how incapable he was, under any circumstances whatever, of forgetting those who were attached to him, and in him my brother Henry loses a friend whom he will regret all his life and of whom he will never think without emotion. As for me, I felt deeply the friendship he showed me on every occasion, and I loved him as if he had been my brother. It is not a fortnight since Mr. de Rhoon wrote to him and told him that few things had consoled him during his imprisonment so greatly as the kindnesses he had had from his hands.”

The 29th January, 1799.

At last, *ma chère petite chatte*, and you too, my amiable Henriette, I have all my treasures. The really delightful casquet, the map of St. Vincent, the silhouettes for Countess Tierheim! I am enchanted! The Philosopher, who is thought a good judge, says they are perfect, but require the greatest care not to be injured. I did not know you were so skilful, and my grandmotherly pride is indeed great!

I did nothing but play with all these things this morning instead of writing. Alas! I tried to forget for an hour or two that poor Prince of Orange, that



WILHELMINE MARIE, PRINCESS OF ALDENBURG

née Princess of Hessen-Homburg, mother of Charlotte Sophie, Countess Bentinck

From a painting in the possession of Count Bentinck. The painter of this and some other family portraits of about the same period is unknown, but may have been Johann Philip Weissbrod.

poor King of Naples.¹ My only happy moments I owe to my dear children, overwhelmed as I am with pains, sorrows and regrets. I will keep as the apple of my eye the charming casquet. All Hamburg will admire it and envy me my Henriette. I shall study the map of St. Vincent, and bless *ma chère petite chatte*. I will send the silhouettes to Countess Tierheim, to whom they will give very great pleasure.

The 19th February, 1799.

It is useless to write to you, *ma chère petite chatte*, for nothing can leave our port nor enter yours. What I wrote you three weeks ago is still at Cuxhaven, and we also await five or six of your posts.

We are worn out by a cold so intense that no one remembers anything like it. I perfectly recollect the year 1740,² famous for its frosts. I did not understand then what it meant to suffer from cold. Accustomed to the cold of the north, going out at midnight to shoot black-cock by moonlight, I laughed heartily at our tender sportsmen, whose teeth chattered in spite of all their wraps, while I went on foot from my mother's house to the castle in a transparent dress, no sleeves, silk stockings and muslin petticoat without feeling any discomfort, though a glass of water on my mantelshelf was frozen. From their observations they say that the present cold is much greater than it was then or than Germany has experi-

¹ The flight of the Royal Family of Naples to Palermo on board Lord Nelson's vessel.

² Charlotte Sophie was then twenty-five.

enced for four centuries. There must be some hot-headed spirits in the atmosphere who are trying to impart ideas of liberty and equality to the winds and tempests, and as a result all is topsy-turvy up there while we perish of cold and hunger !

I am doing a book for the dear *grand garçon*. Each day I write for an hour in it. I have undertaken to tell him all that has happened during the last seven or eight months on the Continent. It will be very badly done, for the task is too great for me. But it will be better than nothing. As soon as the sea is free from ice the volume, which is becoming enormous, will leave, with a parcel of books which I have collected for him.

We have had a very unpleasant time here the last three or four weeks, *ma chère Sophie*. The Italian newspapers, copied by those of the Empire, told us cruel and humiliating news of the Duke de la Trémoille, Prince de Tarante (my near relation, the grandson of my father's uncle), whose brother Prince Louis de la Trémoille was, and still is, staying with me. The Duke is a general in the King of Naples' service, and was commanding the advance-guard at the battle of Calvi. The papers said that the chief cause of the loss of this decisive battle was the treachery and cowardice of the Duke. You can imagine that this was enough to strike us to the soul with horror. Two brothers have already died like heroes in God's cause and that of the King's, and the one who is here has sacrificed himself for the last seven or eight years and has given up such small

means as were left him, has lost his health and has risked his life at least twenty times. He was absolutely petrified with horror. In fact, I feared he would not be able to survive the frightful idea of seeing the head of his house covered with shame. We had the sad task, the Philosopher and I, of trying to calm him, under circumstances which seemed without remedy. Heaven came to our help in a way we had not dared to expect. In spite of the enormous difficulty the Court of Vienna itself experiences in obtaining news from those Italian places, we were so fortunate as to receive two letters (one from a general officer of the first rank and in the same service) which not only completely effaces that black calumny, but tells us that, far from having been wanting in courage and fidelity to his sovereign and his benefactor, the Duke de la Trémoille, in resisting those traitors who wished to give themselves up to the French, did everything that the greatest zeal and valour could inspire and nearly fell a victim himself, but escaped as by a miracle from the rage of those regiments which had been corrupted and seduced by the French. Neither he nor his colleague, the brave Chevalier de Saxe, could avoid their malicious and infernal slanders, the falsehood of which is now publicly proclaimed, and the King, his master, is informed of and touched by his fidelity, his innocence and his misfortune. We were transported with joy at the news, which gave new life to our amiable young Prince, who has made himself loved and esteemed by every one and whose state was pitiable. I entreat you to tell all this to

the Duke of Portland ; the prince also urgently desires it, considering his esteem one of the greatest treasures in the world and knowing his brother's honour safe in the eyes of the majority when the Duke himself pronounces it to be above reproach. I have not the strength to write more, the season is too severe for my decrepitude. Write this also to your husband, *ma chère Sophie*, for I do not want him to have a bad opinion of my country. I esteem him too much myself for that.

The 5th March, 1799.

Oh ! Oh ! *Madame l'Admiralle* ! So you are four times as happy as all the queens in the world ! You are right ! And I also, for I am just as pleased as you are ! The only difference is that I have nothing more pressing to do than to rejoice, while as for you were it not for that kind and good Henriette I should only owe this great and sweet obligation to the newspapers ! Patience ! Water always falls faster than it rises, it is a law of nature and perhaps of mind also. One must therefore reverence it. What makes me mix my wine with water is that your sister adds to her excellent news that you are suffering from rheumatism, for which you are going to be treated at Bath. God grant it may not be *flying gout*, an unbearable ill and without remedy, as my cruel experience can testify.

I admit, *ma chère Sophie*, that one of my great ambitions (I who allow myself none) was to see your excellent husband raised to this rank before I died. There remains now to me only to see my *cher grand*

garçon accorded the same position, and I shall then sing till it bursts your head :

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace !"

He can now perhaps have a word to say to that famous Nelson, who possibly had only behind him opportunity and good fortune. These are much, but how can one tell ? That dear Hawkings does not stand badly either with Dame Fortune. She is a pretty woman. How could she resist him ? And then he has but too many opportunities !

You shake your head ! You don't agree. You wish your grandmother would hold her tongue ! You prefer to keep your husband for yourself alone, free from danger and from that barbarous chimera, called Glory.

You are right, but I, who desire him for the good of all, I am not wrong.

If it were a question of an ordinary war, if it were a matter of conquering a province or putting a name on the column of fame, I would say that the heart of my *pauvre petite chatte* comes before these.

But, *ma chère fille*, the salvation of the whole world is at stake ! That of England, that of Christendom, that of the Universe ! Therefore, *ma pauvre enfant*, there cannot be, there must not be any question, and the tenderest heart has nothing to oppose to such pressing duties ! It is not Glory, it is Duty, and Honour. The greater talents your husband has, the more does he belong to that great cause, and our worthy Hawkings is of this category, knows it and

would agree with me. Remember, therefore, your mother, and copy her! Be angry with me, but satisfied with yourself. At this price only is one happy, all the rest is illusion.

I am delighted to hear that you are going to enjoy a little respite from your anxieties at Bath. You need it after so much uncertainty, and our dear Admiral himself has been rocked enough by Neptune to want a little rest on dry land. It will be only to *reculer pour mieux sauter!* If you beat me, I shall always think like this!

But no! I do you all injustice. You will not beat me. My Sophie will not be an ordinary woman. She will deserve to be the wife of Admiral Hawkings.

Meanwhile, *ma chère petite chatte*, all my good people are overjoyed. They will not be content unless they turn the house out of windows this evening! I have told little James to do the honours. We shall see how he boasts of his illustrious Godfather. Every one in my house adores the sweet nature of your dear husband, and though we are only fat Germans, he will be glad to be loved by us.

The spring is enchanting. I am enraged that I must lie on my sofa and cannot walk one step. This season used to be my delight. It is now only a tantalization!

We do not know what is happening, either at Rastatt or anywhere else. Perhaps before I close this we may hear more. In that case I will add it, for now that the Admiral is with you you will know that the world contains a Germany, a Rhine, a

House of Austria, a refractory Court at Berlin, a Russia and, which is worse, an Italy and an Egypt. I will give you news of all, since you have some one by you who understands.

It is thought that the French will declare war on the Emperor, who has not courage to declare it on them. The death of the old Elector has upset all his egoistic plans. There is no nerve anywhere but in those rascals of French.

The 5th April, 1799.

Ma chère petite chatte,—Nine or ten English posts have extricated themselves from the ice and I received two letters from you.

Your amiable letter of February 12th, in which you so cordially tell me of your husband's nomination, renews all the lively joy I felt when first I heard of it. For ten years nothing has given me so much pleasure. I found amongst other letters a recent one from Henriette, saying that you find the waters are doing you good and that all the family is well and happy.

I suppose the dear Admiral can no longer be sent except with a squadron under his orders, but there is so much to be done by England on all sides, around your own coasts, towards Port Mahon, in the Mediterranean where you reign to-day, in Egypt, in the Archipelago, that I fear the respite will not be long. You will therefore have to prepare, *ma pauvre chère enfant*, to hear him spoken of again, which I know you pay dearly for though he does not. So that I may not quarrel with either of you I will not say

what I think, but if one or other of you could look into my heart you would both be content.

I should like him to explain for the repose of my soul, why that Lord Jervis St. Vincent (whom I was mad about) has played Sir Sydney Smith false in the Archipelago and upset all his measures, disputing his position, while even if Sir S. Smith was in the wrong and had overstepped his authority it would have been wiser to keep silence till affairs in Egypt were finished, so as not to interfere with the plans of the allies made for the good of the cause in general, rather than sacrifice it to private jealousies and wranglings. If I argue wrongly and am mistaken no one is better able to correct me than Admiral H., and I am quite ready to submit my judgment, my opinions and my convictions to him. Embrace him with all your heart for me. I assure you that in my own way, at 83 years old, I love him just as tenderly if somewhat more calmly than you do yourself. Give me news of his father and mother, in whom I am greatly interested.

The 19th April, 1799.

I write to you though half dead, *ma chère pauvre petite chatte*, but you move me to such pity that I believe if I were actually dead I should rise up again to try and calm you and soften your grief.

Do not think, *ma chère enfant*, that because I am so old and a grandmother I do not understand that sentiment and tenderness which puts you to such martyrdom. Nature gave me also just as great a

power of feeling as she gave you, and though fortune has been less favourable to me than to you I have still amidst hundreds of trials kept the same disposition, and shall keep it to the grave. Those who lived with me during the age when one feels and lives, said my heart was so tender that I poured out as much feeling on my parrot and my little dog as my companions gave their sisters and their neighbours.

Put yourself quite at your ease with me therefore. I understand as well to-day as I should have twenty-five years ago how one can love (yes, even to madness) an amiable creature like Hawkings. I will say more ! Knowing him as I do, my friendship for you would be greatly diminished if you cared for him less !

You wish to beat me ! And why ? Because I ventured a hope that I might see Hawkings double the winnings of Nelson ! Well, that is true, I did express that wish, and I hope for it still. I do not love him the less. I shall not be less anxious about him ! But this is how I look at it.

My way of loving has always had more to do with the object of my friendship than with myself. I should perhaps have died of fear ; but as the well-being of that dear mortal follows the road which his noble way of thinking obliges him to choose, I force myself, no matter what it costs, to think, to desire, to will for him as he does himself ! I wish him to be happy in his own way, and not *in mine*. I myself, considering my sex and my principles, could well do without that smoke which is called *Glory*. I do not mind, if you wish, admitting to you that it is but one

of those chimeras, consecrated by the thoughtless prejudice and turbulent passions of the nations.

But in spite of all that, since that dear Hawkings has been born and brought up amidst a sex and a society where this chimera *has passed into a law*, since they have attached *honour* to it (which a fine soul like that of your husband would always look on as an object of deepest respect), and since no one, not even were he in the right, should for an instant refuse adherence to what has been consecrated by public opinion ; it is essential, before he can enjoy a happy, respected, peaceful life, that you should give way (while groaning within yourself) to this invincible general prejudice. It is, I allow, the cruel thorn hidden by the beautiful rose that adorns you.

I have, I admit, formed the wish (calculating on this chimera which I know but respect) that your husband may be the counterpart of Nelson. I do not mean by that that I wish him to return to you with the loss of an arm and an eye ! But I hope that being a sailor and an Admiral he will find opportunity at the time of life when his health and vigour are at their best, and during these brilliant events to assist a good, an excellent cause, and to establish an undying name and reputation. You wish to beat me, *pauvre chère petite chatte*, but come, reflect a little and answer to yourself, but not to me, a question I am going to put to you.

Suppose the contrary to my hopes. Suppose they had left that dear Hawkings quietly not only at Bath but in London, with you. That this frightful war,

glorious to no one except to your navy, after having given the opportunity to numbers of your admirals, old and young, to immortalize themselves in the annals of their nation, was over, while your husband at his fireside was forgotten, and you heard whispered around you, "There is an Admiral who became one by interest alone. He has done nothing. They dare not give him an important command since he is a mere *protégé*."

Tell me honestly, *ma chère enfant*, if you would not be in despair, if you would not be in the very depths of misery? For you know too well the delicacy of feeling and noble way of thinking of him to whom you have the happiness to be united, not to be certain that the whole of his precious life would be poisoned by an injustice so cruel. You would be reduced either to contemplate his unhappiness or to hope that eventually circumstances would arise, far less favourable than now, when he himself would be unaccustomed to fatigue, at a more advanced time of life and on a less brilliant stage and perhaps a more dangerous one, when he would have to regain what he would now have lost, and rehabilitate himself, and even then it would be worth nothing compared with the glory of being distinguished at the right moment!

Well, *chère petite chatte*, was my wish so opposed to your well-being? Have I loved Hawkings less because I think and wish as he does? And do you still wish to beat me, who love him so heartily?

The confidence and esteem of the King and government which he has received as the price of his talents and zeal give me great pleasure, I confess. I shall not tremble the less with you, but after all consider how rare it is for an Admiral to be wounded or killed. Look at your greatest seamen who grew old and died in their beds after making immortal reputations. Nelson is the only one who was wounded, while Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Duncan and many others dead and living carried their white hair with glory. Thus will your excellent husband do also, *ma chère Sophie*. Let him gather a few laurels, ask God with me to watch over him and keep him so that he may return to you, esteemed, considered, happy, and able to enjoy that tranquil life after his own heart, and worthy of him, and pluck that rose which will then be without thorns, thanks to a long and advantageous peace.

Are you still so anxious to beat me? And if it relieves you, *pauvre petite femme*, beat me and I will gladly endure it.

The journey of your poor amiable sister grieves me bitterly, that terrible voyage, the air of Canada. I am not sorry to see my Basilisk occupied in so flattering a way, his character, his talents deserved it, for he is not made for idleness. But the danger to your sister's health, and the distance from all her family, causes me real sorrow.

Finally, I come back to my old principle, that Providence knows much better than we do the roads by which it conducts us, and that when we get to the



LADY MILNES, DAUGHTER OF CAPTAIN J. A. BENTINCK AND
WIFE OF SIR ROBERT SHORE MILNES

From a picture in the possession of the Duke of Portland,
painted at Naples in 1793

end of them we nearly always see that they were the best and happiest for ourselves.

Leave it, therefore, and do not murmur. Let us venture to confide in its wisdom and kindness, which in the end will turn everything to our advantage! It is not always by the smoothest and easiest roads that one reaches the most beautiful cities and the most attractive resting-places!

Tell me about little Henry Milnes. Is he also going to Canada? And the unfortunate eldest one?

Adieu, *ma chère petite chatte*, I have done my very utmost in writing this. Do not leave me without news of you.

With regard to the two Milnes boys, both perished in the service of their country. One was drowned in Canada, the other was killed at Waterloo.

Mr. Henry Aldenburg Bentinck has a beautiful volume containing his grandfather's (*cher Guillaume's*) Journal of his travels in Canada in 1800. He spent some time there with "Charlotte and Milnes," and stayed at Montreal with Mr. Frobisher, where he met "Mr. Mackenzie, the celebrated North-west traveller, a very gentlemanlike, pleasant man, of whose travels I will give you a short sketch as I had it from himself." The object of the journey was to find a better route for sending furs to China than that through the States. By means of astronomical instruments Mr. Mackenzie steered

his way through a country till then unvisited by a white man. He set to work "as if he had to cross the ocean ; these instruments being made of brass and kept very bright, filled the natives with astonishment, and he thinks contributed greatly to his success. When they observed him looking at the skies with these shining instruments and determining his course by them they conceived that he must be some superior being who had the power of conversing with what deities they supposed resided above."

The 7th May, 1799.

Ma chère petite chatte,—I have you much and painfully in my heart and thoughts. I see by the newspapers that your amiable husband has left to take command under Lord St. Vincent of the Fleet before Cadiz.

It is always a great and double sorrow to part from one whom one loves and to know he is in danger.

But these are the smallest trials of the just results of his vocation. Put yourself for a moment in the place of so many wives and sisters and mothers and daughters who also tenderly cherish those belonging to them, who see them sent to the East and West Indies, to the coast of Ireland or to the mouth of the Nile. Admit that in comparison you are most fortunate. I know very well that cold logic, however true, does not cure a heartache. I only want to point out that things might be far worse.

I must tell you from poor Thérèse Tierheim of a great sorrow she has had. This is what she says in her letter of April 25th, which I received yesterday. After a few words as to the successes in Italy, she adds :—

“The famous day of the 5th near Verona cost dearly to my heart. My old, my best friend, the worthy Count de Fiquelmont, was mortally wounded, and though I know he was still alive on the 11th and that they try to persuade me there was hope of his recovery, I have none myself. One sees by the Colonel’s letter that though admitting the slight improvement and the fact that he had lived a week, he still had but a faint glimmer of hope and I fear there is not any. In consequence, I am profoundly afflicted. I beg you to tell this sad news to our dear, kind Sophie, who knew this dear and worthy friend for whom I weep so bitterly.”

Well, *ma chère petite chatte*, here is a poor creature far more to be pitied than you. Write her a word of sympathy, I entreat you.

This letter completely spoilt my sleep last night. I suffer from a complication of ills which redouble the insomnia which has tortured me since my excess of opium at the age of 21, after the smallpox at Spa. I write with the greatest effort. *Adieu*.

The 21st May, 1799.

Your letter of the 13th of this month made my heart bleed, *ma pauvre chère petite chatte*. If the lively, sincere and tender part I take in your anguish

could relieve you for a moment, you would indeed be comforted, for God is my witness that I would die with a glad heart if I could thus preserve your husband to you. In the midst of my sufferings I heard of a friend who has all the English news and papers. I wrote to him and begged him to try to find out something about our dear Hawkings. What a joy it was to me when he replied to me as follows :—

“From London, on May 14th, they write that a Danish ship met Admiral Whitshed on the 7th of this month, 18 leagues to the west of Plymouth, with the ‘Queen Charlotte,’ and told him that the French fleet had gone towards Spain.”

He is therefore warned, and as the French had already left before, one need not fear that he will be intercepted. It is apparent that he will join the fleet of that terrible Bridport, who has so many negligences to repair if he loves his country and his honour, but at least the squadron will be so strong in numbers that our dear Hawkings will be in much less danger and will perhaps be in time, if that terrible Bridport is capable of managing things properly, to save Lord St. Vincent and Christendom !

This, at least, is how the Philosopher and my other friends argue. I hope you had the same news about the Danish vessel, which must have calmed you a little. We are passing through a cruel crisis at present. All went so well till that fatal adventure at Brest ! But God is good, *ma chère Sophie*, and our dear Hawkings has always been fortunate ! I await

news as a prisoner awaits sentence of life or death. If you could read my heart, you would be satisfied with it.

The 31st May, 1799.

Though my physical ills have increased, *ma chère Sophie*, my heart is more at rest concerning your husband, for whom I trembled lest that accursed fleet of Brest, so inexcusably allowed to escape by that sad Lord Bridport, or the storm which separated the vessels near Cadiz, had harmed him. They tell me that on the 6th May, (all danger past), he appeared with this squadron near Lisbon. I thanked God with all my heart, for I was nearly dead with fear. Little James, who two days before had made all his family devoutly pray for his dear Godfather (believing that God would pay much more attention to his father and mother and eldest brother than to him at his tender age), when they told him we had good news, "I was quite certain of it," said he, and immediately went all round the house assuring people that it was he and his family who had extricated his Godfather from danger, that he intended to continue to pray, and that positively no harm or peril would touch Hawkings in future.

Though we all laughed, the child touched us. If every one felt so ingenuously there would be no wars nor catastrophes and people would live and let live. A child's thoughts are wiser than ours. You have also touched me, *ma pauvre petite chatte*, with your generous thoughts about that poor Thérèse. Your idea betrays a noble heart, few people are capable of

picturing such beautiful chimeras. Alas ! Had they been united she would have been only the more unhappy now. I cannot but feel another sort of regret. If the august, the kind Marie Thérèse had lived it would have cost me only a simple sheet of paper, which I should have sent (anonymously even) to the Archduchess Ann ;¹ and the couple would have been happy. Joseph and Leopold have inherited nothing of their mother's way of thinking in these matters.

I long to hear that beautiful little Renie² has quite recovered and that her prettiness has not suffered. I am impatient to know what orders have been given for repairing the mistakes of Lord Bridport. I must confess if I heard that they had asked him to hand over his command to another of your clever seamen I should be delighted, and I wish that a very competent Admiral was sent at full sail after him, to dispute with those monsters the sovereignty of the Mediterranean. I am afraid that if they leave him where he is, he will do a great deal of harm.

The season begins to grow warmer at last, and the 30th *May* is almost our first day of spring.

Jean has returned to Varel, and the women and children have gone mad at the sight of his uniform.³ Henry is on his way from Demerara. Rhoon is at

¹ The Archduchess Marianne was the Empress' eldest daughter. She always was delicate in health, and for a time was Abbess of Prague

² My great-aunt Renira, afterwards Lady Bentinck. She had just been inoculated against smallpox.

³ He was in an English regiment.

Berlin and has, they say, been invited by the King to be present at the encampment at Minden. Ottelinde is with Madame de Linden at The Hague. Mitje thought of going to Berlin with Madame de Rhoon. Charles alone does nothing. I cannot understand such a state of mind at his age.

I will add the Bulletin to-morrow.

The following letter is rather long, and contains little that the history of the period does not record. But I print it in full to show what Charlotte Sophie, amidst all her infirmities of body, was capable of writing at the age of nearly 84.

The 31st May, 1799.

It is indeed amusing that an old woman of 83 in Hamburg should write a political bulletin for a young Admiral stationed near Cadiz, but the *chère petite chatte* desires it. Let us turn therefore to politics in spite of Minerva.

You must know better than we do what is happening in Italy. But in order that I may faithfully fulfil my duty as newsvendor I will begin with the following important news :—

On May 13th Marshal de Suwarow attacked between Turin and Cuneo the French army under General Moreau. The battle lasted eight or nine hours, and the Marshal says himself that it was so bloody and of such great importance that it will form an epoch in history. The French, totally defeated, left 8000 dead on the field of battle, 6000 prisoners, 150 cannon,

200 wagons of ammunition, etc., etc. The four generals are prisoners, and Moreau himself amongst them. Barely seven or eight thousand French escaped.

General Macdonald, who advanced from the direction of Naples, which he had been forced to abandon in order to try and join Moreau, was also totally defeated by the Austrians near Lucca. Turin, Tortosa and even Genoa are in the hands of the Austrians. The French have abandoned the States of the Church and even Rome itself. We await the same result with regard to Florence, and Mantua is arranging terms of capitulation, so that we look on Italy as nearly rescued from the hands of the French unless the fleet from Brest (of which 19 vessels entered the Mediterranean, having appeared on May 7th before Carthage and arrived at Toulon, whence they sailed for Malta) does not do anything to change these dazzling successes.

In the Grisons the advantages gained have been equally great. The famous Luciensteig has been carried. It was the key to Helvetia. Coire is retaken and they have made 2000 prisoners. They assure us that the French have abandoned Constance and that brave General Holtze has crossed the Rhine. By Suwarow's victory of the 13th the great plan of an uninterrupted line of communication for the Imperialists to the Mediterranean has been realized.

Wherever there are French they are in danger from the public horror they inspire. The Austrian and Russian officers have the greatest difficulty in saving them from the indignation the people feel at their false Liberty and Equality and the odious

promises of happiness with which they captivated their credulity. This pretended Public Spirit, which they declared could not be effaced, has been put out by the actions of the French themselves, who have proved its illusion. They can never relight it, while that of Religion and attachment to one's masters is born again daily with a sort of enthusiasm. An event, new and very welcome to the allies, is that the young King of Sweden has openly declared for them in the most decided way. Under the title of the Duke of Pomerania he will give a double contingent. He exhorts in the strongest terms his fellow states of Germany to satisfy their honour, their duty and their conscience towards the Empire and its head. His proclamation is short and energetic and should overwhelm with confusion those princes who refuse. They assure me that Denmark (angry, but unable to resist the Russian Colossus) will take the same side, in which case the famous comic poet Grouvelle¹ representing the republic will finally be obliged to drop the Danish Sceptre, which he has for so long held in his contemptible hands. We shall see if this proves true. In that case the King of Prussia could have a tender *tête-à-tête* with the young republic, and the

¹ Philippe-Antoine Grouvelle, poet and diplomatist (1758-1806). Of lowly origin, Grouvelle by a piece of good fortune became secretary to the Prince of Condé. He left the Prince when the revolution broke out and became Secretary to the Provisionary Executive Council in Paris. It thus fell to his lot to read to Louis XVI his sentence of death. In 1793 he was sent as Ambassador to Copenhagen. He was the author of many literary and historical works in addition to his poems and plays.

Elector of Bavaria can fill the honourable duty of holding the sponge. The King of Prussia is exercising his troops as usual, and he took the most affectionate leave of the new Director Sieyès, who replaces Reubel. He gave him his portrait set in brilliants, and he also met him and talked to him as he left the town gates. This is not generally approved of.

Mr. de Rhoon is going to be present at the camp at Minden. Ottelinde is at The Hague. The new English Colonel Jean¹ is at Varel. Henry has returned for a few months to Europe from Demerara. The Emperor of Russia wishes Hamburg to give up Napper Tandy² to the English, but the town refuses. She has behaved so well that she is in bad odour with every one. I am afraid that in the end this will lead to unpleasantness.

At Paris they launch a torrent of invectives against the Austrians, whom they accuse of having ordered the assassination of the French Ministers,³ and at

¹ John Charles Bentinck, a grandson of Charlotte Sophie.

² James Napper Tandy, the United Irishman, hero of "The Wearing of the Green."

³ The Queen of Naples is said to have been the real instigator of the act, though it was not intended to have a fatal termination. The Cabinet of Vienna, wishing to find out the extent to which the princes of the Empire had made advances to the Directory, ordered their Minister to look into it. He determined to seize the papers of the French embassy as they left Rastatt. Two of them were killed by drunken soldiers in the attempt and the occurrence aroused the military spirit of the French and caused war to blaze out again with redoubled energy. This violation of the law of nations excited the utmost horror throughout Europe.

Vienna they declare it was the Directory itself who had them murdered, to prevent them betraying in Paris the fact that the orders they had received were contrary to the wishes of the public, and to awaken French enthusiasm by covering Austria with the infamy of such an act. One wonders if this infamous mystery will ever be cleared up.

The 7th June, 1799.

Ma pauvre petite chatte, you will only have a few lines to-day. I have assembled all my forces to write the enclosed bulletin for dear Hawkings. I am suffering too much to be able to say things that will amuse him. We are furious here with Lord Bridport first of all, and then with your Admiralty which, for all its pretensions, allows everything to be ruined in the Mediterranean, knows nothing of what is going on, and has not sent even a cat to Nelson's assistance or to that of Suwarow or the Emperor, and is playing an incomprehensible game by its phlegmatism, losing all the advantages gained at the cost of so much bloodshed. So generous, so unique an ally as the Emperor of Russia, who behaves in so unparalleled a way to his friends, deserves the same treatment from them, and if he is disgusted by their negligence one perceives with horror all the evil that may result. Tell me, I beg of you, if in your Admiralty, which should watch the whole of Europe, every one has gone to sleep. I can write no more, *ma chère enfant*. I embrace Henriette and the little ones.

Bulletin. 14th June, 1799.

I venture to wager that nothing like this has ever been seen, for surely never before has any one, in full possession of her reason, tried to write a political report (of which she understands nothing) amidst those tortures of the first degree which are being applied to her. Nevertheless this is my position to-day, and though suffering like a veritable martyr, I attempt to carry it out.

In addition, I am terribly uneasy on account of the uncertainty of our maritime news and the doubt they leave me in as to the position of our dear Admiral.

Here then is my news *en bloque*, so that I may end the sooner.

A long report as to the state of affairs all over Europe follows.

Just as the post is leaving I hear that the storm has begun to grumble in Paris. The legislative corps has sent an address to the Directory asking for an explanation of their conduct. It will soon be given. Sieyès has just arrived at Paris and perhaps will even now find means to hold back the thunder.

The diary records that the celebrated Abbé Delille¹ spent the month of June at Hamburg

¹ Jacques Delille, a French poet (1738-1813). Voltaire was greatly struck by the enterprise and success of Delille, whom he recommended for election to the Academy. During the revolution he emigrated to Switzerland, Germany and London. He left behind him when he died an immense quantity of translations of classical poetry and of original work. His reputation rests on the former.



CHARLOTTE SOPHIE, COUNTESS BENTINCK

From an engraving by F. Gebruden Huch, Hanover, 1803, after a picture
by Peter Van Dyk

It is not known if this picture still exists

and often visited Charlotte Sophie, who liked him very much. Some of his letters to her from London are at Indio.

On July 4th is the entry : "The Prince de la Trémoille left to-day, having given me terrible news last night at midnight." Some letters from Baron Blome, which I print later on, refer to this.

The 5th July, 1799.

[The first part of this letter gives a long account of Charlotte Sophie's really terrible state of health and bodily sufferings. She goes on to say :—]

Will you believe me? In spite of all this, it is politics that still interest me most keenly. Nelson and Suwarow have revived me a little. They have made hope live again! May Heaven grow tired of favouring those monsters, the offscourings of humanity! At present it is your husband and the dear *grand garçon* who are most in my mind. When they bring me letters from England, Italy and Switzerland I tremble from head to foot. If only those dear objects were at rest with you, and the Milneses safely at Quebec, an immense weight would be lifted from my heart. Alas! I have no hope of going to Embsbuttél (of the good air of which I have such need), for it is impossible for me to move even from one room to another, as I cry out with pain if I stir. My surgeon and my physician (the least bad here) don't understand much about it. There are too many things wrong at the same time for them,

and they become discouraged when nothing that they advise does good. I wanted once for all to let you and Henriette and my *cher* Guillaume understand my state, so that they may be indulgent if my letters but too often reflect my ill-health. Now let us say no more about it, for it cannot help or cure me !

You want me to send you some bullfinches, and I ask nothing better than to let you share the pleasure these pretty little creatures give ; but it is so difficult that the Philosopher and I, after having cudgelled our brains, are unable to find a way to do it.

The difficulty is the journey. Only people who earn their living by means of these birds could possibly transport them in safety. There is nothing more delicate and timid than these little creatures. The least thing, a hand raised, a sudden movement, the slightest sound, alarms them, and throws them into convulsions. The motion, the rolling of a vessel, would kill a dozen and not one would survive. It is in those large cages, divided into small separate compartments, that they carry them, and the people must watch them night and day. Further, it is not till they are taken out of their narrow prisons and placed in large comfortable cages that they sing and one can judge whether they are well taught and finish their pretty songs ! How then can we find out when they arrive here in tiny cases whether they are good or bad ? And once they are put in large cages, how can we put them back into their little ones after a few

days without their suffering? Also, it is impossible to find a contractor (even from the Hartz mountains, their country, whence they come here) who, as a speculation, would send 30 or 40 with at least two men to look after them day and night, all the way to London. The greater number even so would perish on the way. I am very much surprised that they are sold for 2 or 3 guineas with you, as they cost as much here (one pays two louis for a good one which sings two airs. If he sings more he costs three or four louis). Finally, it is at the end of May that we get them here, so there will be no more till May, 1800. Do not accuse me of want of zeal in obliging you, but it is impossible to do so.

I have not strength to write a bulletin.

The 9th August, 1799.

Ma pauvre chère petite chatte,—I know how bitterly you are feeling your trials, and I share them with you. These dreadful misunderstandings between the Admirals, which have done so much harm, must be very unpleasant to your poor husband, who so strongly desires what is for the public good. We tremble for the result, the miserable doings of Lord Bridport having begun by spoiling everything and overturning all our hopes. Nevertheless, at times I flatter myself that your husband and other clever men will find a remedy, and a means of saving Portugal, Ireland, and your great expedition. I only wish you were not tormented by all this uncertainty, the worst of tortures.

The Duke of Portland's eldest son¹ has entirely captivated the friendship of Mons. de Suwarow. He warmly praises him and gives him continued proof of his confidence and esteem.

I had written to poor Tierheim to beg her to ask her relation and friend, the Marquis de Chasteler, the Maréchal de Suwarow's favourite officer, to show some kindness to these young and amiable Englishmen. She was his near relation and his friend; it is another cruel loss for her. Young Bentinck owed everything to his own merit. Please ask the *grand garçon* on his return from his property to tell the Duke that there is much talk at Vienna and in the army of Italy of the courage, amiability and merit of these young men, so worthy of such a father.

I can neither hold my pen nor keep my eyes open any longer. Recollect that I cannot focus my paper without being threatened by a stroke of apoplexy. This cruel giddiness has martyred me for the last three weeks.

I embrace you all.

The 20th September, 1799.

We were five posts behind, *ma chère petite chatte*, and I could no longer control my impatience when I

¹ This is a mistake for the Duke's *second* son, Lord William Bentinck, who had been sent by the British Government on a special mission to the Allied Army in Italy to concert measures with General Suwarow, and to re-establish communication between the combined Imperial army and the British fleet under Lord Nelson's command. Many of Lord William's papers relating to this mission are at Welbeck.



ADMIRAL SIR JAMES HAWKINS-WHITSHED, BART., K.C.B.

From the painting by David, in the possession of the
Duke of Portland

received your letter of September 6th, from Torbay. As my attacks of giddiness have ruined my sight, your pretty scribblings appeared double to me and even triple, so I had to call the Philosopher to my help. The gout exercises a tyrannical empire over him also. He had more trouble in unravelling your writing than had Lord Bridport in taking sixteen transports which did not move! At last he succeeded. I was extremely delighted to hear how well and young the *cher grand garçon* was looking. Where is he staying and where is Dame Henriette? Why did they keep you waiting four days? That dear and good girl wrote to me a week ago that they were hurrying after you to Torbay. I suppose that, as all the horses in the neighbourhood of the ports have been requisitioned for the second division, they could not get any.

You want the Philosopher to write to you for me! The poor man is nearly as bad as I am with gout in his hands and feet, and even with my infirmities I am more capable, I think, of being his secretary than he is of acting as mine. I shall write, *ma chère petite chatte*, so long as there is the smallest breath of life in me. When I cannot see, I shall write by touch. Let him read it who can! I have written continually; to you, to the *grand garçon*, to Henriette. When you are together it is all very well, but as you are like bombs which fly about, my rhetoric goes hither and thither. Hawkings, you tell me, that dear Hawkings, will embrace me when he returns to Torbay. I await it! But your amiable husband

must have longer arms than all the sovereigns of Europe in that case!

You desire peace at any price! War makes me nearly as wretched as it does you, but as I clearly see that peace could not last, nor save us from a war a hundred times more terrible still, which would perhaps lead to the destruction of everything, especially of your country and of your precious constitution, that at the end of a year (having allowed them time to recover) you would have to fight them again with all the advantages on their side, my strong common sense says, "Since Heaven at last seems with us let us not relax, let us push our advantage and not think of peace if we wish a good and lasting one, until this infernal republic is crushed and destroyed!" Then your dear husband by your fireside in his corner can listen to the pretty stories your children will tell of the exploits of your warriors and their worthy father, and even old age will have its charm for happy tender hearts, if they spend it together esteemed by their neighbours and above all content with themselves.

Do not be angry, *chère petite chatte*. This is only a grandmother's idle talk, who loves you as the apple of her eye. Say many tender things for me to your husband. I defy you to say more than I feel.

Adieu, mon enfant.

The 30th September, 1799.

Ma pauvre chère petite chatte,—So you have had the brief pleasure of seeing your dear husband for a moment at Torbay. Your situation is in my mind

day and night and rends my heart. I understand all you feel. Would to God that in thus tenderly sharing your troubles I could take them from you. But try to take courage. This cruel crisis will pass, as have so many others before.

But if you abandon yourself to sorrow you will undermine your health and will yourself poison the sweet pleasures you would otherwise share. Of what use would it be? Out of love for your dear husband himself do not grow old before your time. Try always to be pleasing to him by preserving for him a gay, amusing, pleasant companion and not one prematurely decrepit, so that he may find in you a wife who will help him to value the glory and public esteem he has secured, and with whom he can spend charming hours instead of fulfilling the duties of a sick-nurse, so tedious and wearisome that the tenderest heart has difficulty in not tiring of them. It is not enough for him to find in you a woman who idolizes him. She gives him in that case only what he deserves on account of his character. He should also find a friend. It is this delightful title, *ma chère* Sophie, which a tender, refined husband should put as the aim of all his ambition. It alone renders conjugal happiness solid and unchanging. This is what few loving wives will understand. They want a husband who loves them always, and this is impossible if he does not become the best of their friends. One always asks for youth and pleasure. One will not realize that each age has its own, and that no more than can a doll give the same pleasure to a girl of 15

that it gave to one of 7 or 8, no more can the happiness of 15 agree with that of 35. Each age, *ma chère petite chatte* (thanks to a good and generous providence), has its own charms, its own sorrows. To enjoy them all one must not expect impossibilities, nor require one's husband after fifteen or twenty years of marriage to be a Celadon. This Celadon, changed to a Pilades, will be wanting in nothing so far as feeling is concerned, and you will have gained much in security.

I am certain that in the bottom of your heart you whisper, "How little the old grandmamma understands!" But wait, and at the end of half a century remember my logic and say if I have spoken well. Friendship, *ma chère enfant*, is the *non plus ultra* of sentiment and felicity possible for poor humanity. One of our poets has well said in calling it the

"Seul sentiment de l'âme où l'excès soit permis!"

All others deteriorate and disavow it. They mix it with egoism, and friendship corrects this. It agrees with your own tastes. Very well, attach yourself to a sentiment which allows of it.

But enough of my idle talk! Scold me if it amuses you, but reflect on what I say. I desire my dear Sophie to be happy herself, and to make the best of husbands happy. He is one of the most amiable beings I know on the surface of this round ball.

If you saw the anxiety of that good Thérèse Tierheim for you and Hawkings, you would be

satisfied with her heart. Not one letter in which she does not speak of you with the liveliest interest. She hunts through all the newspapers, and as she has not seen Hawkings in them she grows impatient. I pointed out to her that it is Whitshed she will see, a name to which I have difficulty myself in getting accustomed. I began to love him under that first dear name, and I fall back into it again like a cat on her feet. It seems to me a sort of infidelity to that Tête-Blanche, but on reflection I reconcile myself at once with it. I accept the omen, *ma chère Sophie*, and rejoice in it for your sake. Fate early whitened that beautiful head it bestowed on him, but promised that only through old age shall he die !

Adieu.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE last of Charlotte Sophie's letters to her granddaughter is dated, as we have seen, September 30th, 1799, but she lived till the 4th of the following February, and there are letters to her and copies of letters from her at Indio bearing dates within a few weeks of her death.

In the case of some of these letters, though they overlap in point of date those of September, 1799, I have not liked to insert extracts on the foregoing pages, as I thought it a pity to break the continuity of so interesting a series as those of Baron Blome and the Prince de la Trémoille. There is also at Indio a good deal of political correspondence with various people in prominent positions. Most of that with the Court of Vienna went through Countess Tierheim, and Charlotte Sophie sometimes wrote to her in cipher when the news she was conveying was of great importance. On one occasion she received a warning from a member of the Directory that there was a plot to assassinate the Emperor, and Countess Tierheim,

Madame

Paris le 4 mars 1797

Je prends la liberté de m'adresser à V. E. ne sachant
comment faire passer une lettre. Jusqu'à J. H. Imp. à
qui cependant je venais donner des avis très
intéressants. Je supplie V. E. de m'indiquer une voie
de communication avec l'Empereur, et de faire savoir
à ce Prince que je suis en état de s'occuper de
grands services.

Le temps est extrêmement précieux. Vœux et souhaits
me en honorent d'une prompte réponse. Je sefois riche
sefois parti tout de suite en Express pour
Vienne mais je suis forcé d'attendre que la géomé
trie de V. E. me donne des moyens. Je la prie de
m'envoyer alégre et des sous sa réponse. Et la somme

qu'elle enverra ne sera pour les frais de voyage
d'un Express. Il n'importe surtout extrêmement de
ne pas perdre de temps.

Salut et respect
DIRECTOIRE
EXECUTIF.

adresse

à M. S. A. Deville négociant, poste restante

à Genève

mon ami. Sur l'enclume et me la fera passer
de suite. V. E. Sont la respect de garder
le plus grand secret.

J'ai l'honneur de transmettre
à V^e période de la chère
les pièces qu'elle lui a presen-
tées ci-jointes. J'espère qu'elles
sont d'une exacte et ne font
grande attention. On pour-
rait donner pour réponse
que si qu'on s'en adresse
à la chère peut être envoyée
à son adresse, on a l'adresse
de son Cabinet.

Je suis V^e d'agréer l'hommage
de mon respectueux dévouement

27 avril 1917

Colorado
H

in reply to her letter, wrote on January 6th, 1798 :—

I hasten to inform you that not only was your unaddressed letter put into the hands of Her Majesty, but also that she read it from beginning to end. She will probably give the other to M. de Thugut, so my uncle tells me.

Readers will have noticed that in spite of the alleged full vindication of the Duke de la Trémoille, his brother afterwards left Hamburg very suddenly, on account of bad news, taking leave of Charlotte Sophie late at night and obviously confiding the reason for his journey to her. Certain letters that I have found lead me to think that he went to join the Duke, and brought him back, under a false name, to Hamburg till he could get him over to England. In the following extracts from his letters he refers to the Duke (if it is he) sometimes as his prisoner, sometimes as his protégé, and sometimes as “Bruslart.”

The Prince is evidently writing in 1799, and he says :—

“I am not surprised that they spoke at P. of my prisoner, who imprudently showed himself everywhere along the whole route, as they also spoke of him at Hamburg, where they said he had *passed*, though without being very certain, but I believe I put them all off the scent. It is high time he left, and luckily

I heard yesterday evening that there are passports for him under a false name in England. I hope to send him off on Friday in the care of one to whom his life and his honour are as dear as they are to me. Perhaps I may even be able to go myself, and serve as his guide in a country I know better than he does, but I am not yet free. He spoke to me yesterday of a letter he wished to write to P. He expected to let me have it to-day. I shall have the honour of sending it to you before or after dinner."

The following is written after he had got rid of his "prisoner":—

"May I claim a moment of your time on behalf of my embarrassing charge, of whom I can only render you a positive account since yesterday? His arrival, except for a long and trying crossing, was as fortunate as was his stay here and his departure. I announced it to the Duke of Portland, who responded to my confidence in the kindest and most flattering way. The young man did the same to the Duke de Bourbon, who is now head of the western provinces, and who received him excellently. These two personages alone (with my friend who accompanied him) are aware of his existence and of his plans. I also received for him a reply from the King, to whom he had written from Trieste, referring with kindness to his misfortune and his error (I enclose this letter). I think I may be congratulated on having checked him on the edge of a precipice and placed him on a

good and not too difficult road, which may lead him to a happy and brilliant destination.

"The next time you write to Petersburg, I will ask your permission to send a note to my sister-in-law [the Duchess de la Trémoille]."

In the next letter Prince Louis says :—

"I cannot go to bed, Madame, without letting you know that I have received a letter announcing the arrival of Bruslart in London." He goes on to describe with what fervour and gratitude they drank her health, and adds : "My pen cries and swears at me when I write 'Madame la Comtesse'; I had nearly written '*ma mère*,' but one can have one mother only. So it must be '*ma tante*.'"

As for her questions about Monsieur, he says he cannot answer them because he knows nothing. He adds that there can never be any question of *indiscretion* between her and him ; she can always ask whatever she chooses. "There was no letter from England yesterday, and the previous post brought only the fact of his journey without either explanations or conjectures," but he thinks he will confine himself to a visit to "Mr. de Buckingham," which will perhaps give the opportunity for the conference with his brother, Lord Grenville, and that the Prince has returned to Edinburgh. A little later he writes :—

"I am flattered on my brother's account by the

opinion Mr. de Rhoon (after what I hear of his character) has been so good as to express. But I am sorry he only knew him during a time when he was completely crazy, with his diamonds and his swords and his fatal dreams, when it was a pity for his reputation and his own good that England had no *lettres de cachet* or *petites maisons*. Certainly after that epoch Mr. de Rhoon would not believe my brother if he said he had lost his head.

“The gazettes were, I confess to you, what I most feared. I already appreciate the silence of one, and the mildness of the other no doubt I owe to you.

“As for the reports of the Italians (the officers of the Queen’s dragoons told me so themselves at Lodi), fighting against a foreigner, I certainly expected, at any rate to see him condemned and executed in order quite to believe in it. Certainly a man who leaves such an act behind him should have wings to fly from the remorse which pursues him and the punishment which threatens him. I see this man, a week after the action, remaining quietly in a large town where he stayed before and is well known, under the eyes of a Court allied to that which he was supposed to have betrayed, in the grip of a Minister of that very Court and, they said, about to embark at Leghorn, which was occupied by Neapolitans, though he might have gone to Genoa or even to Nice. No, whatever alarm the reading of the account caused me, I still repeat with the public : ‘It is impossible.’ I might say this to strangers even if

not quite convinced myself, but when I say it to you I hope you will judge differently of it."

On the next page, copied by the Prince, is the following quotation, with no signature appended:—

"We have been very unjust to your brother ; we annoyed him in every possible way because we were shocked to see a foreigner as colonel of a regiment in which the first families in the kingdom in vain solicited a sub-lieutenancy. But he vanquished us by his personality. He proved to us that he knew more than we did, and we would now always serve with joy under his orders. But it is impossible to win over an entire army so quickly."

Amongst the Prince's letters are three to him from the Marquis de Bartélémy, after his return from Cayenne, where he had been banished. He desires Prince Louis to thank Charlotte Sophie for getting her grandsons to help him.

Louis Stanislas Kotzka, Prince de la Trémoille, was born in 1768 and died in 1837. He married in 1802 Genevieve Adelaide, Countess de Langeron, and in 1834 Augusta Murray, Countess of Dunmore.

CHAPTER XL

THE series of letters from Baron de Blome from St. Petersburg are, I think sufficiently interesting to warrant a good many extracts. The first from which I quote is dated September 14th, 1798.

Madame de Chatillon¹ has received the parcel containing her dear daughter's portrait, and the ribbon of the Order of St. Catherine, an ornament absolutely unknown to her. . . . Madame de Tarente says that her brother-in-law believes she must be dead, as he has not once had news of her. She does not think her letters are lost.

September 28th.

I am curious to know if Baron de Breteuil, citizen of Hamburg, not accustomed to find doors shut against him, will persevere till he forces yours. If he were young, like the Prince de la Trémoille, your virtue, however austere, would not be proof against him. Don't you agree with me?

October 5th.

The reconciliation of Prince Louis de la Trémoille with his sister-in-law is an easier matter than to

¹ The Duchess de Chatillon, mother of the Duchess de la Trémoille.

negotiate at Rastatt, for they never quarrelled. She is only grieved because for two years he has given no sign of life, nor of interest, nor of friendship. She heard from me with regret that his health and his eyes had suffered. Your Excellence can assure him of the interest she takes in him and her good wishes for his welfare. His journey to Mietau, where he does not intend to remain long, shows that he has been given commissions which he is perfectly capable of carrying out.

October 12th.

Our *protégé* the Prince de la Trémoille has at last written to his sister while he was at Mietau, and has sent her from there the parcel he had for her. He referred to three letters he had written her during the last eighteen months, of which she received none. They are the only ones lost of all her correspondence. This makes her doubt whether he ever wrote them. She has replied very politely, expressing her regrets at the loss of the letters. He writes that he does not know whether he will stay at Hamburg or return to England.

October 26th.

Could you send me by your doctor Schultz, who can profit by the post, the *Life of Catherine II*, and some other good books, but not the *British Mercury*, as it is impossible to get it regularly? I should also greatly like to have the third vol. of the *History of Jacobinism*.

Do you know that Alexander Kurtzrock is improving? It seems he fears the sarcasms of Mq.

de la Roche Aymonte more than he ever feared the danger of an uncertain enterprise, and that he will not allow himself to be excluded from the advantages Le Marquis and Co. could procure him in their new Society, which David still hesitates to join, losing by his fatal irresolution and misplaced temporizing the advantages he might have secured.

November 2nd.

The Prince de la Trémoille is indeed fortunate to be welcomed by Your Excellency. Who, as fully as I, can appreciate what that means, I who so often enjoyed the same happiness and know its value so well ! I can only congratulate him on all the advantages of which many of his compatriots will be jealous, though none has the same right as this Prince to your kindness and interest. I am charmed that the Prince adds discretion to his other virtues ; it is the very opposite of what one generally finds in his nation, who are usually distinguished by presumption and impertinence. That is why I would never try to attract *émigrés* to my house, observing that all those who allowed themselves to be charmed by these people ended by regretting it, wished to be quit of them, and did not know how to free themselves. Your Excellency has been equally circumspect, and the Prince must therefore be the more flattered by the exception you have made in his favour. Madame de Tarente¹ has been greatly pleased by this excep-

¹ The Princess de Tarente, Duchess de la Trémoille, sister-in-law of Prince Louis, Charlotte Sophie's guest.



THE HALL, MIDDACHTEN

Beneath this hall is a fire-proof room containing Count Bentinck's archives, many of which furnished material for this book. The cupola is decorated in commemoration of Lord Athlone's victories in Ireland

tion, and is much attached to all her relations and to those who bear her name, and she has asked me to assure you of her gratitude for your kindness to her brother-in-law. I am extremely sorry that Your Excellency does not know her personally, but if we live and circumstances are favourable I look forward to making you one day acquainted with each other. She and her mother hope to meet at Heiligenst, which would be a great happiness to them. But say nothing of this to the Prince, as it is too uncertain.

December 7th.

To read your letters, to see your writing, one cannot possibly believe, as you declare, that your bad health has affected your mind. It shows none of the feebleness of the body. . . . Your feelings are still the same, you express yourself with all the fervour of youth, your soul may be affected by your sufferings, but none the less it is full of vigour and power. This strength of temperament reassures your friends and revives all my hopes. I am certain we shall meet again, and so long as you are able to receive the Prince de la Trémoille you will not shut your door to your most devoted old servant and the most attached friend you possess.

January 18th, 1799.

I hear that Mr. de Rhoon has a passport allowing him to go to Varel, and that neither he nor Mr. Vander Spiegel owed their liberty to the interest of the King of Prussia nor to the influence of the Sieyès, but because France wished to save two others who

deserved to be hanged but whom she wished to preserve. To get over this difficulty she proposed a general amnesty, from which Mr. de Rhoon and his friends could not be excluded. So now he is safe for ever. No doubt three years of seclusion have cooled his patriotic ardour, and he will now remain quietly in the bosom of his family.

June 28th.

Speaking of the Baron de Diemar, just arrived at St. Petersburg, Baron de Blome writes: "I found him as talkative as ever, and his head full of plans. . . ."

Evidently referring to Rhoon, Baron Blome goes on to say: "The pain he gives you is a trying addition to all your bodily sufferings and your deep anxiety for the Hawkings, the Milneses, and 'Grand Guillaume,' all exposed to different dangers.

July 5th.

We have heard at last that the Prince of Tarente has disembarked at Trieste, after having been in Naples and Sicily, without being able to secure a trial by court martial, as his resignation had already taken effect. The Queen of Naples has written to his wife saying that she will say nothing to her of her husband for fear of hurting her feelings, but that she tried to be useful to him up to the last moment, and gave him a letter of recommendation for Denmark, where he intended going. To this kindness she added that of providing him with money for his journey.

I doubt if he will make his fortune in the service of Denmark.

It is evident that even to this old friend Charlotte Sophie had said nothing of the Prince of Tarente's stay in Hamburg as a "prisoner."

July 28th.

The plenipotentiary of Mr. de Rhoon and of Count Jean accompanied General Harmfurt and Baron de Diemar here. He wished to secure good officers for an expedition which will shortly embark on English vessels for Holland. Mr. de Rhoon desires the rank of Russian general officer, and thinks that owing to his popularity and the rôle he played in Holland he can be useful, but it is necessary to obtain the confidence of those who are organizing and directing the expedition. If it succeeds it should administer a severe blow to the French.

I have said nothing to you up to now about Ischariot¹ for fear of giving your feeling heart too much pain, but now that he is out of danger I need not mind what I tell you. They thought his condition hopeless, because they did not understand it. An English doctor however examined him, and found out what was wrong. If he had been as severely punished for his political faults as he has been for his bodily errors, his defenders could not have saved him, as his doctors have done. They suspect the Directory of having given him enough poison in sending him to

¹ David. I do not know if this is David, the famous painter.

Udine and to Rastatt to satisfy his disordered cravings, and of wishing to dispose of him as they did of their Ministers at the congress.

August 16th.

I pity poor Count Schulemburg because he has to go and live on his property in the country, he who is so fond of society and of towns. It is his wife's doing, for she is miserly and desires him to save all he can, counting on surviving him.

August 23rd.

If Your Excellency has followed all that Cardinal Ruffo has done to preserve the kingdom of Naples, you must admire conduct as rare in this century as it is rare for a man of his position. Amongst the troops which Admirals Antschakoff and Nelson brought to his aid there were Turks, who joined in the attack on Naples. It is pleasant to see a cardinal commanding infidels who, allied with Neapolitans, English, Portuguese, and Russians marched from there under the orders of an English naval captain to recapture Capua and Gaeta. What a strange *rapprochement* of nations as different as distant from each other! However, it is not more extraordinary to see sailors serving on land and taking towns than to see Cossacks taking French frigates, as they have just done at Leghorn.

October 11th.

I pity poor La Roche Aimont most deeply. Let us hope that at least he will be received in the army he has gone to join. I hear his son has taken a place as postmaster.



COUNT BENTINCK

“Jaqueline’s” son, father of the reigning Count

From a picture belonging to Count Bentinck



October 18th.

See what different reports are circulated ! With regard to the affair of the 19th in Holland, far from blaming the Duke of York, we pity him because of the blunders of General Hermann, which lost him the fruit of victory and delayed his progress. The more one is delayed, the more does one waste one's time and allow the other side to strengthen itself and put obstacles in one's way.

November 1st.

Chance has really brought you a fine acquisition, to which you do too much honour, for unless I am mistaken you refer to the engraving of me after the picture by Kostin, which years ago every one thought good, and which the Duchess possessed herself of. I wish the original was as near you as is the print.

November 21st.

Is it true that Mr. de Rhoon has become a soldier and a colonel in the English service ?¹

December 5th.

The Marquis de la Roche Aimont and David have again quarrelled. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other. The latter was so upset when he got the letter refusing him the help he so badly needs that he was quite ill and fainted. The Marquis was touched by

¹ Count Charles Bentinck, father of the reigning Count Bentinck, also held rank in the British army, and as a consequence his sons are Englishmen, though in Holland they are Dutch and in Germany (being Counts of the Empire) they are German.

the effect his note had produced, and promised to continue to lend his aid. Your Excellency who likes the Marquis will be pleased to hear that the two friends have not separated, which would have been a great misfortune.

The recall of Ischariot (David) seems still uncertain, and after the scene I have related he will probably be better treated in future.

December 13th.

In addition to my regret for all the bodily ills you are suffering, I feel extremely sorry for you because you are deprived of the one person with whom you still converse of the outside world. Poor Mr. Weisbrod suffers doubly, from a violent attack of gout and from his inability to be useful to you.

December 20th.

An illness is very prevalent here which they call the *grippe*, and they say it comes from Moscow. Without being dangerous it is general, and there is not a house without a case. Eight persons in this house were attacked, of whom I was the first, and I am not quit of it yet.

January 17th, 1800.

General Dumouriez has been here for the last ten or twelve days. They say he has given proof of the sincerity of his feelings of loyalty, and that Louis XVIII approves him, and is reconciled to him. He has also reconciled the Orleans family with the King, so that there may in future be no Orleans



COUNT' BENTINCK

The reigning Count



party in France. These princes recognize the rights of the legitimate sovereign and will never dispute them, and they are attached to him. They disavow and abjure all the sentiments of their unworthy father. The General stopped four days at Mietau. He had the *grippe* on arriving, which no one escapes, and he did not appear amongst us till he had paid his respects to the Emperor.

I am extremely sorry to hear that you have still to complain of the trickery and behaviour of the first of your relations. How can any one be so inhuman as to torment you amidst all your bodily sufferings? I beg you not to be anxious about mine. If you could say the same to me I should indeed be happy.

That Charlotte Sophie's mind was still untouched by her eighty-five years is evident from a New Year's letter written to her on January 1st, 1800, by Count de Schinach, from which I extract the following passage:—

“It is to begin the New Year under the best auspices if one renders homage to all that is most amiable and most to be respected united in one woman, who, by her extraordinary qualities, has illuminated the greater part of the century just ended. I thank God who has preserved you amidst all the trials the years bring and who has accorded you the exceptional gift of still enjoying the full vigour of your rare and superior intellect, which every one admires who has the happiness of approaching your Excellency or the privilege of reading your letters.”

And again :—

“I agree with all you write except in what you say about Thugut, who is still under my protection and who seems to me to be the victim of circumstances. I could say much in his favour, but may not do so at present.”

Charlotte Sophie's correspondence with her other grandchildren was kept up with just the same energy as were her political letters. There are a quantity of charming letters to her from Mitje and Otteline, and obviously they took a real pleasure in writing to her. The following extract from a letter of Mitje's, of March, 1799, gives a glimpse of the happy home life at Varel, so soon, alas, to be broken up. I give it in the original French.

“Aujourd'huy en ayant parlé de puissance et de richesse. Jaqueline dit qu'elle voudroit etre Reine, seulement pour peu de temps, et se croyant deja Reine, elle distribua tres gratuitement des places, des titres, à tous ceux qui estoient la. Celui qu'elle me donne étoit un peu subalterne, cela ne me couvenoit point, et je fus la seule mecontente, car tous paroisoient contens, c'étoit à qui s'empresseroit à faire le premier la Cour à la Souveraine. Je lui dis que je ne voulois point du poste qu'elle m'avoit donné, qu'elle pouvoit le reprendre, et que je comptois etre maitresse du Roy. De ce moment tous les hommages fusent pour moi, la Cour entière, le premier Ministre,

[illegible][illegible]

148 The distance is 1000 ft.

"JAQUELINE" (LADY JEMIMA BENTINCK) TO COUNTESS BENTINCK

She excuses Count Rhoon, who was absent when his wife died

tout étoit à mes pieds. Voilà le monde. La Reine resta seul. Si le monde à toujours été comme cela, il sera toujours de même, et cela me feroit presque croire que les femmes sont souvent la cause indirecte des sottises qui se font, et que les hommes par leur *jalousie de pouvoir* se font un tort réel en laissant négliger l'éducation des femmes comme malheureusement la plupart le sont ; on a beau dire, elles gouverneront toujours les hommes si moralement foibles pour le pluspart, et le grand art seroit de leur apprendre à les gouverner pour le bien du monde entier. Voilà, ma chère grandmere, mon opinion."

Could the modern suffragette put her case more neatly ?

On November 24th, 1799, a few months after the birth of her only son, "Ottelinde" (as Charlotte Sophie always called her), the wife of Rhoon, died. It was a bitter grief to all her family, especially to Jaqueline, who had nursed her devotedly and had scarcely left her bedside night or day for weeks past. Her husband was in England, detained by an attack of erysipelas at the time. A letter of Jaqueline's, dated June 13th, 1797, runs as follows:—

"I congratulate myself daily that I have married into a family I like so much, and in which there is such harmony. Otteline's amiable qualities blend with the rest, and she has done wisely in marrying Mr. de Rhoon, for all our sakes. I would rather be

her sister-in-law than her cousin, for she is a charming person."

As Charlotte Sophie's property in Holland, Doorwerth, near Arnhem, never became Rhoon's, she was most anxious that *cher Guillaume* should have it, and on July 26th, 1799, she wrote to him telling him her intentions, and urging him to accept the legacy, adding that scruples as to his cousin Rhoon must not deter him, for under no circumstances whatever should he have it.

Referring to Doorwerth in a letter to Mitje, Charlotte Sophie writes:—

"Doorwerth was obtained by chance. My grandfather had lent a certain sum to Count de Schelar, and after his death Doorwerth came to him as chief creditor. After that, it was set aside as my grandmother's dowry. The question often arose of selling it. Your great-grandfather, the Earl of Portland, came himself to Doorwerth on behalf of the Prince of Orange (William III) a few years before there was any idea of the Throne of England for him. He offered 900,000 florins of Holland, but to our great regret she refused it, as she was at the time passionately attached to it."

There was excellent shooting and hunting in the neighbourhood in those days, and the position of the castle, with wooded hills behind

Le 26. Juillet 1799

Je vous prie en grace mon cher fils de me
repandre a la question que je vous ay
faite dans 2 lettres. Surtout si vous
voulez m'envoyer une acceptation de
la disposition que j'ay faite de vous
nommer mon heritier un vassel, et si je
dois vous envoyer pour cela le modele
lequel le faut. J'ay besoin de estre
instruit de votre intention a cel egard
et mes meurs augmentent si extr^{em}ement
qu'il ny a point de Temps a perdre. En

FROM COUNTESS BENTINCK TO "CHER GUILLAUME"
CONCERNING HER WILL

She was 84 when she wrote this letter

Page 260. Vol. II

and the Rhine in front, is perfectly charming, so it is no wonder the Prince preferred it to Loo (formerly belonging to the Bentinck family), which he found lacking in repose. From *cher Guillaume* the place descended to his elder son, at whose death his brother succeeded to it and sold it in 1837 to Jacob Adrian, Baron von Brakell. In 1908 it was sold again, and in 1910 it once more changed hands, being purchased as a museum of local antiquities and put in thorough repair. It is a most interesting old building, with its fortifications, secret passages, dungeons and torture-chamber, and is now easily accessible by tram from Arnhem, a short walk through beautiful woods taking one from the tram to the castle.

There were many portraits of members of the Aldenburg and de la Trémoille families at Doorwerth. The best are in the possession of Mr. H. Aldenburg Bentinck, but Count Bentinck also possesses many beautiful ones. The Bentincks have a larger number of de la Trémoille portraits than has the latter family, for the Duc de la Trémoille had the ill-fortune to lose the whole of his family portraits, burnt by the revolutionaries. Happily, however, his magnificent archives were all preserved.

Before Charlotte Sophie died she gave away the greater part of her belongings, amongst other things perhaps the "Kniphausen Hawk,"

now at Devonshire House. This was a small gold cup in a jewelled mount, representing a hawk. It is said to have served as the vessel in which two members of the family drank in honour of their reconciliation after a long-standing feud. Charlotte Sophie is said to have had it mounted at Dresden, and the jeweller's receipt is quoted in the *Dunkelgraf*, so if this is accurate it should be amongst the long-lost family papers. The "Kniphausen Hawk" was shown by the Duke of Devonshire at the great Exhibition of 1851.¹ Her will was consequently a short one. It was dated August 26th, 1799, the executor being ALBRECHT WILHELM CARL WEISBROD, and in it everything was left to *cher Guillaume*, or, in default, to "young Henry Aldenburg Milnes," under his father's guardianship.

The following is characteristic of her style:—

"I, the undersigned, Charlotte Sophie, Countess de Bentinck, in my great age and the feebleness of my health, yet God be praised in the full use of my reason, having considered that death can make use of his scythe against me any day, have thought fit to make without delay this present testamentary disposition. . . . My much loved grandson William Count de Bentinck, Captain of the Navy of his British Majesty and Governor of the Island of St. Vincent, I appoint my sole and incontestable heir."

¹ See Vol. IX of *The Illustrated London News*.



THE OLD CHURCH AT VAREL, WHERE COUNTESS
BENTINCK WAS BURIED



THE BEAUTIFUL VAREL WOODS

Charlotte Sophie died on February 4th, 1800, and was buried at Varel. The vault is now sealed up. It contains fifteen coffins, amongst others those of the first wife of Anthony I (died 1666), of himself, and of his second wife, Charlotte Amelia, *née* Princess de la Trémoille, also of the parents of Charlotte Sophie, of Count Rhoon and his first wife, Otteline, "*née* Baroness von Reede-Athlone," and of his second wife, Sarah Margaret, *née* Gerdes. The latter was the last to be buried in the vault. There is a coffin, the inscription on which is no longer readable, but tradition assigns it (truly, Dr. Mosen believed) to Elizabeth von Ungnad, Countess of Weissenwolf, the ancestress of the Aldenburg family. For a plan of the vault and a detailed description, see an article by Dr. Reinhard Mosen in the *Jahrbuch für die Geschichte des Herzogtums Oldenburg*, "Achter Band" (1899).

of whom was put in possession of the Bentinck entail by the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, and maintained it against the legitimate heirs for nearly twenty years. He had been able to possess himself of it in the first instance through being the only person on the spot when his father died.

A daughter.

1826-1899.

Four sons—Henry, William, Charles, and Godard. William is the reigning Count.

Two sons.

Two sons and two daughters. The eldest son died in his father's lifetime. The second son succeeded, and Elizabeth Alice Frances Le Blond was his only child. At her death the Hanoverian Barony will become extinct. Sir St. V. K. Hawkins-Whitshed's eldest daughter was the mother of the present (sixth) Duke of Portland. Her marriage was the third between the Bentincks and Whitsheds.

1/90-1009.

Fulford.

viously perished in the service of their country.

This Pedigree is taken from a pamphlet at Welbeck with corrections by the reigning Count Bentinck, whose knowledge of the history of the Bentinck family is unrivalled. A few further details have been added.

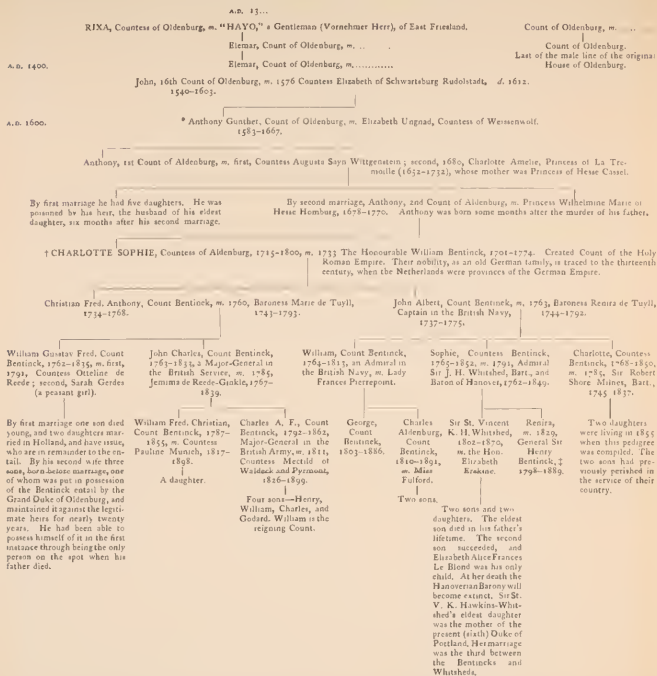
* The collateral branches of Count Anthony Gunther, who became Princes of Holstein through the adoption of their ancestor (a Count of Oldenburg) by the last King of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, of the House of Holstein, were the King of Denmark, and the Dukes of Holstein-Gottorp and Holstein-Plön. See the Genealogies of the Houses of Denmark, Russia, Sweden, and Grand Duke of Oldenburg.

† Charlotte Sophie, wife of the 1st Count Bentinck (who was the second son of the 1st Earl of Portland and half-brother of the 1st Duke of Portland), was the subject of this work.

‡ Jaqueline's youngest son. They had no children.

Younger sons and daughters without issue are omitted in the above outline pedigree.

PEDIGREE OF CHARLOTTE SOPHIE, COUNTESS BENTINCK, TRACING HER DESCENT FROM THE COUNTS OF OLDENBURG



This Pedigree is taken from a pamphlet at Welbeck with corrections by the reigning Count Bentinck, whose knowledge of the history of the Bentinck family is unrivalled. A few further details have been added.

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Younger sons and daughters without issue are omitted in the above outline pedigree.

APPENDICES

ADMIRAL SIR JAMES HAWKINS-WHITSHEd

CAPTAIN HAWKINS, though but 27 years of age in 1789, when Charlotte Sophie first met him, had already had a distinguished career. He was the third son of the Bishop of Raphoe, was born in 1762, and entered the Navy in 1773. His grandfather and great-grandfather each filled the office of Ulster King-of-Arms.

His father had a living in 1773 near Carlingford Bay, Co. Louth, and about that time the "Ranger," a sloop of war, accidentally entered the bay. In consequence of the many hospitable attentions which her commander, Captain Jones, received from the Vicar, he placed his son's name on the books. The boy joined the "Ranger" not long after, was next on the "Kent," 74, guardship at Plymouth, and afterwards at Newfoundland and on the coast of North America in the "Aldborough." In September, 1778—he was then 15—he was given a commission as a reward for his zeal and alacrity. While he was on board the "Kent" an explosion took place which killed and wounded forty-two men. He was wrecked in the "Canada" during a violent gale; and in the "Diamond" he was engaged, during the

war with our revolted colonies, in a variety of hazardous enterprises. After serving for some time as a lieutenant in the "Amazon" in the Channel, he joined the "Sandwich," 90, flagship of Sir George Brydges Rodney, and sailed in December, 1779, for the relief of Gibraltar. On the way he helped at the capture of a 64-gun ship, 6 armed vessels and 14 sail of transports bound to Cadiz, as well as at the defeat of the fleet under Don Juan de Langara. At Gibraltar he was put as commander into the "San Vincente," a recent prize, and when he arrived with Rodney in the West Indies he was posted on April 18th, 1780, into the "Deal Castle," at the age of 18. I have before me two large oil paintings of the wreck of this vessel the following October. While lying with the "Camelion," sloop, in Gros Islet Bay, Santa Lucia, watching for the approach of an enemy, she was forced from her anchorage by a fearful hurricane, and a few days later, in spite of the utmost endeavours to keep her afloat, was wrecked on the island of Puerto Rico with only her bowsprit and mast standing. "Through the presence of mind, however, of Captain Hawkins and his determined and meritorious conduct, all but three of the crew were enabled to reach the shore upon rafts."¹ They were imprisoned on reaching that inhospitable coast, but liberated two months later and sent to Tortona. Captain Hawkins nearly died from a dangerous

¹ O'Byrne's *Naval Biography*. See "Whitshed, formerly Hawkins." I recently found amongst my family papers a very interesting account of this wreck by some one who was on board the "Deal Castle" at the time. It is too long, however, to reprint here.

fever produced by the fatigue he had undergone, but was saved by his old friend and commander, Captain Finch, of the "Amazon," who took him out of a hut in English Harbour and brought him to his house. On his recovery he joined Rodney at St. Eustacious, and having been tried by court martial and honourably acquitted of all blame on account of the loss of his ship, he returned to England in a packet with despatches from the Commander-in-Chief. He was then not 20 years of age. He next, in July, 1781, took Sir Guy Carleton, the military Commander-in-Chief, to New York in the "Ceres." On its evacuation in 1784 he returned with Sir Guy to England and was paid off. He then attended lectures at Oxford on astronomy, and before long was given command of the "Rose." He remained with her on the east coast of Scotland till 1786.

On the misunderstanding between England and Russia in 1791 he was to have commanded one of the ten frigates which were intended to lead the fleet under Lord Hood through the Great Belt, up the Baltic, but as the matter ended amicably they were not required.

When war broke out with France he was given command of the "Arrogant," as we have read in the Letters. Unfortunately, as he considered it, he was ordered, with Admiral Montagu, in May, 1794, to accompany the outward bound East India trade and other convoys, about 800 sail in all, as far south as Cape Finisterre, and thus missed sharing in Lord Howe's famous action of June 1st, in which battle his

brother-in-law, Captain Bentinck, took part, and on his way home with despatches wrote the—till now—unpublished account which follows.

Captain Hawkins removed to the "Namur" in 1795, and the following year, under Sir John Jervis (afterwards Earl of St. Vincent), he was present in the action fought off Cape St. Vincent on February 14th, 1797. For his conduct on that day he was presented with a gold medal and included in the thanks of Parliament. He next commanded the "Ajax" and the "Formidable." He attained the rank of Rear-Admiral in 1799, and next year with his flag in the "Queen Charlotte," with four ships of the line and two frigates under his orders, was sent to join Lord St. Vincent in the Mediterranean, and afterwards pursued the French fleet into Brest. I possess his account of the time he spent in the "Queen Charlotte," and I think it might interest naval men if published. He was with his flag in the "Téméraire" until 1801, when he was nominated to the chief command at Halifax, but he declined it, peace being made.

In 1803 he was appointed Naval Adviser to the Viceroy of Ireland, in which service he continued till 1807. The Martello towers and signal stations erected for the defence of Dublin were built by his orders. He had been promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral in 1804, and in 1807 he succeeded Lord Gardner in the chief command in Cork, which he held till 1810 when he was made a full Admiral.

He was nominated a K.C.B. in 1815 and a G.C.B. in 1830, was created a baronet in 1834, and a Baron

by the King of Hanover in 1844, which title will become extinct at my death. He commanded in chief at Portsmouth from 1821 till 1824, and became Admiral of the Fleet January 8th, 1844.

He died on October 29th, 1849, in his house in London, in the 89th year of his age, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the last words of the last of the Letters.

He was buried in the Bentinck vault under the altar of St. Clement's Church, Terrington, Norfolk.

It is time that a life such as his, in which public service and perfect family relations were so conspicuous, should be recalled to the memory of English people. Had Admiral Sir James Hawkins-Whitshed lived a century later, no doubt more ample details of his heroic career and beautiful character would have been preserved. But in those days it was easier for an unassuming man like himself to evade much of the glare of publicity. The Letters, however, reveal him as no mere records could ever do. The touching words which I found on a piece of paper tied to one of them may fitly conclude this brief notice. "*Pour mon cher fils à teste blanche comme son cœur et son esprit.*"

LORD RODNEY'S LETTERS TO WHITSHED
KEENE, FATHER OF THE HOUSE OF
COMMONS, CAPTAIN HAWKINS' UNCLE¹

Sandvich, New York,
October 1st, 1780.

Dear Sir,

Yesterday by one of my frigates from the West Indies I was made happy by the receipt of your most obliging letter of the 8th July. Long before this time my letters concerning the junction of the French and Spanish Fleets and their Retreat, without daring to attack His Majesty's Fleet under my command, or any of the Leeward Islands (and my following after Mr. Walsingham joined me), have reached the hands of the King's Minister, when by certain and secret intelligence I found that Jamaica was in perfect security, and that the Spaniards were gone to the Havanah, and in no manner of condition to undertake any expedition of consequence, that the French Fleet under Mons. Guischen, were in such a condition as to oblige them to return to France with their convoy, except a squadron, which I concluded must have at all events joynd Monsieur Ternay at Rhode Island.

¹ The originals are in my possession, and have never before been made public.

This being the state of affairs, when I reflected in my mind of the critical situation of H.M. Fleet and Army in America, I am sure you will applaud my motives for the step I have taken, that I shall have the approbation of my most gracious Sovereign, and his Ministers. I have not a doubt, had lucrative motives biased my mind, I had kept within the strict letter of my Instructions, and gone with the Squadron I command, to cruize, during the hurrican months, upon the Spanish Main, where in all probability, a Princely Fortune would have been the consequence.

That the hand of Adversity, had learnt me the Value of Money, I acknowledge, but it has not, or ever shall, make such an impression on my mind, as to eradicate from it, the Duty I owe my King and Country, or make me prefer Riches to Honour.

I therefore did not hesitate one moment the choice, Riches to myself, with the loss of America, or a mediocrity of Fortune with the Happyness of having saved so large a portion of the Empire being rent for ever from it.

I therefore left a sufficient force with Commodore Hotham for the protection of the Islands, and without any person knowing my intention, Flew, with the Wings of National Enthusiasm, to disappoint the ambitious designs of France, and to end off all Hopes from the Rebellious and deluded Americans. Thank God, my most sanguine wishes have been answered, but ill would it become me to dwell longer on this subject, I will leave it, to the Army, Navy, Loyal and Disloyal Americans, to point out its consequences, and

if my conduct can but meet with the approbation of my most Gracious Sovereign and his Administration I shall feel more true Satisfaction than Riches could have given me.

Since my arrival I have strengthened Mr. Arbuthnot's Squadron, in such a manner as to enable him effectually block up *Mons. Ternay*, have another Squadron stationed, to prevent *his* receiving succours, and ready to joyn Mr. Arbuthnot, should a superior Squadron to that attempt to joyn Ternay, in the mean time I have lined the coast of America with my Frigates, who have allready taken six of their Privateers, and have likewise settled with Sir Henry Clinton an expedition against the Rebels which will take place in a very few days, and I hope the little space of time the season of the year will allow for Action, will be spent in convincing the Americans 'tis their Duty and Interest to return to their Allegiance.

Your nephew¹ is a Gallant and good officer, whenever a copper bottom Frigate becomes vacant he shall certainly be removed into her, and have the best Cruisers I can give him, he was made post upon the Death of Capt. St. John.

The latter part of your letter you must excuse my answering, in the manner you could wish—it would ill become me to Dictate to the Admiralty whom they should employ, my duty is obedience to their Orders.

¹ Captain Hawkins, then 18, and in command of the "Deal Castle," wrecked the month this letter was written.

I must now my dear Sir return you my most sincere thanks for your very kind attention to Lady Rodney, and your friendly concern for me and mine. The very great obligations I, and my family owe to Lord North, must be ever remembered by my Posterity. I have wrote to him upon a Subject that is nearest my Heart, and if not thought improper beg'd his very kind assistance in my obtaining the desire.

I have a Son,¹ dearer to me than Life, his Character is such as merits all my Attention, and if the poor Services I have been enabled to do my Country Merits any reward similar to what Lord Hawk had conferred upon his family, I could wish and it would make me completely happy, if my Son could partake of some part of them after my Death, pardon a Father, few have a Son like mine.

In all probability by the time this letter reaches your hand I shall be on my way to the West Indies, where I hope before Christmas to congratulate Lord North on some event of consequence, which shall put it out of the power of his Enemys to insult him.

Pardon my Dear Sir this long letter, which I am sure will not be shewn to any person but him to whom I owe so much.

¹ Curiously enough, this son had just obtained his commission, and probably his father did not yet know of it. He was a midshipman, lieutenant, commander, and captain within the short space of five weeks. His first commission was dated 10th September, 1780; his two others both on 14th October, 1780. He was then only 16. He was afterwards tried by court martial and broken. Though afterwards reinstated he never obtained his flag.

My most respectful compliments attend Mrs. Keene and your Dear little Girl, and give me leave to conclude with saying that I am with unfeigned sincerity and truth

My Dear Sir,

Your faithfull and most obliged
and obedient Humble Servt.

G. B. RODNEY.

P.S.—You shall hear from me before I sail from America.

Sandwich at St. Lucia,
December 20th, 1780.

My Dear Sir,

I was in hopes on my arrival here that I should have been favour'd with a letter from you, but I conclude I shall have that honour when Sir Saml. Hood arrives which I flatter myself will be very shortly, or I shall be in a much worse situation than I was last year, and the Enemy much stronger. There are already in Fort Royal Bay, 7 sail of the Line of the Squadron from Cape Francois, Mon^r. Ternay hourly expected with 8 sail of the line from Rhode Island and Mon^r. Le Touch Treville momentarily from Brest with 8 Capital Ships of the first Magnitude, with 6000 troops, by intercepted letters I find the French expect part of the combined Fleet from Cadiz, my force at present are ten sail of the line capable of going to Sea, but without any spare stores, the other four are uncerviceable till Sir Sam^l. Hood arrives and four, even of my number, must be sent soon to England to be repaired. I sent to Jamaica for succour

but from the attention Sir Peter Parker has paid to my letter I cannot expect any, the order of the Line of Battle ships to Jamaica instead of stopping at these Islands first has the appearance as if I was not to be properly supported—I had order'd Commodore Hotham, on my going to America that if the Convoy then expected from Europe arrived safe at these Islands to detain the Copper Bottom ships, and send to Jamaica with the Convoy, such Ships of my Squadron as were not Copper Bottoms, in order to their being repaired at that Island and proceed with the Convoy to Great Britain as I had sent a sufficient force to protect Jamaica, which Island could not be in the least danger while I commanded a Fleet to Windward, Capt. Montray of Ramilies, with the Southampton Frigate, after loosing their Convoy, arrived at Barbadoes and notwithstanding Commodore Hotham agreeable to the orders I had left with him, gave Capt. Montray Orders to joyn him—Capt. Montray not only went on to Jamaica himself but took the Southampton with him. If Inferior Officers thus presume to disobey the orders of their Superiors there must be an end, to all Military Discipline—I have reported this to the Admiralty and hope they will order a Court Martial on Capt. Montray.

I am now my Dear Sir, to beg you will conceive what distress my mind has suffered, upon my arrival in these Seas, and upon being an Eye witness to the great Calamity, His Majesty and the Public have experienced, in the total destruction of Barbadoes, and of eight ships of War, not but I have some hopes

that some of them may be arrived at Jamaica among which number I think your Nephew may stand the fairest chance, as his ship was in good order and was drove out of Groselet Bay, without any Island being to Leeward,¹ I have sent an express to Jamaica and I shall be impatient till it returns, I had provided a good Copper Bottom Frigate for him, poor fellow, and had flattered myself of making him happy.

I will dwell no longer on such melancholy subjects.

You had flattered me that I should have been honoured with a letter from Lord North, as yet I have not been favoured with it, but suppose Sir Sam^l. Hood will bring me one.

You will lay me under a particular obligation if you will present my most respectful and grateful Comp^{ts}. to Lord North and assure him, I most sensibly feel the very Great Honour he has done me in procuring my Election for the first City in the World—no man whatever in the House can or shall be a firmer Friend to His Lordship, than myself—The Moments are Critical but depend upon it, I will do my Duty to my King and Country, though I must own to you, the continual fatigue I have undergone, both in Mind and Body for this twelve Months past has greatly prejudiced my Health, and I fear will scarce allow me to hold out, without a little Relaxation, which I have little hope of obtaining till the ensuing summer, would to God my strength of Body was but equal to the strength of Mind God has given me——

¹ For an account of the wreck of the "Deal Castle," the ship in question, see page 266.

I am very unwilling to complain, my idea from a School Boy, has allways been, to think my Life at all times to be exposed in the Service of my Country, all I shall desire will be when the Season of Action is past—that I may, if my Health requires it, be permitted to return to England or America the Change of Climate being absolutely necessary after the great Relaxion of a Hot Climate——but I must be bad indeed, before I will make use of such indulgence, the Noble Reward of my most Gracious Soverighn makes such an impression on my Mind, as will Stimulate me, while my Health or Spirits last, to exert them to the utmost in suppressing the Rancour of his Foreign and Domestick Enemys.

Adieu my Dear Sir and with my most respectful Compt^s. to Mrs. Keene, believe me to be with real truth

Your faithfull
and most obedient
Humble Servant
G. B. RODNEY

In accordance with instructions from England, Admiral Rodney proceeded against the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, which, though small and sterile, was rendered of great commercial importance as a free port and general magazine of West Indian and American commodities belonging to different nations. On February 3rd he appeared with a great land and sea force before this island and summoned the Governor, who had not yet heard of hostilities

between the Dutch and English. Being incapable of resistance, he had to surrender. The riches found there were immense and were estimated at about three million sterling. In addition, 250 vessels, many richly laden, were taken in port, as well as a fleet of 30 West-Indiamen convoyed by a 60-gun ship which had just set sail for Holland and was followed and captured. The Dutch colours being kept flying at St. Eustatius, it served for some time as a decoy to French, Dutch and American vessels, many of which ran in and were taken. Owing to the confiscation of property that took place, much of which belonged to British merchants, the captor was later on involved in troublesome and expensive lawsuits. Admiral Rodney's reply to all remonstrances was that "the island was Dutch, everything in it was Dutch, was under the protection of the Dutch flag, and as Dutch it should be treated."

In view of these circumstances, the following letter is of the greatest interest.

The island was retaken by the French under the Marquis de Bouillé in November, 1781. So bold and well planned was his attack that, surprising the town garrison, the whole island was in his power within a few minutes without the loss of a man.

Sandwich, *April 26th*, 1781.

St. Eustatius.

My Dear Sir,

'Tis with the greatest pleasure that I can send this letter by your nephew, who has been extremely ill

and required a speedy change of Air to recover his health and strength, he must be exchanged before he can serve again.

The Wisdom of Administration in ordering the Capture of this Island is remarkably conspicuous and has given a greater blow to the French Dutch and Americans, than could possibly have been conceived, had it not been for this villianous Island the American War must have been long since over, their whole support came from here, not one American Vessel could have sailed had it not been for the Stores received from Eustatius, and sorry I am to say that the greatest Traytors were the English Merchants settled here, I hope the General and myself may receive orders, to make it a Desert, and an example to all perjured Nations, I will do my best it shall be so for as fast as the Stores are sold I have ordered the Roofs to be taken off the Store Houses, and transported to the Islands of Antegua and St. Lucia for the use of his Majesty's Troops and Store Houses at those Islands. The Lower Town of Eustatius is all Store Houses, is about one Mile long and two hundred yards deep to the Cliff, yet this insignificant town, to appearance, was let at the Rent of twelve hundred thousand pound Ster^{lg}. p^r. ann.—had I not been upon the spot and ordered the strictest enquiries to be made, over and over again, I could not possibly have believed it myself but so it certainly was. You may judge by this amazing Rent what a Commerce was carryd on and how very detrimental to England. Thank God, this nest of Vipers is destroy'd, but if

care is not taken it will revive at the Danish Islands of St. Croix and St. Thomas's, where already the Americans assemble when they escape my Cruizers.

It gives me the sincerest pleasure to hear that the Opposition have lost their influence with the people, I am astonished it could last so long as it did, in my opinion they have been the people who are answerable for all the Calamities that have befall their Country, and have the Insolence to call themselves Patriots, an over forward friend of mine, wrote to me to beg I would not correspond too often with the Opposition, I wrote him an angry answer, to trouble himself with his own business and not with mine, but that I would tell him a secret which he pretended not to know, that I *abhor'd the Opposition* and all their Maxims, and that so far from Correspondence with them, they knew, that I was, and would continue their determined Enemy, and if they boasted that I corresponded with them they knew it to be false.

I must now tell you what has been done here and what was intended to have been done had the situation of affairs permitted — after taking Eustatius with St. Martens and Saba, I had given orders for Sir Sam^l. Hood with a Squadron to attack the Island of Curaçoa, which is a considerable way to Leeward and belongs to the Department of the Adm^l. commanding at Jamaica, to whom I had sent notice that he might likewise attack it, when upon the point of sailing, I received an express from the Captain of the St. Amonica then on his passage with a Convoy for the West Indies, that he had fell in with a large

Squadron of the Enemys Ships of War, with a 100 Transports, full of Troops that they steer'd the Course for the West Indies, this Intelligence obliged me to stop all thoughts of Curaçoa, that Island being so far to Leeward, that if the Enemy came in full force I might run the risque of a defeat, before the Squadron sent under Sam^l. could possibly joyne me it being a three weeks passage up again to St. Lucia.

In vain has the Greatest part of my Squadron under Sir Sam^l. Hood been cruizing to Windward and blocking up Martinique, no Enemy has as yet appeared, and such has been the very great trouble Gen^l. Vaughan and myself have had in removing the Stores and Amunition from Eustatius and putting the Island in a state of defence that our whole time has been fully employed, the few Troops are sickly, and in no manner of condition to undertake anything of consequence, Fleets cannot take or attack Mountains, as to Army there is none, or any one impliment to undertake a siege, the Enemy in all their Islands having wisely guarded against a Coup de Main, and what Troops Vaughan has under him are distributed to guard the too numerous British Islands—for my part I hate to be idle and cannot bare to be a looker on without the proper Instruments to act with, which is an Army with its proper Aparatus—The Enemy will not give me an opportunity of acting on my own Element I wish they would, my Health, my Dear Sir has been on the Decline, the very great fatigue I have had in settling matters here has contributed to make it worse—I have not a wish to decline a

moment the Publick Service but a little Respite is absolutely necessary to enable me to do my Duty and during the Rainy season I can be of no use here—My constitution requires Bracing and a complaint which encreases upon me requires it, think not my Dear Sir, that I can have or even think of retirement while my Country is at War, and my Service disired by the Best of Monarchs, my Life shall ever be ready to Sacrifice at his commands to whom I owe so very much as likewise to the Administration who while I live my feeble Vote shall ever support, report has been made of a Battle between Arbuthnot and the French Squadron on the Coast of America, 'tis said Arbuthnot has taken one ship and sunk two others, the French at Martinique say he has lost one. I sincerely believe the French have been beat and lost some of their ships, should this Action oblige the French to leave America I think all will end well——before the Packet sails I hope the News will be confirmed.

With my best Respects to Mrs. Keene and to your Sweet little Girl, believe me to be with real truth and Sincerity Dear Sir

Your faithfull and most obedient humble Serv^t.

G. B. RODNEY.

P.S. My most humble Respects attend Lord North, and all his family. I was happy in providing for Capt. Pulteney and all his other Recommendations.

I have copied these letters word for word, retaining the old spelling, etc., and omitting nothing.

It may be of interest to the ordinary reader to have a brief outline of Lord Rodney's career.

This famous Admiral, who has been described as second only to Nelson, obtained his names of George Brydges from the fact that at the time of his birth his father commanded the yacht in which the King, attended by the Duke of Chandos, used to pass to and from Hanover, and they became his godfathers. He was made Admiral of the Blue in 1759, and the same year destroyed the Stores prepared at Havre de Grace for the invasion of England. In 1761 he served in the West Indies with such activity that at the conclusion of the War he was made a baronet. In 1768 he was returned as Member for Northampton, but the expense incurred ruined him, and with his wife (a sister of the Earl of Northampton) and family he retired to Paris. The French Government made him certain overtures which would have recruited his fortunes, but he rejected them, and the fact becoming known he was placed in command of a Squadron destined for the Mediterranean. In 1780 he fell in with Langara's fleet, as is related in the biography on p. 266 of Admiral Whitshed, and he then sailed for the West Indies (the period of the foregoing letters), where, in 1782, he obtained a great victory over the French Fleet under De Grasse, capturing five and sinking one of his largest vessels. A barony and a pension of £2000 were bestowed upon him for his services, and when he died in 1792 a monument was voted to his memory, at the national expense, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

PRIVATE ACCOUNT OF THE GLORIOUS
1ST OF JUNE, WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN
WILLIAM BENTINCK FOR HIS FAMILY.¹

Phaeton at Sea, *June 2*, 1794.

Latitude 47.51. Long. 15.11 W.

Lord Howe's public letter will give you an account of the circumstances of the actions we have lately had with the French Fleet. We saw them on the morning of the 28th of May. They were 26 sail of the line and our numbers the same. That day they avoided an action, but the Russel, Thunderer, Leviathan, Audacious and Marlborough got hold of the rear ship of the French line Le Revolutionaire 110 guns and being unsupported by the French Fleet he fell into our van. Her fire lasted for some time after dark till at length she struck and the Audacious took possession of her. What became of her afterwards we know not, for Lord Howe carried all night a press of sail after the enemy, and at daylight Le Revolutionaire and Audacious were out of sight. We understand the Audacious shifted prisoners and hope he got away with her for England.

The 29th at day-break the English fleet was under a pressing sail, every ship carrying a light, the French

¹ A copy of this letter is in the library at Welbeck Abbey.

under an equal press of sail without any light. At day-break Lord Howe made the signal to form the lines as ships fell in, and then tacked to fetch the Rear of the Enemy, which was effected, and to avoid the last ships being cut off. The French Admiral wore his fleet and stood on the same tack as us, edging down to us, and when he had taken his distance opened his cannonade. By way of bringing things to a closer issue, Lord Howe made our fleet signal to tack and pass through the enemy's line. Some did and some did not do so. Lord Howe did and was followed by Leviathan, Queen and others. The French rear were of course dreadfully maul'd, and three of their ships were mere wrecks on the sea. I fully expected a decisive victory, but while we were working out of the way of the French ships I saw their van and center had gone after ours and were running to protect their disabled ships which they effectually did, and took them to leeward. Our Fleet was so crippled as not to be able to follow them. The Royal George, Queen, Leviathan, Invincible, Russel, Bellerophon, Orion and others were very badly wounded in their masts and yards. By sunset it was foggy and by dark quite thick. It continued so the whole night and the next morning. Towards noon of the 30th it cleared and we saw the enemy about 4 or 5 miles to leeward of us, by two it was quite thick again. We only saw two ships till 3 in the afternoon of the 31st of May, it then cleared away and to Leeward we discovered the French Fleet. Lord Howe ran nearer to them and when about 5 miles from them

he hauled his wind. The French frigates were between the French line and ours and the *Latona* was ordered to look out between the *Queen Charlotte* and the *Montagu*. The *Phaeton* between the van of the two fleets ; at day break of the 1st of June we could not see the French Fleet, but as the weather cleared up we made them. Lord Howe immediately stood to them and formed the line to windward of them, the wind S. and the fleets on the larboard tacks. He made the signal that he intended passing the enemy's line and engaging them to Leeward, then for the van to engage the van and the rear the rear. At 9 he made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent in the enemy's line and bore up himself. The French waited for us and began their cannonade on us long before we were near them. The *Charlotte* did not fire till she was within pistol shot and then played her part so well that the French Admiral bore up and left him. The *Charlotte* was unfortunate enough to lose her fore and main topmasts ; other ships were by this time on board, their opponents among others *Leviathan*, *Queen*, *Glory*, *Defence*, etc. The *Marlborough* got on board 2 French 74s and in great anxiety I was for her till I saw the two Frenchmen completely dismasted, and immediately after all the *Marlborough* masts went. In about 1 hour and 40 minutes after the *Charlotte* fired her first gun we saw eleven ships without one stick standing, nine French and two English who were the *Marlborough* and *Defence*. The fire on our fleet was by this time slackening, the French forming as well as they could

to Leeward. I sent them my signal and the Venus's were made to come within hail and between us and the Admiral lay a French three decker and three 74s. The Latona our Commodore of Frigates also bore up and I made sail to push thro' these fellows as well as I could, fully expecting to be dismasted. When we got within half shot of them the Latona and Venus haul'd their wind and I did the same ranging near these fellows, one of them I saw was fired at by the Leviathan and did not return a gun. I passed his weather beam and under his stern and though at Quarters and everybody eager to fire, I would not allow one shot fired. When I got under his stern I had a fine opportunity of raking him but did not, as soon as I opened his larboard guns he gave us his fire and we returned it and fired at each other about 10 minutes. I know not what harm we did him but he knocked away one quarter gallery head, and struck us in other places, killed 2 men and wounded 5. I was soon after alongside the Charlotte and was ordered to take the Defence in tow, which I did.

After this the French ships were taken possession, seven we got, the rest were towed off, the seven we took were Le Juste 80, Le Northumberland 80, Le Sans Pareil 84, L'Impetueux 74, L'Achille 74, L'American 74 and Le Vengeur 74. Le Vengeur sunk 5 hours after we took her and two certainly during the action. One was seen by many people and the second the French prisoners acknowledge. They amount to 5000, their killed and wounded is beyond belief. On board the Juste it is stated by

them at 300, there are now above 90 wounded left on board. The French had 4 ships fitted out with furnaces for red hot shot, but they say we did not fight them fair and came a great deal too close. The ships captured are all remarkably fine. Lord Howe's conduct is inimitable.

P.S. Killed, Capt. J. Montagu. Early in the action June 1.

Wounded.	Admiral Graves.	In the arm.
	R. Adm. Bowyer.	Lost his leg.
	R. Adm. Pasley.	Do.
	Capt. Hutt.	Do.
	Capt. Berkeley.	Slightly in the head.

All well except Graves, who is not as he ought to be, indeed his age is against him. Conway, Gambier, Berkeley, were very much distinguished. Pakenham and Payne also. James Montagu was killed by small shot which cut his throat ; his ship behaved very well and had he lived he would have been among those who were distinguished.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN WILLIAM BEN-
TINCK TO THE (3RD) DUKE OF
PORTLAND.¹

Phaeton at Sea, *June 2nd*, 1794.

My dear Sir,

We have after three actions compleatly defeated the French fleet. The first action took place the 28 May, late in the evening, and the Bretagne of 110 Guns was taken before Midnight, being totally abandon'd by the French. The 29th Lord Howe again drove them to a very severe action, but the Evening put an End to it, without the loss of a Ship. The 30 and 31 we were all hid from each other in a very thick fog. The first of June we were fortunate enough to have the weather gaze and the French having been reinforced during the fog (with extreme good fortune) by 4 Sail of the Line, they seem'd determined to stand the Contest. We were 25 of the Line, the French 29. Lord Howe set the example and ran within a stone's throw of the French Admiral—he was well follow'd and by Noon their whole fleet was dismasted or flying. We captur'd the following ships

Le Juste 80 guns

La Sanspareil 80—

¹ In the library at Welbeck Abbey.

Le Northumberland 80—

L'Achille 74—

L'Entreprenant 74—

L'Impetueux 74

L'America 74

Le Vengeur 74 Sunk since the Action.

Le Jacobin 74 Sunk in Action.

Three other dismasted ships the French tow'd away but they are so maul'd that they cannot I think get into Port. The French Admiral in the Montagne was dismasted by Lord Howe, and nothing but the Queen Charlotte's losing her masts prevented the capture of the Montagne.

Our loss is considerable—that of the French immense. The Juste had 300 men kill'd and wounded.

I got hold of a 74 during the action, who gave us a dusting, which we return'd as well as we could, but I was unfortunate enough to have two men kill'd and five wounded. We cut away one of his Sails and made the best of our way out. I write at a moment's warning and therefore cannot give your Lordship any particulars. My best respects to the Dss and all your family. Most truly yours W: B:

[Addressed] His Grace the Duke of Portland

Burlington House

London.

[Received the 11th] (This in the Duke's writing.)

LIVRE D'ADRESSES

DE SON EXCELLENCE MADAME LA COMTESSE
DOUAIRIERE DE BENTINCK, NÉE COMTESSE
D'ALDENBURG, DAME DE VAREL, KNIP-
HAUSEN ET DOORWERTH.

This book, the property of Mr. Aldenburg Bentinck, is the address book of Charlotte Sophie, and begins with a numbered list of her correspondents. This seems worth printing, as so many of her friends were noteworthy people whose descendants may be interested in learning that she included them in her circle. I do not know of any other eighteenth-century address book that has survived till the present time.

I omit full titles and detailed addresses.

1. Son Altesse Madame la Princesse Douairière de Trautson, née Baronne de Stager, à Vienne.
2. Son Altesse Mad. la Princesse de Clari, née Comtesse de Hohen-Zollern, à Vienne.
3. Son Altesse Mad. la Princesse Douairiere d'Esterhasy de Galantha, née Marquise de Visconti, à Vienne.
4. Son Excellence Mad. la Comtesse Douairiere de Clari, née Baroness d'Osten, à Vienne.

5. Monsieur l'Abbe des Noyers, à l'Hotel de S. E. Mr. le Marquis de Noailles, Ambassadeur de France, à Vienne.
6. Son Excellence Mad. la C^{tesse} Douairiere de Harrach, née C^{tesse} de Harrach, à Vienne.
7. Son Altesse Mons. le Prince de Colloredo, Vice Chancelier de l'Empire, Vienne.
8. Son Altesse, Monseigneur le Prince de Kaunitz, Grand Chancelier, President du Conseil d'Etat, à Vienne.
9. Mons. le Baron de Viereetz, Conseiller Privé et Chambellan Danoise, Frankfort.
10. Mons. de Dammers, Conseiller de Plusieurs Princes, etc. Vienne.
11. Mad. la Comtesse Therèse de Thierheim, Chanoinesse du Noble Chapitre de Nivelles, à Lintz, en Autriche et à Vienne.
12. Mons. de Nicolai, Major General et Chef d'un Regiment d'Artillerie au Service de S. S. Mgr. le Duc Regnant de Wirtemberg, à Louisbourg en Sonabe.
13. Madame de Nicolai, née de Donop.
14. Mons. le Baron de Donop, à Sonneberg.
15. Madame la Baronne de Donop, née Baronne de Tilemann.
16. Mons. Schmidt de Rossan, Conseiller Privé et Ministre de Diverses Cours.
17. Mons. le Baron de Buhler, à Frankfort.
18. M^{lle} la Baronne Wilhelmine de Massenbach, à Massenbach.
19. Son Ex. Mons. le Comte de Goertz, à Sehlitz.

20. Son Ex. Ill^m Mons. le Comte Regnant de Bentheim-Steinfurt, à Bourg Steinfurt.
21. Mons. Le Baron de Johnn, à Delmenhorst.
22. Mad. la Baronne de Johnn, à Delmenhorst.
23. Mons. Moehring, à Jever.
24. Mad. le Veuve Mitscherlich, née Teutsches de Liesfeld, à Jever.
25. Mons. Backhus, Maitre d'Hotel, à Varel.
26. Mons. le Baron de Derschau, à Auric.
27. Mons. le Comte de Wedel, à Evenbourg.
28. Mons. le Baron d'Innt. et Kniphausen, à Lutelsbourg.
29. Mad. la Baronne Therèse de Kurtzrock, Chanoinesse du Noble Chapitre de Soest, à Soest.
30. Mad. la Comtesse de Brassewitz, née Baronne d'Osten, à Vienne.
31. M^{lle} la Baronne de Sperling, à Lübeck.
32. Son Ex. Mad. la Baronne Douairière de Plessen, née C^{tesse} de Berkentin, à Zelle.
33. Son Ex. Mons. le Baron de Chasot, Commandant de la Republique de Lübeck.
34. Mons. le Baron d'Ullmenstein, Conseiller du Conseil supreme des Appellations, au Service de Sa Majesté Britannique, Electeur d'Hanovre à Zelle.
35. Mons. de Honrichs, à Breslau.
36. Same as 28.
37. Another address of the above.
38. A Steward of the above (Ditzen by name).
39. Mad. la Baronne Douairiere de Closter, née Baronne de Kaletzreuth, à Norden.

40. Son Ex. Mons. le Baron de Vrints, à Breme.
41. Mad. la Baronne de Vrints, née Baronne de
Gugomos, à Bremen.
42. Mons. Roques, Professeur et Ministre de la
Parole de Dieu, à Zelle.
43. Mons. Heijne, à Gotlingue.
44. Mons. Kaempf, à Hanau.
45. Son Altesse S^{me} Monseigneur le Landgrave Reg-
nant de Hesse-Hombourg, à Hombourg.
46. Son Altesse S^{me} Mad. la Princesse Ulrique Land-
grave de Hesse-Hombourg, à Hombourg.
47. Son Altesse S^{me} Mad. la Princesse Douairiere de
Schaumbourg-Lippe, née Princesse de Nassau
Siegen, à Stadthagen.
48. Son Excellence Mons. le Comte George Charles
Comte Regnant de Linage¹ Westerbours
Grunstadt, à Westerbours.
49. Mons. le Baron de Brabeak, Chanoine du Grand
Chapitre de Paderborn, à Hildesheim.
50. Son Altesse Monseigneur le Prince de Hessen-
stein, Gouverneur General de la Pomeraine,
Commandeur de l'Ordre du Seraphin, à Strahl-
sund.
51. Son Excellence Mons. le Baron de Kniphausen,
Seigneur de Visquard, à Berlin.
52. Mons. le Comte de Lehndorff, Chambellan de Sa
Majesté le Roi de Prusse, à Berlin.
53. Mons. le Comte Alexandre Rodolphe de Rottem-
bourg, Seigneur de Netkow, à Netkow.
54. Mons. le Baron de Redern, à Schwandte.

¹ Linage is the French for Leiningen.

55. Mons. le Baron de Tauentien, à la Cour de
S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince Henri de
Prusse, à Reinsberg.
56. La Veuve George Sorau.
57. Mons. de Honrichs, à Breslau.
58. Son Excellence, Mons. le Baron du Durckheim,
Conseiller Privé Actuel et Grand Maître de la
Cour de S. A. S. Mgr. le Duc Regnant de
Saxe-Cobourg Meiningue, à Meiningue.
59. Mons. de Bruckner, Conseiller Privé et Directeur
de la Regence de Sa Majeste le Roi de Prusse,
à Meurs.
60. Mons. Ruppel, Maître de Poste de S. A. S.
Mgr. le Landgrave Regnant de Hesse, à
Frankfort.
61. Mons. Blanchard, Citoyen de Calais, Pensionnaire
de S. M. T. C. Correspondant de Plusieurs
Academies, à Strasbourg.
62. Mons. l'Abbe Kentzinger, Aumonier l'Ambassade
de S. M. T. C. a Hambourg presentement,
à Strasbourg.
63. Mons. Formey, Conseiller Privé de Sa Majesté
le Roi de Prusse, Secretaire perpetuel de
l'Academie, à Berlin.
64. M^{lle} d'Ahlden, chez M. la C^{tsse} de Rantzau, à
Roggendorff.
65. Herrn Andraw, zu Hannover.
66. Mons. Ebel, Conseiller de Cour et de Chancel-
lerie de Sa Majesté Britannique, a Hannover.
67. Mons. Windt, Bourgemaître de la Ville de, et à
Stadthague.

68. S. Ex. Mons. le Comte de Hertzberg, à Berlin.
69. Mons. le Baron Erneste de Kniphausen, Seigneur de Jendett, à Berlin.
70. Mons. Charles de Pöllnitz, à Jever.
71. S. A. S^{me} la Duchesse Regnante de Wirtemberg et de Teck, à Hohenheim.
72. Mlle. la C^{tesse} Adelaide Antoinette de Wedel, Dame de Cour de Sa Majeste le Reine Douairiere de Dannemark, Norwegue, au Chateau de Rodskildt.
73. Mad. la Comtesse Charlotte de Wedel, Chanoinesse du Chapitre Royal de Walloe, à Walloe.
74. Son Ex. Mons. le Comte de Holstein-Lethrabourg, Chambellan de Sa Majesté Danoise, à Copenhagen.
75. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Holstein-Lethrabourg, née Baronne de Funk et Kniphausen.
76. Mad. la Baronne Douairiere de Kligenberg, née C^{tesse} de Haxthausen, à Wedelsbourg en Fionie.
77. Mad. la Baronne de Luttichau, née de Bredahl, à Odensee en Fionie.
78. Son Ex. Mons. le Comte Holck, Conseiller Privé de Conferance de S. M. le Roi de Danne-marc-Norwegue, à Eckhoff, près Kiel.
79. M^{lle} la Baronne de Holck, Dame Chanoinesse au Noble Chapitre de Rodskildt, à Rodskildt.
80. Mons. le Comte de Dernath, Seigneur de Haus-selbourg, Ovelgon, et Chambellan Danois, à Hasselbourg.
81. S. Ex. Mons. le Comte de Holmer, Chevalier de l'Ordre de l'Aigle Blanc, Conseiller Privé,

- Ministre dirigeant et Grand Drossard du Duché d'Oldenbourg, au Service de S. A. S. Mgr. le Prince Eveque de Lubeck, Duc Regnant de Hesse-Holstein Oldenbourg, à Eutin.
82. Mons. le Comte de Schmettan, General de Cavalerie et Chambellan de S. M. Danoise, à Ploen.
83. Mons. le Baron de Cornstern, Seigneur de Nehmten, Gentilhomme de la C. de S. M. Danoise. à Nehmten.
84. Mad. la Baronne Douairière de Kurtzrock, née Baronne de Schorlemmer, à Wellingsbuttelt.
85. Mons. le Chambellan Baron de Kurtzrock, Seigneur de Schoenweide, à Schoenweide.
86. Mad. la Baronne Douairiere de Cheusses, née Baron de Montroi, Dame de Silke, à Silke.
87. Mons. le Chevalier de Kossel, Conseiller de S. M. Danoise, à Fersbeck.
88. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Sames, Lt. Gen. d'Infanterie et Commandant de Glückstadt (Danoise), à Glückstadt.
89. Mons. le Baron de Schilden (Danoise), à Itzehoe.
90. Mons. le Baron de Finecke (Danoise), à Dallund, en Fionie.
91. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Schack, née C^{tesse} de Moltke, à Schaekenbourg.
92. S. Ex. Mons. Elliot, à Copenhagen.
93. Mad. la C^{tesse} Douairière d'Oeynhausén, née C^{tesse} de Kielmansegge, à Gultkow.
94. Mad. la Baronne Douairiere de Wedderkop, née de Hildebrandt, à Slesvie.

95. Mad. la Baronne Douairiere de Blome, née Baronne de Haan, à Saltzan.
96. Madame la Baronne de Plessen, née Baronne de Buchwald, à Wittmoldt.
97. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Schack de Schackenburg, née C^{tesse} de Moltke, à Schackenburg.
98. S. Ex. le Baron de Binder, Ministre Plenipotentiaire de S. M. Imperiale et Royal Apostq. près les Princes et Etats du Cercle de la Basse-Saxe, à Copenhagen.
99. S. Ex. Mons. le Comte de Rasoumofsky, Conseiller Privé de S. M. Imperiale de toutes les Russies (and Ambassador to Sweden), à Stockholm.
100. Mons. le Comte Langeland et Rixingen (Major General in Denmark-Norwegian Service), à Itzehoe.
101. S. Ex. Baron de Moerner (Major Gen.), à Stockholm.
102. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Lewenhaupt, President de la Cour Supreme de Justice en Finlande, à Stockholm.
103. Mons. le Baron de Taube, Chambellan Actuel du Roi, à Stockholm.
104. Mons. le Chevalier de Bedoar, à Stockholm.
105. Mons. de la Tessoniere, Aide de Camp General de S. A. Mgr. le Prince de Potemkin.
106. S. Ex. Mad. la Comtesse Douairiere de Bentinck, née Baronne de Tuyll de Serooskerken, à La Haye.
107. Mons. Galle, Avocat, à La Haye.

- 108. Mons. Ten Dall, Procureur, La Haye.
- 109. Mons. de Hulle Seigneur de Vredelust, à La Haye.
- 110. Mad. de Hulle, née Baronne d'Atersen de Voshol, à La Haye.
- 111. S. Ex. le Baron de Schoultz d'Asiherade (Swedish Envoy to the Imperial Diet), à Ratisbonne.
- 112. Mons. Van Damm, Directeur de la Soc. de Zeeland, etc., à Amsterdam.
- 113. Mons. Vatebender, Conseiller de Commerce et Agent de S. A. Electorale Palatine Bavaroise, à Amsterdam.
- 114. Myn Heer Dr. Fan Veenhuyzen, à Amsterdam.
- 115. Myn Heer Dr. H. Van de Kluys, à Amsterdam.
- 116. Mons. Pauw, Artiste pour les Instruments de Physique, à Leide.
- 117. Mad. la Marquise de Chasteler, née de Haselaer, à Utrecht.
- 118. Mons. le Baron de Borch, Seigneur de Hogeveen, Tresorie pour l'Etat de la Baronie de Breda, à Breda.
- 119. Mad. la Baronne de Borch, née Baronne de Wassenaer, à Breda.
- 120. Mons. P. Camper, à Klein Laukum.
- 121. Mons. Camper, Droosard d'Eindhoven.
- 122. Mons. Momble Vatebender, à Arnhem.
- 123. Mons. Schrassert, Avocat General du Duche de Gueldre, etc., à Arnhem.
- 124. Mons. Nihoff, Baillif, à Arnhem.
- 125. Mons. le Baron Bentinck, Colonel au Service de leurs Hautes Puissances et Aide de Camp

General de S. A. S. Mgr. le Prince d'Orange,
à Arnhem.

126. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Zinzendorff, née C^{tesse} de Bilandt, à Nimegue.
127. Mons. Goritz, Receveur au Service de S. E.
Mad. La Comtesse Douairiere de Bentinck,
née C^{tesse} d'Aldembourg, au Chateau de Doorwerth.
128. Myn Heer Dr. Rentmeester Goritz, à Doorwerth.
129. S. Ex. Mons. le Comte de Wedel Jarlsberg
(Danish envoy to the Powers), à La Haye.
130. Mons. le Baron de Spaan, Seigneur de Ringelckberg, Rosande, Biljoen et Werfhorst, Depute de Gueldre aux Etats Generaux, à La Haye.
131. Mons. le Comte de Bentinck, Seigneur de Rhoon et de Pendrecht, à La Haye.
132. Mons. le Comte F. C. de Bentinck, à Amerongen.
133. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Bentinck, née C^{tesse} d'Athlone, à Amerongen.
134. S. Ex. Mad. la Comtesse Douairiere de Bentinck, née C^{tesse} d'Aldembourg, Dame de Varel, Kniphausen, et Doorwerth, à Hambourg.
135. Mad. la C^{tesse} Douairiere Renée de Bentinck, née Baronne de Tuyl de Seroskerken, in Privy Gardens, Whitehall, London.
136. Mons. le Col. Frederick chez Madame Robin dans le Leicesterfields, à Londres.
137. S. A. Mad. la Duchesse Douairière de la Trémoille, née Duchesse de Bouillon, à Paris.

138. S. A. Mons. le Duc de la Trémoille de Thouars
et de Chatelleraud, Prince de Talmont, à Paris.
139. S. A. Mons. le Duc de Bouillon et d'Albret,
Prince de Sedan, à Paris.
140. Mons. le Marquis de la Fayette, Marechal de
Camp des Armées de S. M. Très Chretienne,
et General Major au Service des Etats Unis
de l'Amerique, à Paris.
141. Mons. le Comte Edouard Dillon,¹ Colonel au
Service de S. M. Très Chretienne et Chevalier
de St. Louis, à Paris.
142. Mons. le Baron d'Espagnac, Sous Lieutenant des
Gardes du Corps du Roi, chez Mad. His.
Barriere de Roule, Paris.
143. Monsg. le C^{te} de Vergennes, à Versailles.
144. S. Ex. Mons. le Chevalier de Viviers, à Ver-
sailles.
145. Au Citoyen Moreau de Maurevert, à Paris.²
146. Mons. Wille, Graveur du Roi, à Paris.
147. Mons. de Baet, Professeur en Theologie et
aumonies d'Ambassade Suedois, à Paris.
148. Mons. Weisbrod, Graveur tres renommé, à
Paris.

¹ Known as "le beau Dillon." He began life as page to Louis XV and emigrated in 1789 with Count d'Artois, whose Gentleman of Honour he was. He became a Royalist General, and the following extract from a letter of his from Livorno, dated June 1st, 1795, is interesting: "Mais quel métier que celui de lever un Regiment, pour ainsi dire en l'air, et dans un pays où la seul chose qu'on aime avec constance est de ne rien faire. . . . Rapellez vous qu'il y a plus de 19 ans que vous m'honorez d'une sorte d'adoption."

² In this entry "Monsieur" has been erased and "Citoyen" substituted.

149. Mons. Pestre, Medecin, à St. Jean de Gatdouinque.
150. Mons. le Baron de Dietrich, à Strasbourg.
151. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Blome, à Paris.
152. Mad. la Marquise D'Hallencourt de Noailles, née C^{tesse} de Boulogne, au Convent d'Assomption, à Paris.
153. Monsieur Ochs, Secretaire de l'Etat de la Republique de, et à Bâle.
154. Messrs. Fürstenberger, Banquiers, à Bâle.
155. Mons. Gestefeld, Banquier, à Schaffhouse.
156. Mons. Gruner, Membre du Grand Conseil de deux Cent, et Banquier, à Berne.
157. Mons. Tissot, Docteur tres celebre, à Lausanne.
158. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Somaglia, née C^{tesse} de Belgiojoso, à Milan.
159. Mons. le Comte d'Adda, Chambellan de Sa Majesté Imperial et Royale Apostolique, à Milan.
160. Mons. Dominique Eusebe de Kelly-Pagani,¹ à Livourne.
161. S. Ex. Mons. le Marquis de Tanneci, Ministre et Sec. d'Etat au Service de S. M. le Roi des deux Siciles, à Naples.
162. S. Ex. Mons. le Marquis de Majo Ministre et Grand Maitre de Ceremonie de S. M. le Roi des Deux Siciles, à Naples.
163. S. Ex. le Prince de Torremuzza, à Palerme.

¹ See page 70, vol. i. I have seen several letters from Count Kelly-Pagani expressing gratitude for Countess Bentinck's kindness to himself and his family.

164. Mess. A. F. Salneri et fils, Negociants, à Livourne.
165. S. Ec. Mons. le C^t de Catenti (Naples Minister to Sardinia), à Turin.
166. Mons. F. Giaime, à Cagliari.
167. Mons. d'Oltrengé, Agent en Cour, Bruxelles.
168. Mad. Gilbert, née Wallisch, à Bruxelles.
169. S. Ex. le Baron de Hopp, à Brussels.
170. Mad. la C^{tesse} Thérèse de Thierheim, Chanoinesse du Noble Chapitre de Nivelles, à Nivelles.
171. S. E. Mons. Owe de Hoegh Guldberg, Chambellan de S. A. R. Monsg. le Prince Frederick, à Arhus.
172. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Szechiny, née C^{tesse} de Festetics, à Spaa.
173. Mons. Walker, du Cabinet des Medailles de S. A. Electorale de Saxe, à Dresde.
174. S. Ex. le C^t de Goertz, Minst. de Guerre, à Berlin.
175. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Thierheim, née Baronne de Haget, à Lintz.
176. Mons. de Grutschreiber, à Hambourg.
177. S. Ex. le C^t de Thierheim, Seigneur de Schwerdberg, à Tirlemont.
178. Mad. la C^{tesse} Adelaide de Wedel, au chateau Rodskildt.
179. A repetition of the above.
180. Mess. Guillaume Nairac et C^{ie}, à Amsterdam.
181. Mad. Vatebender, née Hockerz, à Amsterdam.
182. Mons. Bruggermann, Aumonier, à Stettin.

183. Mons. Bucquet de Bracheux, Honoraire du
Musée de Paris, etc., à Beauvais. Avec une
petite casette en toile cirée marque M. de B.
184. Mons. Couvert de Monbreton, Administrateur
General des Postes, à Paris.
185. Mons. le Baron G. de Brackel, à Hildesheim.
186. Mad. le C^{tesse} Don. de Rantzah, née Baronne de
Fabrice, à Roggendorff.
187. Mons. le C^t de Bentinck, Seigneur de Rhoon
et de Pendrecht, Hoch Hemrade de Reinlandt
et Grand Baillif de la Haye, à la Haye.
188. Mad. la Dou. de Prehn, à Heilbron.
189. Mons. Grimm, Conseiller de Regence et Secre-
taire Privé du Cabinet au Service de S. A. S.
Mgr. le Duc Regnant de Wirtemberg, à
Stoutgart.
190. Mons. Vieth, à Marienhausen.
191. Mons. le Baron d'Alopeus (Russian Minister to
Holstein-Oldenbourg), à Oldenbourg.
192. Mons. de Hoffmann, Conseiller intime de S. M.
le Roi de Prusse, à Berlin.
193. Mons. le C^t Maurice de Lynar, à Berlin.
194. S. Ex. Mons. de Dreyer, Madrid.
195. Mons. Harder, à Delmenhorst.
196. Mons. Loesch, à Anspach.
197. Herrn Trendtel, in Jever.
198. A repetition of No. 194.
199. Mons. l'Abbe Eckel, Directeur du Cabinet
Imperial des Medailles, à Vienne.
200. M^{lle} la Baronne Helène de Luttichau, à Copen-
hagen.

201. S. Ex. Mg. Giov. Francesco Paternò Castello di Biscari, à Catania.
202. Mons. Saverio Landolina, Ch. de Malte, à Siracuse.
203. Mons. Lengnich, Archidiacre du Cathedral, à Danzig.
204. S. Ex. Mons. le C^{te} de Miranda, care of Mr. Waddington, Chatham Place, à Londres.
205. Mons. Rasche, Massfeld.
206. Mons. le Baron George de Donop, Université de Jena.
207. M^{lle} la Baronne Frederique de Bulow, à Gotten-
stadt.
208. Mons. le Baron Erneste de Donop, à Stoutgart.
209. Mons. Detherding, à Hanovre.
210. Mons. le Baron George de Donop, à Kostritz,
au Cour de S. E. Mons. le Comte de Reuss,
Henri 43^{me}.
211. Mad. Noble, née Pannecoeck, à Amsterdam.
212. S. A. S^{me} Mg. le Prince François Duc de Saxe
Saalfeld-Cobourg, à Cobourg.
213. No entry.
214. Mons. Woeneger, à Roggendorff.
215. Sa Magnificence Mons. Von Sienen, Premier
Burgomaitre Regnent, à Hambourg.
216. Mons. Martini, à Leipzig.
217. Mons. le Pres. de St. Victor, à Rouan (Nor-
mandie).
218. S. Ex. Mons. Henri XLIII Reuss, Comte et
Seigneur de Plauen, à Koestritz.
219. S. A. Royale Mg. le Duc de Lafons, à Lisbonne.

220. S. A. S^{me} Mad. la Princesse Douairiere et
Regente de la Lippe Schaumbourg, née Land-
grave de Hessephilipsdael, à Buckebourg.
221. Mons. le Comte de Wedel, à Evenbourg.
222. Mons. Adler, à Copenhagen.
223. Mons. Schubart, à Fischbeck.
224. Mons. le Baron de Moesgaard, à Moesgaard, en
Jutland.
225. Mons. le Chev. de Kinsbergen, Admiral au
Service de L. L. H. H. P. P., à Amsterdam.
226. A repetition of No. 218.
227. M^{lle} de Hvud, à Copenhagen.
228. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Wedel, née Baronne de Gaudi,
à Evenbourg.
229. Mons. de Uldall, à Copenhagen.
230. Mons. A. G. Camper, à La Haye.
231. Mons. le C^{te} de Wedel, à Magdebourg.
232. Mons le C^{te} de Lewenhaupt, Envoyé Extra-
ordinaire de S. N. le Roi de Suede, à Ham-
bourg.
233. Mad. la Baronne de Buchwaldt, née Baronne de
Hahn, à Seedorf.
234. Mons. S. P. Nairac, Banquier, à Amsterdam.
235. Mons. Walch, à Meiningue.
236. Mons. Marienhoff, à Renoum.
237. Mons. Windt, Maitre d'Hotel de S. E. M^{me} la
Comtesse Dou. de Bentinck, née C^{tesse} d'Alden-
bourg, à Stadthague.
238. S. Ex. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Pappenheim, née C^{tesse}
de Linage Westerbours, à Pappenheim.
239. S. Ex. Mons. le Comte Regnant de Pappenheim

Marechal Hereditaire de l'Empire, etc., etc.,
à Pappenheim.

- 240. There is no entry under this number.
- 241. Mons. H. Treschow, à Copenhagen.
- 242. Mons. Abildgaard, à Copenhagen.
- 243. S. Ex. Mons le C^{te} de Wedel-Jarslberg (Danish Minister to London), à Londres.
- 244. S. Ex. Mons. d'Aloppes (Russian Ambassador to Berlin), à Berlin.
- 245. Mons. le C^{te} Guillaume de Bentinck, Capitaine de Haut Bord in Privy Gardens, Stratton Street, Whitehall, à Londres,
- 246. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Buhler (Russian Minister to the Elector of Bavaria).
- 247. Mons le Baron Schmidt de Rossan, à Frankfort.
- 248. M^{lle} la Baronne de Luttiechau (Lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Denmark), à Copenhagen.
- 249. Mad. la Presidente Baronne de Schaak, née de Rosenorn, à Kiel.
- 250. Mons. Weissich (Captain in the British Service), à Waltzerode.
- 251. M^{lle} Evers, chez M. le C^{te} de Kossel, au Chateau de Yersbeck.
- 252. Mons. Langer, à Wolfenbittel.
- 253. S. Ex. Mons. le C^t de Schimmelmann, à Wandsbeck.
- 254. Mons. le C^{te} de Nostitz, à Prague.
- 255. S. A. Mg. Henri XLIII Prince Reuss Comte et Seigneur de Plauen, à Graitz.
- 256. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Bassewitz, Chanoinesse du Noble Chapitre de Herforden, à Berlin.

- 257. Mons. Cramer, à Accum.
- 258. Mons. de Milnes, à Spaa.
- 259. Mons. l'Abbe d'Albertrandi, à Varsovie.
- 260. Madame de Milnes, née C^{tesse} de Bentinck, à Spaa.
- 261. Mons. Hoeffler, Consul General Imperial, Hambourg.
- 262. S. Ex. Mons. le C^{te} d'Osten, à Copenhagen.
- 263. Mons. J. R. Forste, à Halle.
- 264. S. Ex. Mons. le C^{te} de Taube, à Lunebourg. .
- 265. Mons. C. F. Iselin, à Kiel.
- 266. Mons. le C^{te} Jean de Bentinck, à La Haye.
- 267. S. Ex. Mons. le C^{te} de Taube, à Lunebourg.
- 268. Mons. le Baron de Taube, à Stockholm.
- 269. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Bentinck, à La Haye.
- 270. Mons. le Comte Henry de Bentinck, Aide de Camp General de S. A. S. Mgr. le Prince d'Orange et de Nassau, à Brounsvic.
- 271. Mons. A. E. L. Perrinet, à Paris.
- 272. M^{lle} la C^{tesse} Marie de Bentinck, à La Haye.
- 273. Mons. le C^{te} Jean de Bentinck, Membre des Etats Souverains de la Province d'Utrecht, à Utrecht.
- 274. S. A. S^{me} Mad. la Princesse Ulrique Sophie, Landgrave de Hesse Hombourg, Chanoinesse de Hessord, à Hombourg.
- 275. S. E. Mons. le Baron de Buhler (Russian Minister to Bavaria), à Grodno.
- 276. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Bulow, à Copenhagen.
- 277. Mons. Fagel, Lieutenant au Regiment des Gardes Hollandoises, à La Haye.

- 278. Mad. de Grutschreiber, née de Schaumberg, à Eckernförde.
- 279. Mess. Sonnin et Brando, à Berlin.
- 280. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Calemberg, née C^{tesse} de Bassowitz.
- 281. S. Ex. Mons. de Wittorff, à Cassel,
- 282. Mons. Charles Waechter, Avocat, Stuttgart.
- 283. Mons. Bausch, Deputé de la Ville Libre et Imperial de Hambourg, à Vienne.
- 284. Mons le Baron de Johnn, à Aschersleben.
- 285. Mons. le Baron de Diemar (in the British Service).
- 286. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Luttichau, née de Berson.
- 287. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de la Houzie (Ambassador of S. M. T. C.), à Copenhague.
- 288. Mons. le Comte de Lynar, à Grossen Stieten.
- 289. Mons. le C^{te} Jean de Bentinck, chez Madame la C^{tesse} Dou. de Bentinck, in Privy Gardens, Whitehall, à Londres.
- 290. Monsieur de Hawkins Wiethædt, Capitaine de Haut Bord au Service de Sa Majesté Britannique, à Borcell.
- 291. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Grote, à Brese.
- 292. Mad. la Baronne de Munchhausen, née de Hardenberg (Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Orange), à La Haye.
- 293. Mons. le Baron de Munchhausen, à Gebhardshagen.
- 294. Mons. le C^{te} de La Lippe, à Lemgo.
- 295. Madame de Hawkins Wiethædt, née Comtesse de Bentinck, à London.

296. S. Ex. Mons. le C^{te} de Schwinheldt.
297. Mons. Pauw, Ministre de la Parole de Dieu aux Eglises de Renekum et de Helsum.
298. Mons. de Bosset (Imperial envoy for various Courts and States), à La Haye.
299. Mons. Jos. André Bansa et C^{ie}, Genes.
300. Mons. de Schirach, Conseiller d'Etat, à Altona.
301. S. E. Mons. le C^{te} d'Ahlefeldt de Langeland et Rixingen, à Itzehoe.
302. S. Ex le Baron de Taube, à Stockholm.
303. S. Ec. Mons. le C^{te} de Willezek, à Milan.
304. Mons de Chaumontel, à Coblantz.
305. Mons. le Vicomte de Blangy (in the French Service), à Dietz.
306. Mess. Cestor et Hengelin, Banquiers, à Naples.
307. Mons. Tomas Genkings, Banquier, Rome.
308. Mons. le Chevalier, Membre des Academies d'Edenbourg et de Gottingen.
309. S. Ex. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Metternich, née C^{tesse} de Kageneck, à Bruxelles.
310. Mad. la Comtesse de Rantzah, née de Wedel Jarlsberg, à Brahesbourg.
311. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., Soho Square, London.
312. Mons. Brunings, Conseiller de Cour de S. Ex. Mons. le C^{te} de Bentinck, à Varel.
313. Mons. le Baron George de Donop, à Meiningue.
314. Mons. Sylvestro Allesina, à Frankfort.
315. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Tramné, née de Prevost. à Cologne.
316. S. E. Mons. le C^{te} de Cobentzel (Imperial Ambassador to Russia), à St. Petersbourg.

- 317. Messrs. Bontemset Mallet, à Genève.
- 318. S. Ex. Mons. de Peyron, à Genève.
- 319. Mad. la Baronne de Klinkowstrom, née C^{tesse} de Fersen.
- 320. Mons. Mochring, à Jever.
- 321. Mad. la Baronne de Marenholtz, née C^{tesse} de Hardenberg, à Brounsvic.
- 322. Mons. André de Chaumontel, à Tournay.
- 323. S. Ex. Mons. d'Aloppeus (Russian Ambassador), à Berlin.
- 324. Mons. le Baron de Cedernhielm, à Pise.
- 325. Mad. la Veuve Nairac, née Leotard, à Amsterdam.
- 326. Mad. de Hayd, Dame de Chambre de Sa Majeste la Raine des deux Siciles, à Naples.
- 327. Mons. de Mancon, Redacteur du Courrier du Bas Rhin, à Cleve.
- 328. Mons. le Baron d'Asch, à St. Petersbourg.
- 329. Mad. de Vibray, née Vicomtesse de Blangy, à Copenhague.
- 330. Mad. la Comtesse Henriette de Bentinck.
- 331. Mons. Mauni, à La Haye.
- 332. S. Ex. Mons. le C^{te} de Gortz (Prussian Minister to the Imperial Diet), à Ratisbonne.
- 333. Mons. Andre de Chaumontel, Chez Mons. le Comte de Stirum, à Bois-le-Duc.
- 334. Madame de Chaumontel.
- 335. M^{lle} Vavasseur, Marchande de Dentelles, à Caen.
- 336. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Haager, à Vienne.
- 337. Mons. de Cruerenheim (In the British Service), Luneberg.

338. Citoyen Huet, Curé de St. Nicholas d'Athée, pour remettre à la femme Jacques sa paroissienne près Verneuil, Dep^t de L'Eure, à Verneuil.
339. A repetition of No. 329.
340. Mons. Henry Piniges, Greys inn No. 1, à London.
341. Mons. l'Abbe de Preynes, chez Mons. le Duc di Sicignano (Naples Minister in London), à Grenier's Hotel, London.
342. S. Ex. Mad. la C^{tesse} de Esterhasi, née C^{tesse} de Halleweil, à St. Petersburg.
343. M^{lle} la Baronne Julie de Lutichau, Chez Mad. la Baronne de Bulow, à Stade.
344. Mad. la Tour, Peintre (pour faire remettre a Mad. la Comtesse de Thierheim), à Bruxelles.
345. Mons. le Comte Charles de Bentinck, 31 Upper Seymour Street, à London.
346. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Quernheim, à Heimb-
berg.
347. S. Ex. Le Vicomte de Vibray, à La Haye.
348. S. Ex. Mons. le Baron de Bulow, à Dresde.
349. Madame de Milnes, née C^{tesse} de Bentinck, à London.
350. Mons. le C^{te} Jean de Bentinck, Worschester College at Oxford.
351. S. A. Mad. la Princesse de la Tour et Taxis, Chanoinesuse a Noble Chapitre de Nivelles.
352. Mad. la Veuve Nairac, Banquiers, Amsterdam.
353. Mons. le Comte Guillaume de Bentinck, No. 2 Stratton Street, à London.

- 354. Mons. le Baron Chrestien de Bulow.
- 355. Mons. le Baron de Diemar (with the Duke of York's Army), à Cologne.
- 356. Mons. le Comte Charles de la Roche Aymont, à Altona.
- 357. S. A. S. Mag. le Prince de Cobourg, à Son Armée.
- 358. Mons. le Baron de Tenguagell, à Ypres.
- 359. M^{lle} Schull, à Aix la Chapelle.
- 360. Mons. le C^{te} Schulenburg, à Dampff.
- 361. Mons. Peschier, Banquier, Copenhague.
- 362. Mad. la Baronne de Raben-Levetzau, née C^{tesse} de Holstein, à Kierstruple.
- 363. Mess. Wolffs, Consul Dannoise, à Londres.
- 364. Mons. Linklaen, à Doorwerth.
- 365. Mons. L'Abbe de Preynes, chez S. E. Mons. le Marquis de Musquiz, Envoyé d'Espagne, à Copenhagen.
- 366. S. Ex. Mons. le Comte d'Gears, General, etc., à Berlin.
- 367. S. Ex. Mons. le Comte de Gortz, à Schlitz.
- 368. Mons. de Roques, à Zelle.
- 369. Mons. Windt, Intendant à Doorwerth.
- 370. Mons. de Meilhan.
- 371. S. Ex. Mons. de Rabe Levetzau, à Copenhague.
- 372. Mons. de Ranzieres, à Lübeck.
- 373. Mad. la C^{tesse} Henriette de Bentinck, 11, Great Quebec Street, à London.
- 374. S. Ex. Mons. le Gouverneur Milnes, Au Chatteau, à Quebec, En Amerique.

On a slip pasted in at a corner is the following entry, which is the last in the book ;—

Son Excellence

Monsieur de Calonne

S S S

Chez les Frères Blandow,

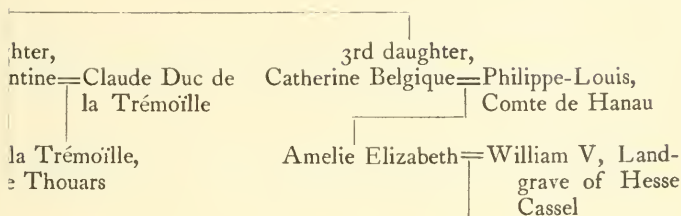
Banquiers tres renomés, à

Petersbourg

The book also contains an alphabetical index in Countess Bentinck's writing. With the exception of Doorwerth, which she spells "Doreweerd," I have left the names exactly as she wrote them, in spite of many obvious mistakes.

ICK, TRACING HER DESCENT FROM NT

BOURBON
wife)



Amelie of Hesse Cassel

=Charlotte Amelie

II Count of Aldenburg

James Hawkins-Whitshed, Bart.

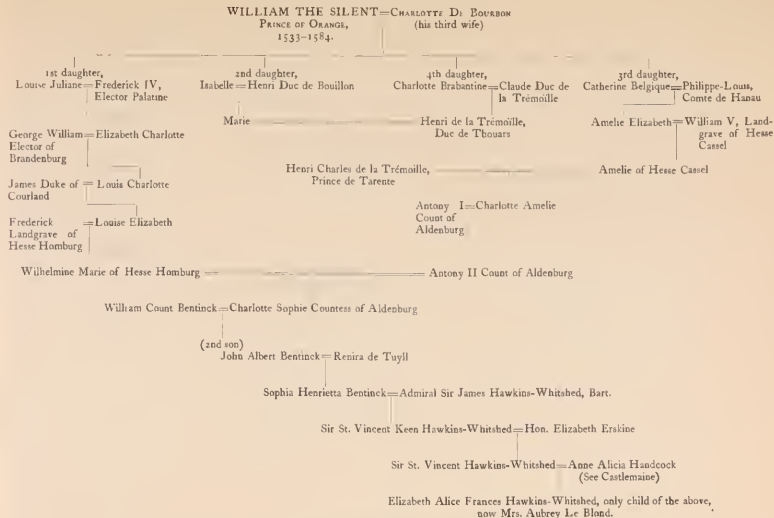
Whitshed=Hon. Elizabeth Erskine

Hawkins-Whitshed=Anne Alicia Handcock
(See Castlemaine)

Frances Hawkins-Whitshed, only child of the above,
now Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.

re Silent. The author has continued tracing the

PEDIGREE OF CHARLOTTE SOPHIE, COUNTESS BENTINCK, TRACING HER DESCENT FROM WILLIAM THE SILENT



It may be of interest to trace the descents of Countess Bentinck from William the Silent. The author has continued tracing the descent to herself, to indicate how the Letters came to be in her possession.

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